

RECOLLECTIONS OF
A LONG LIFE

LORD BROUGHTON

VOL. I
1786-1816



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RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONG LIFE





LORD BROUGHTON.

FROM A MINIATURE

BY SIR WILLIAM NEWTON, R.A.,

IN LADY DORCHESTER'S POSSESSION.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONG LIFE

BY LORD BROUGHTON
(JOHN CAM HOBHOUSE)

WITH ADDITIONAL EXTRACTS
FROM HIS PRIVATE DIARIES

EDITED BY HIS DAUGHTER
LADY DORCHESTER



WITH PORTRAITS. IN TWO VOLUMES

VOL. I. 1786—1816

LONDON

JOHN MURRAY, ALBEMARLE STREET, W.

1909

PRINTED BY
HAZELL, WATSON AND VINEY, LD.,
LONDON AND AYLESBURY.

NOTE BY THE PUBLISHER

LADY DORCHESTER has done me the honour of entrusting to me the publication of these two volumes of her Father's Reminiscences, and has asked me to write a brief explanatory note.

The Preface which Lord Rosebery has kindly added renders it unnecessary for me to make any further allusion to Lord Broughton himself; but a few words are required to explain to the reader the nature and origin of the records contained in the following pages.

Lord Broughton wrote, and caused to be printed in five volumes, in the sixties, his "Recollections of a Long Life"—a work which, for various reasons, has not hitherto been published.

In addition to this he left a large number of Diaries and MSS., as well as his published volumes: "A Journey through Albania, etc., to Constantinople, 1809-10," containing an account of his tour with Lord Byron; "Letters from Paris during the Last Reign of Napoleon" (1816), and "Italy from 1816 to 1854."

In order to make the work as complete as possible, Lady Dorchester, taking the early part of the five volumes as a basis, has, with much labour, consideration, and research, incorporated therewith portions of the Diaries and a few extracts from the above-named published works.

These various sources are indicated throughout, and it is hoped that the Reminiscences as they now stand may prove of value and interest to the public.

I desire to thank Lord Kinnaird for kindly giving me permission to reproduce a portrait of his great-uncle the Hon. Douglas Kinnaird.

J. M.

50, ALBEMARLE STREET,
May 1909.

P R E F A C E

BY THE EARL OF ROSEBERY, K.G.

LADY DORCHESTER desires a short preface for the first volumes into which she has gathered a selection from her father's papers. These do not seem to require one, but obedience to just authority is the law of life.

Her father, John Cam Hobhouse, Lord Broughton, was a prominent character in the first half of the last century. He began as a staunch, almost fierce Radical; became by a natural process of evolution a Whig; and ended in the order of congruity as a peer. He was withal a sturdy, able, hard-working man; wrote books and good books; travelled and recorded his travels; held high office, and held it with conscience; was Secretary at War, Chief Secretary for Ireland, First Commissioner for Works, only for short terms; but was President of the Board of Control for twelve years, the renewal of his tenure from 1846 to 1851 being a marked approbation of his Ministry from 1835 to 1846. He invented the phrase "His Majesty's Opposition," and was

proud of having added it to our political dialect. A busy, strenuous life.

But his memory will not rest on his political career : it has more permanent foundations.

He was one of those valuable men who are determined to lead as full a life as possible, to see all the famous places and people accessible to them, and who record their impressions. A man of independent means, he was able to gratify his tastes, to travel at a time when travelling was costly and difficult, and to pursue congenial work in a congenial way. From the first he took every opportunity of seeing and hearing distinguished characters. Born in 1786, and educated at Westminster School, he heard in youth Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, and Windham speak, as well as Plunket, Grattan, and Canning, with whom he was afterwards to sit in Parliament. At Cambridge he made the acquaintance of Byron, who was to colour his life. With him he set forth travelling, parting with him somewhat abruptly after twelve months of common adventure. "Took leave," he writes, "*non sine lacrymis*, of this singular young person, on a little stone terrace at the end of the bay, dividing with him a little nosegay of flowers ; the last thing perhaps that I shall ever divide with him." He passes from this singular young person to "a violent,

peremptory person," Lady Hester Stanhope, and returns home.

He was now only twenty-four, and had filled his life well. He is not less diligent on his return, when his journal becomes a faithful reflection of the London season, with its distinctions and pomposities and ineptitudes, its lions, its coxcombs, and its bores.

He sees Mrs. Siddons take leave of the stage as Lady Macbeth, sees and studies Kean, condemns Mrs. Jordan. He is present when Byron speaks, and keeps the House of Lords in convulsions of laughter; he hears Sidmouth's experiences as the playmate of the younger Pitt under the awful eye of Chatham; he listens to Sheridan's vivid and piquant reminiscences. He travels again, and sees something of the horrors of the war of 1813, sees Bernadotte in curl-papers, and the Prince de Ligne in his famous little doll's house at Vienna. Wherever he goes he makes the best of himself and of this world.

There is one outcome of all this, whether cause or effect it is difficult to say: Hobhouse is a hero worshipper. His two gods are Byron and Napoleon; the one near, almost too near, the other remote. But when his remote idol becomes visible during the Hundred Days Hobhouse hastens, with rare and admirable good

sense, to Paris to see him. His wishes are gratified; indeed he twice stares Napoleon out of countenance, and is able to depict the Emperor graphically; watches him intently at reviews and in church, where he “was perpetually swaying about, not still for an instant”; sees him with some alarm box a tall colonel’s ears with all his strength on parade, and only understands when he sees the colonel walk away, tingling and delighted, that the buffet is a good-humoured sign of friendship; finds Napoleon’s face new each time, and comes to the conclusion that he “never saw anybody with such a face—the lower part is not imitable scarcely, except in Mrs. Damer’s picture.”

When Napoleon leaves Paris for Waterloo, Hobhouse leaves too, a vexatious circumstance for his readers. But he returns, and finds matter enough to write his “Last Reign of Napoleon,” a book of two volumes, which now might be boiled down into an excellent book of one; which Napoleon honoured with a commentary; and which of all Hobhouse’s literary work is most likely to survive.

But it is as Byron’s friend and advocate that he will best be remembered. In these volumes we see the beginning of the acquaintance, when they were fellow students at Cambridge, when

they were fellow travellers, and separated without much regret. But in London they come close together, and Hobhouse is now completely under the charm. "Lord Byron, whom I love more and more every day, not so much from his fame as his fondness—I think not equivocal—for me," leads him where he will. He becomes mixed up in Byron's debts and affairs. He is Byron's confidant in his marriage and its collapse, and gives a detailed account of the beginning and end of this melancholy transaction; of his conducting the reluctant bridegroom to the North by stages suspiciously easy, of the simple ceremony in a parlour, of the return of the couple to London, when Hobhouse is alarmed. "Called on Byron. In that quarter things do not go well. Strong advice against marriage." Within two months of this entry the catastrophe had come. Five months afterwards Byron sets off, attended by Hobhouse, on his last voyage from England, a flight from the fury of London society and the importunity of his creditors. The last he only escapes by ten minutes, for he had hardly driven from the door when the bailiffs entered, and seized all that was in the house, and would have seized the travelling carriage. For the rest of Byron's stormy life Hobhouse remains his closest and most devoted friend, his strenuous

champion, his honest adviser in his constant troubles and difficulties. He loved Byron with a jealous affection and admiration which never degenerated into flattery; and their intimacy during the eight remaining years was only once clouded for a moment by an irrepressible epigram of the poet's. Hobhouse survived Byron for forty-five years, for thirty-six of which he was, as it were, facing Lady Byron, who embodied in silence the hostile view, and during that long period represented the Byron epoch. He was indeed the high priest of the Byron mystery. He knew more about Byron than any man. Those who saw him in his old age—and he lived to be eighty-three—regarded him with unspeakable interest as one who knew all and could tell all if he chose. But he did not choose to tell. Much of Byron, of the secrets of that brilliant, unhappy life, died with him. Perhaps it is as well.

But Hobhouse wrote much. He collected and preserved a great mass of papers. As Byron's executor and by process of exchange he possessed a great quantity of Byron's most confidential letters, among them those—the most confidential—to that remarkable Lady Melbourne, who held sway in London society, was the mother of the Prime Minister of that name and of Lady Palmerston, who had a tangled story of her own, and who

piqued herself, not unjustly, on being the poet's principal confidant. There were letters from that wild Lady Caroline whom Mrs. Humphry Ward has revived, letters to and from all sorts and conditions of men and women, documents of passion, outpourings, written appeals. Hobhouse himself would draw up narratives of particular episodes. It was, in fine, a collection of singular delicacy, requiring singular discretion.

To Lady Dorchester has fallen the filial task of selecting from what survives of this vast mass of manuscript the pages which will interest the living without wronging the dead. The times of Hobhouse's youth have passed into the domain of history, some episodes into that of legend. The radiant form of Byron occupies its appointed niche in literature; but the details of his turbulent life must always interest the world; and many such incidents will be found in this book. We may all congratulate and thank the editress for her part.

R.

April 1909.

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From a miniature by Sir William Newton, R.A., in Lady Dorchester's possession.

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Reproduced and given by the late Earl of Lovelace to Lady Dorchester, from a miniature in his possession.

RECOLLECTIONS OF A LONG LIFE

CHAPTER I

I WAS born on June 27, in the year 1786, at 1786.
Redland, near Bristol. My father was the second
son of a Bristol merchant ; my mother the daughter
of Mr. Cam of Bradford, in Wiltshire.

My father received his education at the public
grammar-school at Bristol, and Brazenose College
at Oxford ; at the former he delivered the annual
oration in the presence of Mr. Burke, then one of
the members for the city. Mr. Burke condescended
to notice this performance by presenting my father
with a copy of "Paradise Lost," having on the
cover of it an inscription of a flattering nature,
which those who come after me will, I trust, pre-
serve with the same scrupulous care as I have
always regarded it.

My grandfather Hobhouse must have been of
some consideration, as he was twice offered by the
Tory party to be proposed for the representation
of Bristol in Parliament: my grandfather Cam
was one of the principal persons of Bradford, a
Justice of the Peace, and possessed of landed

1786. property, which in those days was reckoned very respectable.

My mother died when I was very young, and my father married a second wife, the sister of Dr. Parry, an eminent physician resident at Bath, the father of the celebrated Sir Edward Parry. My mother left four children—three sons and one daughter. Miss Cam was a Dissenter, so was my father after his marriage with her. Miss Amelia Parry was also a Dissenter; I was consequently sent, in the first instance, to a school kept by a Unitarian minister at Bristol, which was then the headquarters and principal resort of the Nonconformists. The chapel at which my master, Dr. Estlin, preached, was attended by some of the most influential merchants of the city, such as the Brights and the Castles, and others of equal respectability. Bristol, when I was at school there, became the residence of men afterwards much celebrated—I allude to Coleridge, and Southey, and Lamb. Dr. Beddoes also was settled at Clifton, and when he lectured on chemistry was assisted by a still more distinguished person—I mean Humphry Davy—who, at that time, was attendant at a small apothecary's shop at the bottom of St. Michael's Hill.

Coleridge and Southey used to frequent Dr. Estlin's house, and partook occasionally of his modest repasts. When I got near the top of the school I was allowed to be present at these little suppers; and well do I recollect that Coleridge,

repeating one of his poems, in which there was some allusion to a cavern, arrested the attention of a friend at the whist-table and caused him to revoke—not without his marked resentment, for he exclaimed, “Rot your cavern; I wish you were in it!” 1786.

At the dissolution of Parliament in 1796 my father became a candidate for Bristol, and resided in Dr. Estlin’s house during the contest. He was not successful; the Whigs were divided, and the Tories carried both the seats without difficulty. Shortly afterwards he was returned by Sir Christopher Hawkins for Grampound, and continued to sit in Parliament for that place, and for Hindon in Wiltshire, until the year 1818.

Whilst at this Bristol school I was attacked by a serious pulmonary complaint, and was removed, first to my father’s house, and afterwards to the residence of a clergyman at Bath; where, after being confined to a single room for ten months, I recovered my health, and never since have had any symptoms of pulmonary disease.

My father was intimate with the first Marquess of Lansdowne, and took me to Bowood. This to me was an important event, for it was during that visit that my father was persuaded to remove me from my Bristol seminary and send me to Westminster School, where Lord Henry Petty had received his education. I went there in the year 1800, and was placed by the Head Master, Dr. Vincent, in the upper Shell, the form immediately

1786. next to the sixth form. Being the son of a Member of Parliament, I had the advantage of occasionally attending the House of Commons, and sitting under the strangers' gallery. On these occasions I saw and heard most of the great orators of that period—Pitt, and Fox, and Sheridan, and Windham—besides others of scarcely less note—Plunket, Grattan, and Canning—whom I heard in after-days, when a member of the House.

From Westminster School I went to Trinity College, Cambridge, and there I did little or nothing, except that, after taking my Bachelor's degree, I gained an obscure honour, the Hulsean prize, for an "Essay on Sacrifices." This, in accordance with the conditions of the prize, was printed and published. I read it the other day, and did not think it badly done.

Whilst at Trinity College I took a holiday tour under circumstances not unworthy of mention. I visited the Hebrides; my companion, the son of Mr. William Smith, M.P. for Norwich, had letters of introduction to several considerable persons, and amongst them was one to Colonel Macleod, lately returned from India and settled on the banks of Loch Fyne. That gentleman was the son of the minister of St. Kilda, and, on returning from India and settling in Scotland, had bought the island which he had left, a bare-legged boy, to seek his fortune. He was a most pleasing, well-informed gentleman, in every way worthy of the success which had attended his career. We

sailed with him in his small sloop; were ten days on our passage, landed with him on his island, saw him take possession of his domains, and receive the joyous homage of his subjects—some thirty souls. 1786.

During my Scottish travels on this occasion I made the acquaintance of the Duchess of Gordon; of Henry Mackenzie, the author of the “Man of Feeling”; and Henry Erskine, brother of the famous Thomas Erskine. This excursion gave me my first inclination for travelling.

At Cambridge I formed an acquaintance with Lord Byron, and, having taken my degree, I travelled with him across Portugal and Spain to Gibraltar and Malta, and thence to Albania, Greece, and Constantinople. Of these Travels I published an account.¹

This, however, was not my first publication, for I had been unwise enough to put my name to a volume of “Poetical Miscellanies,” of which, although Lord Byron was one of the contributors, I soon became heartily ashamed.

¹NOTE BY EDITOR.—These “Travels,” though very well received at the time (full of research and erudition), are now somewhat obsolete in form, and also have been followed by other notable works dealing with the same subjects. The Editor therefore thinks that a short transcript from diaries of the time may be acceptable to the general reader.

CHAPTER II

"Hobhouse is writing learned prose on antiquities, and I am 'scribbling verses.'"—*Byron Letters* (destined, as every one knows, to be immortalised in the first cantos of "*Childe Harold*").

1809. BYRON and I left England on June 26, and arrived, after a rough passage, at Lisbon on July 8. We put up at the Buenos Ayres Hotel, where a Mr. Bulkeley charged us 13 per cent. for changing our money.

We spent the first two or three days in visiting the town, and especially the theatres, where the audiences are much addicted to Iberian dances of a lascivious character. At the Monastery at Bela, dedicated to St. Jerome, none of the monks could speak or understand a word of Latin, which in other countries is universally understood in clerical societies.

July 11.—We had a review of British troops under General Crawford.

A police force of 1,500 horse and foot is maintained in Lisbon to prevent disorders. These were selected out of the existing Portuguese army by the French when they occupied the country, and have been continued by us. There is, however, neither justice nor punishment, save

in extraordinary cases, and both may be generally 1809.
averted by a bribe. A Mr. Turner, whom we met there, told us that he once saw four men of rank walking in a religious procession with hair cloaks on as a penance for murders committed by them. Sanguinetti saw a man killed by a boy of thirteen in a chandler's shop.

Junot seems to have been much liked in Lisbon. He used to ride about with no escort save a young groom, in the English fashion. The liberality of his table, Mr. Kintella—who holds a monopoly for the sale of tobacco in Lisbon and Portugal worth £250,000 a year—says, cost him from £170 to £200 a day, and may have accounted for much of his popularity. When Junot went to fight at Vimeira he so disposed his forces that while he left only a thousand men to garrison the city, the people of Lisbon itself believed that there was a large force left there. When they discovered the real facts of the case, many of the French were murdered. General Kellerman was saved only by the intervention of some British officers, who hustled him into the water, and so to a boat. The fate of the French who perished was largely due to their own rapacity. Even General Loison is reported to have followed Bandeira, a rich merchant of the town, in whose house he lodged, round his room with a loaded pistol, demanding money, while the subordinates were much worse.

The manners of the monks certainly display

1809. levity. I saw some of them in church pulling about a woman, while close by another was praying at a shrine. There appear to be about 50,000 of these ecclesiastics in Lisbon itself, and something like 300,000 in Portugal, out of a total population of 2,000,000.

Convents are most of them supported by begging, and people are denounced who refuse to contribute. Of ten fish which a fisherman brings to market, two are carried off by purveyors for the monks, and two by officers of the Court. Such are the exactions of the Church and the patience of the people, who are still in bondage to an ignorant and tyrannical priesthood.

Dead bodies are exposed in the churches with a plate on them, and are not buried until sufficient money is collected to pay the priest. The inquisition even is not yet abolished. Twenty people have lately been arrested and sent to the dungeons under the great square of Roccio.

July 12.—We paid a visit to Cintra. Montserrat, formerly the house of Mr. Beckford, is now devoid of all furniture, and deserted. Byron went to see the palace and monastery of Mafra, where, until the inroad of the French, were 150 monks. Of these only 30 are now left. There is a large and admirable library, which contains, however, not a single English book, and one of the monks asked him whether there were any books in England!

The Convent of Jesus contains another magni-

ficent library, but only two works are in English 1809.
—"Travels in Portugal," and Sir Isaac Newton's works. A bust of the latter, together with one of John Locke, adorned the room. In a smaller library were placed *livres défendus*, amongst which were the "Refutation of the Talmud," Bayle's Dictionary, and some of Voltaire's books. The French Encyclopædia, however, was in the Public Library, which, until the French came, was open to the public, but which is now shut to them. One of the monks, who was showing us the picture of a battle in which were being used cannons and firearms, informed us that it was a representation of an ancient Roman fight!

Service in the army does not appear to be popular. It is recruited by surrounding the public gardens from time to time and taking for service all persons who are found inside and are unmarried. Transport is provided by seizing the equipages, both of the nobility and other people, and sending them off to the army, paying for them in worthless paper money.

The dogs in Lisbon are still numerous, though 10,000 were killed by the French. This act, though no doubt necessary, has enraged the people, who have thus lost their only scavengers.

Avarice and immorality appear to be the reigning passions of the Portuguese, both amongst men and women. Amongst such people, controlled by such institutions, what chance of ultimate success can we possess against the French?

1809

July 21.—We left Lisbon for Montemor by an excellent road, bordered by a vast number of crosses—signs of the murders which from time immemorial had taken place along its track. At Montemor there was a Moorish castle with extensive ruins, commanding a beautiful prospect.

July 22.—At Elvas we had much difficulty in entering the town. The Governor insisted on our presenting ourselves with great ceremony to him, as it was not only a fortified but a frontier town. We crossed the little stream which separates Portugal from Spain at two o'clock, taking care to bathe according to tradition in its waters; and, still travelling on an excellent road, with four or five horses to our carriage, we came to Albuera. Here the emissaries of the Junta attempted, but in vain, to seize our horses.

July 24.—At Monastereo, passing over ground every inch of which had recently been fought over by French and Spaniards, we overtook two French prisoners and a Spanish spy on their way to Seville to be hanged. This was the first place at which we had come in contact with the Spanish troops. They seemed fairly organised and disciplined.

July 25.—We reached Seville, but could get no lodgings either at Mrs. Latchford's, or at the posada—the usual resorts of Englishmen—so took counsel with Mr. Wiseman, the British Consul, who recommended us to a lodging at the

Calle de la Cruzea, 19, occupied by Josepha Beltram and her sister, where we went supperless and dinnerless to bed, all four in one little room. As the Junta has its headquarters at Seville, the population has trebled in size. Though we had difficulty in getting lodgings, we had none in procuring servants, and eventually secured the services of a lieutenant in the Spanish service as our valet. 1809.

July 29.—We reached Xeres, a fine large town of 50,000 inhabitants. We stayed with Mr. Gordon, an English wine-merchant, one of whose clerks was an officer in the Spanish army, but preferred drawing pay from Mr. Gordon to doing duty for his country. We went to several bull-fights; and as we returned through the alameda in the evening, when the clock struck nine, all present stopped suddenly, pulled off their hats, and muttered a prayer.

August 1.—Cannons were fired for the victory of Cuesta and for Lord Wellesley's landing.¹ Shortly after this we were joined by Gally Knight and young Wellesley Pole. Of Cuesta's victory a Spaniard said to me that "the French attacked the English first, because they thought to rout them utterly, but they did not. The English behaved very well indeed, and Cuesta soon finished the business." Here we made the acquaintance of

¹ The Marquess Wellesley was sent as Envoy Extraordinary to Madrid to endeavour to persuade the Spanish Government to make greater exertions in support of his brother and the British Army.

1809. Admiral Cordova, with whose daughter Byron contrived to fall in love at very short notice.

August 3.—Leaving in the *Hyperion* (Captain Brodie), we reached Gibraltar on the 4th, and Fletcher joined us on the 11th. We dined once or twice with General Castanos at Algeciras, though on the last occasion we did not arrive until the last course was on the table, a mistake for which we were well laughed at, not only by the guests, but by the servants, *coram publico*.

August 16.—We embarked on the *Townshend* packet for Cagliari the next day. Mr. Galt and I went to the Cappella Reale, where were the Royal Family, Emanuel III. with his Queen and Madame Beatrice, and the King's brother (his heir) and his wife, the latter very like our Duke of York. Byron, coming back from a ride in the country, describes it as neither agreeable nor attractive, having seen nothing worthy of notice but three heads nailed to a gallows.

We dined one day with Mr. Hill, the English Minister. Some of the guests came into dessert after dinner, which Mr. Hill told us was a common custom here. The streets of Cagliari, which is fortified, are narrow and tolerably clean. The people of the higher class are dressed in Court dress, and the lower sort in leathern garments with a broad leathern belt, into which is usually stuck a knife. The village people throw over this a short piece of black shaggy

1809.

goatskin, with two holes for the arms. The whole country is still in a state of uncivilisation. The gentry will often steal their neighbours' flocks or shoot their horses, and no man travels outside a town without being armed. One gentleman the other day, after being convicted of sixteen murders, cut the throat of the son of a neighbour in whose house he had been brought up as a child, and on being outlawed for this crime was seen arm-in-arm with one of the Queen's equerries.

The army is in a deplorable state—officers sufficient for at least 30,000 men, and yet only 4,000 privates. Money is as scarce as provisions are cheap—beef twopence a pound, and a bushel of grapes for a dollar. Bread, which is exceedingly fine, is one third of the price in England.

August 28.—We embarked for Sicily, and on the 31st anchored in the Grand Harbour at Malta. At dinner with Mr. Chabot, we met Sir A. Ball. The latter told us that Buonaparte, being complimented by one of the Knights on the possession of Malta, replied, "Well, it is lucky there was some one within to open the gates to us."

Mr. Spiridion Forresti, who, when a boy, was under the charge of Gibbon, told us of Buonaparte making the King of Bavaria and the Viceroy of Italy stand behind his chair—

September 9.—We dined with General Oakes, who had been next to Nelson when he lost his eye. Mrs. Spencer Smith (the Florence of "Childe Harold") was one of the party. Lord Byron is,

1809. of course, very popular with all the ladies, as he is very handsome, amusing, and generous; but his attentions to all and singular generally end, as on this occasion, in *rixæ femininæ*.

Mr. Forresti, who has travelled extensively, narrated a story of the son of the Suliote chief being taken before the son of Ali Pasha at Jannina. The latter addressed him with "Well, we have got you, and we will now burn you alive." "I know it," replied the prisoner; "and when my father catches you he will serve you in the same fashion."

This evening Byron told me that he was going to fight a Captain C. C. C., having accepted a challenge from him for the next morning at six o'clock. Eventually the warlike captain agreed to a reconciliation.

September 19.—Left Malta, and on the 23rd got our first sight of Ancient Greece from the Channel betwixt Cephalonia and Zante.

On the morning of the 24th, as we were entering the Gulf of Corinth, we fell in with, chased, and captured, a small boat laden with currants, and, fitting her out as a privateer with a spare two-pounder, we went off in her with the surgeon, Mr. Swann, a midshipman, Mr. Barker, and ten men.

The next day we fell in with a Turkish vessel of about 70 tons, to which we immediately gave chase. She fired upon us in return, one of our crew sitting next to me being shot, and another

bullet passing within an inch of my ear. Eventually, the wind dropping, we pulled up alongside and, jumping on board, her crew at once surrendered. We brought her into Patras the next day, where Byron and I first landed on the Peloponnesus on September 26. We stayed but an hour or two, and went on to Prevesa. That evening we captured a boat from Ithaca, and a Turkish ship from Dulcigno. Lord Byron rummaged her, but found nothing save some worthless arms. We landed at Prevesa on September 28, and walked up to Ali Pasha's palace. 1809.

September 29.—We visited the ruins of Nicopolis, but little remained; and the bleating of sheep, tinkling of bells, and the croaking of frogs have entirely superseded the bustle and hum of this once populous and prosperous city.

October 7.—We went to the palace of Mookta Pasha, the eldest son of Ali, and were received by his son, aged ten years. After the usual cup of coffee we were taken the rounds of the palace. One of the ill-dressed, low-looking ruffians who attended the Bey, as he left the room, came up and kissed him most tenderly, with a strange mixture of familiarity and respect, which I did not look for in such a crew. Hanging round his neck was a charm, sacred to St. Nicolo, which, when I attempted to touch, he withdrew from my hand: a curious display of Greek Christianity in a Mussulman.

October 8.—During the continuance of the

1809. annual fair all the shops in the town are shut up by the Vizier. It is attended not only by all the neighbouring and local merchants, but we found at it traders from so distant a place as Leipsic. The strange blending of Moslem and Christian habits is seen in the fact that much of the trade of the fair is concerned with the sale of wine. This is adulterated with water to increase its quantity, with pine-juice to increase the strength, and a little resin and lime to add a flavour. The result, to Europeans at least, can hardly be commended.

October 12.—We visited the village of Zitza, which, like one of Virgil's goats, hangs literally upon the rocks, and is, perhaps, the most romantic spot in the world. The opposite mountain, clothed with wood and vineyards, and diversified by splashes of crimson-coloured rocks, makes a vivid object in the landscape. To the northward the hills of Sagovi, the mountains of Chimara, with the beautiful plain of the foreground, closes in the landscape, while eastward the windings of the Calamas (Thyamis), enriched by the grand vineyards of the foreground, complete a picture as beautiful as any I know. The recollections of the loveliness of the day were tarnished by our experience at night of the innumerable fleas and dogs, who reminded us of their existence only too unceasingly.

The village people were much astonished on our making them a present in return for their

hospitality. Ali Pasha permits no one to get rich ; and though the monasteries pay no fixed tax, his demands upon them, which are not to be disregarded, seldom leave anything but the poorest pittance for the monks. All Albania pays one-tenth of its substance to the Government, of which tithe Ali takes at least a quarter, besides extracting from the villages special donations for his personal protection, while the whole of his soldiery can at any time quarter themselves on the inhabitants for an indefinite period, so long as they are neither robbed of their money nor of their wives. Notwithstanding Ali's exactions, the country is, however, on the whole, better for his rule. He builds bridges, clears the country of all robbers except himself, and to some extent even polices the towns. Every other pasha would have been as despotic and as powerful ; perhaps hardly any one would have mitigated his villainy by Ali's reforms. 1809.

We travelled, by way of Mosuree, to Dalvinachi, the last of the towns in Greece, and on October 15 entered Albania proper. Staying a short time at Libo Chovo, with one of Ali's nephews, we came across a soldier carrying a young boy and girl to Tepelini as servants for the Vizier. He has the right to appropriate for his own purposes the families of all criminals, and, as the brother of these children had just been guilty of an assassination, they were being carried off to atone for the family misdoings.

1809. *October 19.*—We reached Tepelini, the native place of Ali. As we entered the town we passed a carriage of the Vizier's with one of his ladies returning from a drive. The coachman was driving four-in-hand *à l'anglaise*, with an Albanian footman beside him. We were assigned a very good apartment in the palace, the first appearance of which is romantic enough. The long gallery looked to us for all the world like the top of an English inn.

October 21.—We paid our State visit to the Vizier, who made some observations on the smallness of Lord Byron's ears, by which he averred to George, the servant, that he could discover him to be of an ancient house. Many of the people, in spite of the lawlessness of the country, attained a great age: we saw one man of a hundred and a woman of a hundred and ten years; a still older man is said to be hidden in the town.

October 22.—Before we left to-day each of the servants brought us his "*carrica*," which is a list of the things furnished to strangers by the office which the servant is in charge of, and for each of such articles used a donation has to be given. Amongst others was the Court jester, to whom, *selon l'usage*, we gave a zechin.

We got back to Jannina in four days instead of the nine which it took us in going up there. Our host, Signor Niccolo, was delighted to see us. During our talk in the evening with him he told us that, at the siege of Barat, although

there were forty pieces of cannon in the castle, and the besiegers numbered at least 5,000, the total number of killed and wounded, after a hard two days' fighting, was three killed and two wounded. 1809.

Jannina looks rich enough, and its Customs are said to be worth about 50,000 dollars annually. We sent back to-day Lord Byron's rifle as a present to the Vizier, together with a letter in Greek written by friend Niccolo. We visited the remains of an amphitheatre, distant three or four hours, under the hills of Olinta. It is said to be the largest in Greece, and the remains are certainly very fine. The diameter of the arena I made to be sixty paces, with at least sixty-five rows of stone seats from the bottom to the top.

The next day we called on Mahomet, son of Ali, who was with his brother, a boy of seven years old. The two children walked with us in the garden. As the younger was playing about in front of us, Mahomet said to him "Brother, remember you are in the presence of a stranger; walk more sedately," and as we parted from them, the younger said to the elder, "Brother, do me the favour to stay with me a short time. I am quite alone," to which the other replied, "I shall be most happy to oblige you." Such is Moslem etiquette.

Byron is all this time engaged in writing a long poem in the Spenserian stanza.

November 3.—We travelled by St. Demetrius's

1809. gate to Arta, which is conjectured to be on the site of the Ambracia of Ptolemy. The foundation stones of the fortress are of immense size—fourteen and fifteen feet long by five and six feet broad.

November 7.—We sailed down the Gulf in which was fought the battle of Actium—not big enough for the manœuvres of two of our modern frigates!

To-day we got on board a galliot of forty men and four guns, and sailed for Patras. In spite of a squall, we insisted on starting. The sailors at once ran below while the captain wrung his hands and wept, and Byron swore. The ship would most probably have been lost had it not been for the services of two or three Greeks, who eventually brought us to the Bay of Phanari.

November 9.—People on the cliffs, as soon as their fear of our being English had subsided, brought two boats alongside. We eventually arrived at Volondoracho, where we were well treated by the Vizier's soldiers and people. From this place we got a beautiful view of Suli, three parts up the opposite mountain, which appeared well capable of costing any man—as it did Ali—thirteen years to take. The Suliotes, though conquered, are not yet subdued, and they receive payment for their horses and services. From here we rode to Prevesa, and, near Nicopolis, saw the remains of a small theatre which we had missed on our previous visit.

November 15.—Leaving last night, we reached Utraique this morning. Fifteen days ago some

brigands carried off a Turk and a Greek from the Custom-house, the former they shot, and the latter was stoned to death. Our party, augmented, as a precaution, by some forty soldiers, took their dinner *al fresco*. The Albanians assembled in four parties round as many fires, dancing and singing, most of their songs turning on the exploits of robbers. One began thus : 1809.

When we set sail,
A band of thieves from Parga,
We were in number sixty-two.

The most polished of them, Bolu Pasha, had only four years ago been a formidable local brigand, commanding something like two hundred men in the mountains of Hepacto.

November 21.—Going by way of Machalas, Prodromos, and Natalico, we reached Missolonghi to-day. The town has about 5,000 inhabitants, who live chiefly on the proceeds of a large fishery, which extends some five or six miles into the entrance of the Gulf of Lepanto. Our Consul here took Byron for a new Ambassador, and insisted upon talking French to him, and entertaining us; but when we were detained a day longer than we had intended, by the incessant rain, his hospitality waned very quickly.

November 23.—We reached Patras by water from Missolonghi. The mountains behind the town were covered with snow, the river still retains its ancient name of Leucate. The town has a considerable trade in currants, oranges,

1809. olives, and cotton from Lepanto.¹ The forts, which appear to guard the town, are useless enough, the Morea fort being at present used as a sheep-pen.

The legend that St. Andrew was crucified at Patras is testified to in the eyes of the locals by a very curious chasm running from top to bottom of a hill on the opposite shore, said to be thus rent at the time of the martyr's death.

December 7.—At Vostizza we got a glimpse of Mount Parnassus, now covered with snow. Here we stayed with Gogia Pasha, a son of Veli Pasha's Prime Minister. This young man is well educated, speaking Greek and Romaic, and reads Herodotus in the original. We got from him some account of Riga, who, twenty years ago, organised a revolution of the Greeks. He became quite enthusiastic on the subject, which seemed odd enough in a man in high employ under the Turks.

December 14.—We reached Salona at midnight, and rode to Crissa, and thence, the next day, to Delphi. Climbing up the stony path, we found our first antiquity in a large rock, containing an excavation for a tomb. Above this was another immense block of singular shape, also torn from its place, lying at the foot of a small cave with three carefully excavated hollows. Just above we got the first view of Castri, a small town of mud-built hovels, situated in a natural amphi-

¹ Now known as Naupactus.

1809.
theatre, in which may be seen rows of ancient walls in an order so regular as to give the appearance of a vast theatre. These walls are composed of stones two-and-a-half feet in length, and a proportionate breadth and thickness. We were led to a cave in the hill in which cattle are now kept. It consists of an arched roof and three sides. Underneath the cave is a depth (*βαθύ*) which may have been the throne of the Pythoness, and which the inhabitants believe to be the sacred spot where the Greeks worshipped in the days of Apollo, the King of Greece!

We lodged in a house built entirely of ancient stones, engraved, but, unfortunately, undecipherable. From one of the fountains of the village, believed to have been the sacred spring, we brought away a bottle of water, as also we did from the stream which flows from Parnassus. On two marble pillars supporting a balcony stretched from the chapel were scratched the names Aberdeen, 1803, and H. P. Hope, 1799, to which Byron and I added our own names. The only spot on which the Pythian games could possibly have been held is a circular flat, of no great extent, about a mile from Castri, a little lower down the hill, where there are some remains of ancient walls. Divested of its ancient fame, the place would have nothing either alluring or romantic, but it seems exactly adapted for the purpose to which it undoubtedly was put, for the whole side of the mountain contains caverns

1809. in which the treasures of the fugitive Greeks could be safely deposited.

December 17.—We set out for Livadia, passing a stream which might have been Castalia, as it springs from a fountain at the foot of Parnassus. At Arachova we found a boy who had been to Malta, which the people of the locality regarded as the Ultima Thule.

December 19.—We stayed with the Archon Logotheti at Sudavia. From here we visited Chæroneia and the cave of Trophonius. At Orchomenos we found some marbles in a monastery and an inscribed tomb, together with some other remains not Hellenic. In the village of Romaico we came upon a statue of Pan. The women here string their hair with paras, and Vassali told us no woman could get a husband who did not bring a dowry of at least 1,000 piastres, there being so many more women in the country than males.

Byron, with his sabre, cut off the head of a goose which shared our room with a collection of pigs and cows, and thus we got an excellent roast.

December 20.—We set off at half-past one, and galloped at half-past four into Thebes, amidst downpours of rain. The ground is perfectly flat, there being only one small hill between Livadia and Thebes. The modern town is built on an ancient site, as tombs have been frequently discovered; but there are no visible signs of the ancient city, and certainly none of its glory. We

bathed in the fountain of Dirce, which stands a little distance out of the town to the south-east.

Being now out of Ali's territory, we had some little difficulty with the authorities, both as to coach horses and lodgings, but we eventually got away on December 24 from Thebes, and passed our Christmas Eve in a stable at Skourta, a miserable and deserted village.

December 25.—We got our first view of Athens at Chasia, where Signor Strani had advised us to make our half-way halt. The country was most romantic. Our road passed under the walls of an ancient fortress rising through the wood over a deep glen, which may have been one of the passes into Attica, while the steep hills opposite were clothed with noble pine-trees. Beyond this we caught a glimpse of the great mosque tipped with the last rays of the sun, and the road beyond, winding through plains cultivated with wood and vineyards and olive groves. We are lodged at Athens with Madame Theodora Mayne. Shortly after our arrival, Logotheti, the British Vice-Consul, came to propose his son as our travelling companion. He was followed by Signor Lusieri, Lord Elgin's painter, who had much to say about the Elgin marbles and the French. We arranged during our stay at Athens to occupy two houses separated from each other by a wall, through which we opened a doorway; and thus we live in greater comfort than the ordinary accommodation provides.

1809. The Waiwode is a well-mannered and well-informed man, and we followed up our call on him by sending the usual present of tea and sugar to the Turkish officer (the Disdar) in command of the fortress of the Acropolis. The unfortunate Governor is only too glad to have received our present, and willing to take another for the approaching Bairam.

On our way there we had been insulted by a renegade Spaniard, of whom we complained to the Waiwode on our return. Our Spanish friend thereupon was bastinadoed with about fifty strokes on his feet, in Fletcher's presence. Whatever I may think of it at home, abroad autocracy has its advantages.

1810. *January 21.*—We had a short tour in Attica, visiting, amongst other places, Charvati; but returned to Athens to-day to visit, on a lucky day, a cave on the south side of the Mountain Parnes. An old fellow undertook to guide us, and, after groping in on hands and knees, we lit torches and proceeded to explore the interior, which contained an innumerable number of subsidiary chambers. While engaged in this we discovered that the torches were becoming rapidly exhausted, and we returned to the entrance with all speed; but our torches wasted more rapidly than we expected, and it was not until the last stick was actually consumed that we caught sight of daylight. A few minutes later and we must have perished, as no one but the guide had any clue to the windings

of the labyrinth, and he had been reduced to speechless terror at the thought of our torches going out. 1810

We passed a great deal of our time exploring both the environs of Athens and the neighbouring country, our constant companions being Mr. Fauvel and Mr. Roque.

Besides the tour in Attica we went to Negroponte, the inhabitants of which have an evil reputation. The local saying is, "As bad as the Greeks of Athens, the Turks of Negroponte, and the Jews of Salonica." Christians are seldom seen here, and generally are very badly treated. As we, however, had letters from the commandant of Athens to the Pasha and the Aga, we were well received; but it cost our silly, frightened Demetrius eighty piastres to escape from the hangers-on of the Pasha, who, fine-dressed gentlemen as they were, thought nothing of robbing him of that sum.

February 28.—With Mr. Galt we went to the Parthenon to view more closely the bas-reliefs, two large pieces of which have fallen since our last visit.

March 8.—We said adieu to Athens on the 5th, and went by the *Pylades* to Smyrna. Darwin¹ said that the shoals in the Gulf of Smyrna have all appeared within the last few years, and that there is every reason to suspect that in time the Gulf will entirely be filled up. We are to stay at Smyrna with Mr. Werry. In the evening

¹ Erasmus Darwin, grandfather of Charles.

1810. we both, with Captain Ferguson and Mr. Darwin, went to call on a pretty Miss Maraschini. When they reached the drawing-room door, Byron and Darwin ran downstairs, leaving Captain Ferguson and me to pay our call alone—a most unusual trait on Byron's part.

Rain has not fallen for a long time, and all classes have been praying for rain—three days being assigned to the Turks, three to the Greeks, and three to the slaves; and they have even contrived, by separating the lambs from the sheep, to make the former bleat while the orthodox Mussulmans are also imploring for rain.

March 11.—Mrs. Werry actually cut off a lock of Byron's hair on parting from him to-day, and shed a good many tears. Pretty well for fifty-six years at least.

May 3.—We left in the *Salsette* frigate, Captain Bathurst, and went by Mitylene to the Dardanelles. Byron and Mr. Ekenhead swam across the Hellespont to-day. Ekenhead performed this feat in an hour and five minutes, and Byron in an hour and ten minutes. They set off two miles above Europe Castle, and came out *at least a mile* below the Dardanelles.

May 14.—We landed at Constantinople, being towed against the strong current to a point under the walls of the Seraglio garden. In the evening we crossed to Pera and put up at an excellent inn, getting the best dinner we have had since we left London.

Called the next day on Mr. Canning,¹ a pleasant young man with a bad voice. 1810.

May 20.—A funeral procession, preceded by six men in German livery, passed our doors. The body was that of a priest, with the face and hands uncovered, and the eyes open. The car which the body rested upon was covered all over with crosses and adorned with flowers. No objection to this Christian procession seemed to be taken by the Turks. Later in the evening of the same day another procession passed me. In the centre of this were two men carrying a pole from which hung two kettles. Following on this were others, a stick in each hand, the rear being brought up by a man whose dress was covered with large bell-like buttons. The janissaries at the gate of the Ambassador stood up with the greatest attention and reverence as the procession passed. I subsequently found out that these were the kettles of the janissaries and their cook, to which, by all accounts, they pay much more attention and respect than to their standards or their commanding officers.

NOTE by Lord Byron. P.S.—Constantinople.

“The whole distance Ekenhead and myself swam was more than four miles. The current very strong and cold. Some large fish near us when half across. We were not fatigued, but a little chilled. Did it with little difficulty, May 26.

“BYRON.”

¹ Afterwards Lord Stratford de Redcliffe.

1810.

May 21.—We paid a visit to the bazaars and the Seraglio, the latter surrounded with high and gloomy walls, with niches on each side of the gate, where are exposed the heads of criminals, whose bodies are thrown carelessly enough on to a dunghill close by. Looking through a grating, we saw the sepulchres of the Sultans Mustapha and Selim, crowned with red-and-yellow turbans. The streets are clean, in regular order, and well built; but the bazaars and bezasteins are not very striking buildings to one acquainted with the shops and wealth of London.

May 28.—So far we have dined every night with the Ambassador; but to-day some difficulty has arisen as to Byron's precedence in an official procession which we all made to the Government House. As Canning refused to walk behind him, Byron went home. The rest of us set out, preceded by about one hundred officers in two rows, twenty of our own marines headed by Mr. Lloyd, and Mr. Ekenhead on horseback; a dozen servants in yellow and gold, eight or ten pages in red, with fur caps, immediately preceded Mr. Adair, who was on horseback, Mr. Canning, Captain Bathurst, Mr. Morier, the Consul, and myself, with several gentlemen of the Levant Company. We eventually arrived at Top-Kaneh. It took Byron quite three days to get over this trivial contretemps.

June 16.—Mr. Canning descanted very feelingly on the humiliation which Christian missionaries

have to endure. He said also that the presents of shawls and cloths sent to the Embassy in return for the gifts sent by George III. on the conclusion of peace, amongst which was a dagger for the Sultan costing 30,000 piastres, were old and had been darned and washed, and are typical enough of the financial difficulties under which Turkey is at the present time submerged. I also heard of the utter inefficiency of Arbuthnot and Poole. 1810.

July 2.—To-day is the anniversary of our departure from England, so we rode down to the valley of Sweet Waters and afterwards breakfasted with Canning, who gave me to read a short didactic on the pleasure of eating much, and also an official account, written by himself, of the three late revolutions here.

July 14.—Byron and I left Constantinople in the *Salsette* frigate, coming to anchor the next day just above the Castle of the Dardanelles. A great dispute arose between the frigate and the fort as to which should salute first. The difference was adjusted by Mr. Adair going on shore the following morning to visit the Pasha, the frigate saluting him as he left the ship. The Governor of the town, a very Falstaffian person, asked us how we liked the Sultan's present palace. We replied that so much of it as we saw we liked very much. "Ah," said he, "for fifteen years I swept it out."

July 17.—Arrived at the port of Zea. Went

1810. on board with Lord Byron and suite. Took leave, *non sine lacrymis*, of this singular young person, on a little stone terrace at the end of the bay, dividing with him a little nosegay of flowers; the last thing perhaps that I shall ever divide with him.

July 27.—I reached Malta. Here I met Mr. Bruce and Lady Hester Stanhope, a masculine woman, who says she would as soon live with packhorses as with women. I met her again the next day at dinner. She seems to me a violent, peremptory person. We went together to the Opera, at the end of the first act of which a collection of dollars was made from spectators for the benefit of the players.

August 5.—I left Malta to-day, and arrived at Cagliari on August 14. Here we found Lucien Buonaparte with his wife and family and a large suite of forty persons on board an American ship. He is a handsome man; he wears spectacles, and said he wishes to go either to America or to England. He declares that he was offered either to be made King of Rome or to leave the Empire. He chose the latter, and went to Civita Vecchia, whence he asked for passports to Cagliari. The King of Sardinia resolved to send Lucien to Malta. He declares that if he is sent back to Civita Vecchia he will certainly endeavour to escape thence, as he cannot live under his brother's government.

October 20.—On August 24 we fell in with the

British fleet off Toulon, where I dined with the 1810.
Admiral, Sir E. Cotton, and a Mr. Clifford, a
natural son of the Duke of Devonshire, and the
very image of Lord Hartington. After passing a
few days at Cadiz I reached Falmouth on October
15, and thence drove to my home near Bath.

CHAPTER III

NOTE.—There is a gap in the original book, “Recollections of a Long Life,” between October 1810, and the summer of 1813. As the Diaries contain some interesting passages relating to this period, a few extracts from them are appended by the Editor in order to fill up the gap.

1811. *February* 4.—Called on my father at 11, Manchester Buildings, Westminster, and there—after a difference of five years’ standing—reconciled to him by shaking hands for one minute. This day to be marked with a white stone.

June 6.—My father to-day got a letter from my brother Benjamin, who gave an account of the conduct of his regiment, the 57th, at the battle of Albuera. They went into battle 572 rank and file, 1 lieut.-colonel, 1 major, 7 captains, 18 subalterns. They fought four hours, and then drew up behind a hill to count numbers. They were then 118 rank and file and six subalterns. Benjamin and another officer were the only ones not scratched and without a hole in their clothes. The brigade went out of the field commanded by a junior captain and the regiment commanded by a junior lieutenant. Benjamin first commanded the light company, and then held the colours, through which were eighteen shot-holes.

July 1.—Breakfasted with Matthews¹ at Chester-1811.
ton. Dined at five at a great dinner given by the
College of Trinity to the Duke of Gloster, and
four hundred present. Turtle, venison, etc., a
lively day. Matthews, Baillie, Bankes, Ponsonby,
and myself, got up Dr. Parr's health as he passed
us, and drank him with enthusiasm.

July 2.—Took my full M.A. degree in the
Senate House. Dined at Fellows' table in hall—
went in to combination. Dined with Bankes in
Trinity Hall—met Monk Lewis.²

July 8.—Went to Covent Garden—Mrs. Jordan
in *Country Girl*—a mélange of shocking absurdi-
ties. . . . Heard from Byron.

July 16.—I heard to-day from Byron, by a
letter written at Malta, appointing a meeting
at Sittingbourne, to which place I went the next
day, where I met my friend after an absence
of one year. We spent the next two days in
visiting Canterbury and the neighbourhood, and
I left Canterbury on the 19th, after having parted
with my dear friend.³

¹ Charles Skinner Matthews was a scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, and a contemporary and friend of Byron and Hobhouse. At this time he was a fellow of Downing. He was drowned in the Cam in the following month of August.

² Matthew Gregory Lewis, 1775–1818, was for a short time in the Diplomatic Service, but inheriting large estates in the West Indies, he left the public service. His book "*Ambrosio, or the Monk*," published in 1795, earned him the *sobriquet* of Monk Lewis.

³ In 1811 Mr. Hobhouse joined the Militia as Captain in Colonel Lemon's regiment. He went with the regiment to Ireland on August 23, 1811, was quartered at Enniscorthy, and remained there until February 17, 1812, when he returned to England.

1811. *August 7.*—Received from S. B. Davies¹ the fatal news of the violent death of my oldest and best friend, C. S. Matthews. He was drowned in the Cam on Saturday last. Wrote as well as I could to S. B. Davies, to Lord Byron, and David Baillie. Alas, alas, who is there left?

During the month of November I prepared, in frequent consultation with Byron, my work on our travels in Albania, the proofs of which I got by the end of the year.

1812. *February 19.*—Lord Byron made his maiden speech to-day on the Nottingham Riot Bill.

I dined to-day at the Royal Society's Club, sitting next to Sir R. Bickerton.

Heber told me a capital jest of Frederick North at Algiers. North asked the Dey permission to see his women. After some parley the Dey said, "He is so ugly, let him see them all." After most of his speeches to the Dey, North observed that the latter always said "Kedab," so at last he asked for the translation, when it appeared that its meaning was "damned lie." Heber also added that when Lord Portsmouth and the Duke of Grafton (who were concerned in a duel) were going in a hackney coach to Wimbledon for the purpose, they met an empty hearse, which Lord Portsmouth stopped, saying, "Hullo, wait there a minute or two and I will give you a fare."

¹ Scrope Berdmore Davies (1783-1852) was also a contemporary of Byron and Hobhouse at Cambridge. He was a scholar at King's College, and later a prominent figure in London society. Byron appointed him one of his executors under his will of 1817.

March 11.—Went down to Whitton, where 1812.
Mr. Westmacott dined and examined my marbles.
He says I have done well, and that the marbles
are of the third class.¹

March 14.—Went to Hampton Court; saw the
cartoons. Nothing in the world more impressive.
Mr. Holloway, the engraver, expounded them to
us. His labour has been immense—he has been
twelve years at five of the cartoons. His finished
sketches in French crayons, from which the
engraving is finished, are superior to the en-
gravings. A nobleman asked him if these crayon
pictures could be purchased, and offered a
thousand pounds for the seven. Holloway said
he would take that sum if he had made up his
mind to starve the remainder of his life in a
garret. The seven are worth £10,000.

He is assisted by two nephews-in-law. Garrick
said that he should produce a masterpiece if he
could *die* like Ananias. The cartoons were found
by Rubens in Flanders.

March 18.—Dined with the Literary Fund.
Met Salt, the Abyssinian, who told me that the
Raas laughed at the piety of an old Christian priest
who would go to prayer at Court, saying he is
the best old fellow in the world. Religion is
out of fashion with the great in Abyssinia, but
some of the priests are truly pious and primi-
tive.

March 20.—Went to a ball at Lord Mount

¹ Now in the British Museum.

1812. Morres. Danced—nothing more dull than the *beau monde*.

April 21.—Dined at Reilly's—Baillie with me. Stayed up all night at the House of Lords. Debate on the Catholic question. Heard Byron, who kept the House in a roar of laughter. Lord Grenville the best. Lord Wellesley mentioned as a fact that the first resistance at Cadiz to Buonaparte had been made by the Pope's nuncio.

April 24.—Dined with Lord Lansdowne. Met Lord and Lady Douglas, Lord and Lady Downshire, Lord and Lady Dunmore, Lord Arch. Hamilton, Lord Fitzharris, Mr. Stewart, Captain Waldegrave, etc. Learnt not one thing, except that Larcher¹ calls Volney² in his Herodotus always by the name of *chasse bœuf*.

May 2.—Dined at Stephen's Coffee House. Sir Francis Burdett told us that Horne Tooke, when advised to take a wife, said, "With all my heart; whose wife shall it be?"

May 3.—Dined at Lord Lansdowne's. Met Sir S. and Lady Romilly, also Rogers and Dr. Davy. Sir S. Romilly speaks but little—Rogers always trying to shine. Went in the evening to Lady C. Howard's.

May 11.—I heard at half-past six that Perceval had been shot on the steps going into the House of Commons, by a man who stepped up to him

¹ P. H. Larcher, Professor of Greek Literature in the Collège de France, published in 1786 a translation of Herodotus.

² Constantin Chassebœuf, Comte de Volney, wrote a Chronology of Herodotus, 1808. Was made a Count of the Empire by Napoleon.

and said, "I am John James Bellingham, a merchant of Liverpool," and shot him through the heart. W. Smith was there, and said, "Who has got a pistol amongst us?" At that moment a man, whom he took to be Wilberforce, reeled up to him and fell at his feet, just calling out "Murder." Smith picked him up and took him into the Vote Office, where he died in two minutes. 1812.

Called on my father at half-past eleven; found him in bed at No. 11, and asleep. Old people certainly feel little; and yet he lost more than I by this event.

May 15.—Bellingham's trial going on spoilt our party. Bellingham convicted.

May 16.—Dined with Byron at the Clarendon.

May 18.—Went to London and returned with my father to Whitton. Bellingham hanged—died like a hero. His answer to the sheriff: "I hope I feel as a man ought to do"—noble.

May 20.—Went to the House of Commons. A strange bustle about the formation of a new Ministry—Liverpool to be the man; negotiations with Wellesley unsuccessful. Stuart Wortley, the same who abashed Ponsonby the other day, gives notice he shall move to address the Prince to form a strong and efficient Ministry.

May 21.—Wortley's motion is carried by four. Vansittart vacated his seat to become Chancellor, on the promise of Sir E. Buller to make Vander Heyden vacate. He then, himself, together with Vansittart, voted against Ministers.

1812. *May 26.*—Wellesley can do nothing; neither Liverpool nor Grenville will listen. Old Ministers in interregnum—report they will stay in.

May 27.—Lord Moira sent for. Whigs coming in at last.

June 2.—Whigs not coming in.

June 4.—Set out with Byron and Captain G. Byron, his heir, to Newstead. Slept at Market Harborough.

June 9.—At Newstead; had letters from pater, one telling me Moira was Minister, the other that Liverpool had, after all, come in.

June 10.—A page came from Lady Caroline Lamb, with letters for Byron.

June 13.—Arrived in London after a week of delirium.

June 16.—Dined at the Grecian. Went to the pit of Covent Garden to see Liston act Romeo.

June 17.—Dined at Reilly's. This night Sheridan was stopped in his speech by illness. Passed the evening and night at Mr. Grattan's. He is nothing in conversation. Lady Crewe a superior woman.

June 20.—Dined with my cousin, Henry Hobhouse, in 16, Hunter Street, Brunswick Square, where I met Richard Heber and James Boswell, a son of Bozzy, a most entertaining man. He agreed that Ellenborough was like Johnson in his way of poking out his sentences at the corner of his forehead.

Sastres told me that Dr. Brocklesby, who at-

tended Johnson in his last illness, although an infidel, was forced by Johnson to kneel when the latter prayed. Brocklesby would not always finish the prayer, and Johnson kept turning round in a violent rage, exclaiming : “ Why will you not say, Amen ? ” 1812.

June 22.—Dine at Reilly’s. At night went to Lady Oxford’s ball—pleasant night.

June 24.—Dined at Lord Oxford’s, met Sir F. Burdett, Rogers, Monk Lewis, etc. Lady Jane Harley a delightful creature, but *un peu libre*. She said that Paget was quite the *coq de village* at Vienna. Lady Oxford most uncommon in her talk, and licentious—uncommonly civil; made a push to get me into the Hampden Club. For the first time in my life knew how to put off a question and civilly say, No.

June 27.—What to do, or what not to do about my commission in the Miners, may the gods confound me worse than I am daily confounded if I know. *Meus pater* wants me off with all speed; but feeling convinced of the truth of the old adage, “ Out of sight out of mind,” and seeing that the same person did the other day leave unread for some time a letter from his son abroad about whom he did once so much talk, I will not, if possible, consent to be absent from the spot where I may keep the recollection of others alive. Everything I see confirms me in my opinion of aged persons. As to myself, I should certainly be in love with one of the miscellany if I had £5,000

1812. a year—life might then be a little tolerable ; but as it is without any affectation or deceit (for why be affected and deceitful to myself ?) *mitia tarda—ruunt ingrataque tempora*—I have lost all relish for books that used once to delight me. What is the use of either reading or writing ? You labour and labour on, and then you die without being yourself benefited by all your pains ; and if you benefit others, without hearing of the little good you have done—nothing but praise or the expectation of gaining it one day or the other, ever makes me happy ; yet what is the use of being praised ? It does not make me wiser or better ; it is, after all, only one man's opinion about another, which is obtained oftener by interest or good luck than by real merit ; and if by real merit, what then ? Does my real merit make me richer or taller ? Does it prevent me from rotting partially whilst above ground and rotting altogether when under it ? Does it exempt me from any of the conditions of humanity, or leave me anything but what it found me—a mere grub, whose annihilation would have a ten-thousand-millionth less effect on the system of the world, and be less perceived than the evaporation of a single drop of water from the surface of the ocean—aye, the extinction of whose globe and of all the heavens in which it revolves would be absolutely unknown and unfelt except by one small spot in the boundless regions of the universe ?

Herschel's reflector has shown him stars whose

light has been two millions of years reaching this earth. Yet even these reflections on the unimportance of man show a man's importance to himself; for why should such an insignificant being think so much about himself as to make all these remarks? To this I reply that, of all worldly things—and the world itself is comparatively so trifling a consideration—it is as well to think about myself, in whom I know that I am interested, as about any other mundane object, which may not at all concern me. If the whole creation is a speck, all that I need think of it is that upon the speck I am found, and must do the best I can for myself as long as this fact shall exist. 1812.

Dined with Sir Francis Burdett, a very large, and not at all a pleasant party. . . .

June 29, Monday.—Saw Mrs. Siddons take her leave in the character of Lady Macbeth; she made a farewell poetical address written by Horace Twiss; play stopped after her last scene. Pit waved hats. I went into the pit; almost killed getting in. House filled from top to bottom with all the rank of London. Sheridan in the orchestra. Mrs. Siddons affected, but Kemble more so. Never go in pit again.

June 30.—Heard bad news from Byron this day relative to his affair. Came home and found an odd note from Lady Bessborough.

July 2.—Called on Lady Bessborough—a very curious scene.

1812. *July 3.*—Received a note from Lady Bessborough. Went to Byron, who agrees to go out of town.

July 6.—Arrived in London; found on my table most strange letters from Melbourne House.

July 8.—I called on Hanson, and had a full account of Lord Byron's affairs. Poor Newstead! Things are bad enough in that quarter, and I can only lament my incapacity to help. Byron went with me to my father's to-day at Whitton.

July 16.—Walked, by desire, to Lady Bessborough's, Cavendish Square; in midst of our conversation in comes Lady C. Lamb, who talked of Lady Bessborough and myself looking guilty. Here's a pass for the world to come to!

July 19.—Dined with Lord Byron and Sinclair. The latter spoke of an interview he had with Buonaparte at Ulm a few days before the battle of Jena. Buonaparte, who was in his night-cap and gown, with a cup of tea in his right hand, was accompanied by Count Froberg and Berthier. Berthier, on hearing from Sinclair that the Prussians did not expect the French in that quarter, exclaimed, "*Ce sont des perruques les Bronsvickes—ils seront furieusement trompés.*" He then inquired where Maréchal Mullendorf was, as Murat, to whom he had first sent, had also done. Sinclair observed a pointed incivility in all the Germans, with a totally opposite behaviour in the French. He fell in with the advance of the French army as they were pillag-

ing a train of baggage-waggons left by the Prussians. They and the French were encouraging the peasants—*Prenez tout, mes enfants, exceptez seulement le vin et l'argent.* 1812.

July 23.—Dined at Lord Oxford's. Met Burdett, Ward (called "Conversation"), Lady Cork (Johnson's dunce), Baron Trip, a Mr. Fox, son of Stephen Fox, a Miss White, Thornton, Bank director, Westall the painter, Lord Arch. Hamilton. A very dull party. Mr. W.'s ascendancy given to him, because he takes it. He talked to Baron Trip about Lady Hardwicke and Lady Heathcote. Lady J. Harley told me she could say all Shakespeare by heart—she is a most surprising girl, and is a good instance of the flexibility of female abilities.

August 14, Friday.—Went to Garroway's Coffee House to the sale of Newstead Abbey by auction by a Mr. Fairbrother, where, having just secured myself with Byron, I bid twelve times, and left off at 113,000 guineas for the large lot, which was bought in at 113,500 guineas, B. having fixed £120,000 as the price. The second was bought in at 13,100 guineas. Never having done the like before, I was, before the thing began, in a complete fever, but was told by Hanson, B.'s solicitor, that I came off most admirably. I had just then only one pound one shilling and sixpence in the world.

September 6.—Walked down to Cavendish's. Walked about the gardens of Palladian Chiswick, the Duke of Devonshire's.

1812. *September 14.*—Visited Shakespeare's house.

September 16.—Walked from Birmingham to within a mile of Wolverhampton, when the Union coach from the Dog Inn took us up. Arrived at Shrewsbury, which being full of races, walked on to Radcliffe, a village ten miles off, and slept in a pot-house.

September 17.—Walked to Oswestry, and thence by Chirk and the grand aqueduct of Pontysyllty to Llangollen, about fourteen miles.

September 18.—Went through Lady Elizabeth Butler and Miss Ponsonby's grounds, but did not see the ancient pair.

1813. *January 9.*—Dined with my father at Whitton. Amongst others, Lord Sidmouth, who told me that he had seen the great Lord Chatham sit for an hour and a half, while Gallini, the dancing-master, taught his sons their steps. William used to be refractory, and Lord Chatham would shake him by the lapel and bid him attend. He used then to make Hiley Addington show him, on William, who knelt down, how Warton flogged the boys at Winchester. The first person Lord Chatham spoke to after his fit in the House of Lords was Dr. Addington, and to him, in spite of all entreaties, and before he said anything else, he instantly repeated what he had intended to say to the Duke of Richmond, finishing his speech sitting up in bed, with great vehemence of words and gesture.

Lord Sidmouth asserted that William Pitt had

no notion of the resources of the country. He has 1813.
piles of Chatham's letters.

January 12.—Got a picture of Lady Oxford from Mrs. Mee. Lord B.'s money for it.

Involved in a bargain with Cawthorn, who, though he has sold all my first edition of "Travels," does not like to agree to give me a sum of money for the copyright. Dallas has sent me his works. Poor stuff, his Aubrey, and his dedication to Byron, sneaking, though assuming.

CHAPTER IV

1813. BOOK.—When my “Travels” were published, the wish to travel again came over me, and in the summer of 1813, having procured a courier’s passport and being furnished with despatches for the Crown Prince of Sweden, I sailed from Harwich to Gothenborg; then I crossed Scania, and went from Helsingborg over to Stralsund.

Bernadotte, Crown Prince of Sweden, was at Stralsund in command of the Swedish army, and after delivering my despatches to him I was desired to dine with him. When I told him that the Danes had declared war on him, he smiled and said, “*Nous leur rendrons tout cela,*” —we will give them as good as they bring. I remarked nothing particular about him, except that when I first saw him his hair was in curl papers, and that at his Court dinner the salt-cellar next to him was secured by a lock and key. On remarking this to my next neighbour, he said, “I suppose you know what happened to a late Crown Prince?” I did not know, but was afterwards told that he was generally supposed to have been poisoned.

1813. Leaving Stralsund, I passed by Strelitz, and delivered despatches to the Duke of Cumberland. This was at two o'clock in the morning. I was shown into his room, and he jumped out of bed to receive them. A more magnificent frame of man was never seen. His Royal Highness asked me to stay a day or two at Strelitz, but I went on, without stopping, to Berlin.

At Berlin I formed an acquaintance with the Princess Louisa of Prussia, married to Prince Radzivil. She was a highly accomplished and most amiable Princess, much beloved by her family and those whom she honoured with her notice. The English in those days were favourably received in Germany, particularly at Berlin, and I was permitted on more than one occasion to join the small circle at the tea-table of Her Royal Highness.

The "Memoirs of the Margravine of Bareith" had been recently published, and were the subject of much controversy in England. I ventured to ask the Princess whether they were to be depended upon. She replied, "As far as I know, I believe they may."

Sir Charles Stewart, afterwards Lord Londonderry, was at that time corresponding General with the King of Prussia. He was a great favourite both with Prussians and Englishmen, and I had reason to be proud of his civilities; amongst other attentions he was kind enough

1813. to make his stables available for me, and by the help of his horses I visited the sights in the neighbourhood of the city. At his hospitable table I commenced my long intimacy with Sir Robert Wilson.

I left Berlin in company with my friend Mr. Douglas Kinnaird, and the suspension of arms, commonly called the Armistice of Pleisnitz, signed on June 4, being then in force, we travelled by Frankfort-on-the-Oder and Breslau to the headquarters of the Emperor Alexander. We arrived on July 2, and remained there until the 8th of the month. It was a busy time with us; we were introduced to the Emperor Alexander at his quarters at Peterswaldau; we dined with General Potemkin and his officers at Long Belo; we also dined with Lord Cathcart, at whose quarters I made acquaintance with Sir Hudson Lowe.

I saw something of others, famous in that day, such as Count Stadion, Baron Stein, Sir Francis D'Ivernois, and others of less note. Sir Robert Wilson lent us horses, and we rode to take a look at the encampments of the allies and at the position of the French army in the opposite distance.

We left headquarters on July 8, and, sending our carriage by the high road, rode on Sir R. Wilson's horses to the fortress of Silberberg. Our object was to visit an English gentleman, a prisoner there, confined at the recommenda-

tion of Lord Cathcart. This was R. Semple, 1813.
author of "Travels in Portugal, Spain, and the
Levant." I had heard of him at Smyrna from
Dr. Darwin, and, upon seeing him, was enabled
to speak to his identity, which Lord Cathcart,
and Mr. Jackson, our envoy to Berlin, had
disputed, and thus caused his arrest. I wrote
to Lord Cathcart in his behalf, and my com-
panion, Mr. Kinnaird, wrote to Sir Charles
Stewart. Mr. Semple, shortly after our visit,
was released. He published an account of his
imprisonment.

We rode from Silberberg to Wartha-on-the-
Neisse, and thence to Glatz, where we slept. The
next morning we visited the citadel, which was
reckoned impregnable, and was a State prison; at
least there were three prisoners of rank there at
the time of our visit—one a General of Engineers,
another a Count, and a Baron who had been
arrested a few days before our arrival.

From Glatz we had intended to go to Prague,
but were obliged to alter our course in the direc-
tion of Vienna, as the passport given us by
Barclay de Tolly, Commander-in-Chief of the
Russian army, and viséd by Count Stadion, made
no mention of Prague. Accordingly we travelled
by Brunn to Vienna, and settled ourselves for
some time in that capital. As the Conferences
at Prague were still nominally continued, although
the real business was never even begun, hopes
were entertained that Napoleon would conclude

1813. peace upon the terms proposed by Austria. But Napoleon did not want peace, he wanted delay ; and the truce, prolonged beyond the time originally fixed, having expired, Austria, on August 10, joined the allies, and on the 19th of the month appeared the declaration of war with France. It was a very long document, written by Gentz. On August 21 Prince Schwarzenberg issued his address on taking the command of the allied armies. The renewed campaign opened with the battle of Dresden, which the French claimed as a victory. Then it was that Moreau received his death-wound. Vandamme, at the head of 40,000 men, advanced into Bohemia, but was resisted by the Russian General Osterman with only 8,000 long enough to allow the main army of the allies to come to his assistance. This was at the battle of Kulm, the turning-point of the war. The French were completely defeated, and Vandamme was taken prisoner.

My companion, Mr. Kinnaird, who had left Vienna to return home, was in the battle, and wrote an account of it to me. Lord Walpole

¹ The terms offered were these : Dissolution du Grand-Duché de Varsovie ; reconstitution de la Prusse au moyen d'une partie considérable de ce Grand-Duché et de quelques portions des Provinces Ansatiques ; restitution à l'Allemagne des Villes Libres de Lübeck, de Brême, de Hambourg ; abolition de la Confédération du Rhin ; retrocession à l'Autriche de l'Illyrie et des portions de la Pologne qui lui avaient jadis appartenu.—*Thiers*, liv. 49, tom. xii., p. 45.

This peace would have left to France, besides Belgium and the Rhenish Provinces, Holland, Piedmont, Tuscany, the Roman States, as departments of France ; Westphalia, Lombardy, Naples, as dependent kingdoms.

arrived at Vienna with the news, and great rejoicings took place. A “Te Deum” was celebrated at St. Stephen’s church, at which the Empress was present; and a courier, with a French eagle and two standards, entered the city, preceded by twenty-four postilions on horseback, cracking their whips. This, I was told, was an ancient custom. It was, at any rate, very acceptable to the crowds who accompanied the procession. 1813.

These successes had relieved the Austrians from the fear of another occupation of their capital by Napoleon, but their apprehensions were still kept alive by the advance of the Italian army under the Viceroy Eugene across the Carinthian frontier.

In spite, however, of this unexpected invasion, I resolved to visit the shores of the Adriatic, and, accordingly, in company with three English friends, I left Vienna (September 1813), and travelled to Fiume. We had no adventures, except that on one occasion we were mistaken for the Archduke Maximilian’s party; and my friend Mr. Baillie, a very tall and imposing person, was addressed by the postmaster as “His Imperial Highness”; and except also that we were so near to the enemy’s outposts that we mistook an Austrian for an Italian picket, and one of our party, in a moment of needless alarm, threw his letters of credit into the fire. A battle had been fought at Lippa, one post from Fiume, and, although the invaders had retreated from Fiume, they were expected

1813. to return, and for several days we were in doubt whether it would be safe for us to proceed on our journey. At last, however, we ascertained that the coast was clear, and we went to Fiume. The town was in great confusion, and the shops were all shut.

The continued retreat of the enemy tranquillised Fiume. I remained there until September 21, when I left it in company with my three friends, and travelled, partly by water and partly by land, across Istria to Pola. We slept one night at a village, where we hired a man recommended by our host to escort us. He was a retired robber, and, being well paid, escorted us safely. I had seen far more famous ruins in Greece, but was much struck by the amphitheatre at Pola. It is said to have held as many spectators as the amphitheatre at Verona, and must have been worthy of the city destroyed by the soldiers of Cæsar, and restored and colonised at the intercession of the daughter of Augustus. But the Julia Pietas of ancient days is now a desolate and dirty little town of about 7,000 inhabitants—one of the most wretched of the wretched communities composing the French Illyrian provinces.

Besides the amphitheatre there are two other ancient structures, one called the Porta Rata, meaning, I suppose, the Porta Aurata or Aurea, an arch supported by Corinthian columns, with an inscription—*SALVIA POSTUMA SERGII DE SUA PECUNIA*. Busching calls this structure magnifi-

cent, and the ornaments of it are indeed of exquisite workmanship. The other "*antiquity*,"¹ the common name of all ancient remains, is of greater dimensions, consisting of a portico with four columns and with an inscription on the façade, showing that it was dedicated to Rome and to Augustus, the son of the unconquered Cæsar, father of his country.

Our rambles through this place of dirt and desolation were made agreeable by the company of Captain Moresby,² commanding the *Wizard*, an English brig-of-war at anchor in the bay, and Major Howel, who had been left by Admiral Fremantle, with fifty marines, to reconstruct the batteries which Captain Moresby had destroyed when the French evacuated Pola. The whole country was then in a state of transition, and a parish priest who had received us most hospitably on our return to Fiume, and showed us every attention, as soon as our backs were turned rated our boatman very soundly for bringing us to his house, saying, "The French will come back and I shall be shot"—a process with which the Istrians were sufficiently familiar, for, by that simple mode, the country had been completely cleared of the robbers who were masters of it when Napoleon acquired the Illyrian provinces.

We coasted along the shore, and slept, if it could so be called, in a hovel at Fianone, a fishing

¹ The Temple of Augustus and Roma : now the Palazzo Pubblico.

² Afterwards Admiral Sir Fairfax Moresby.

1813. station, whence we crossed the bay, and were not sorry to return to Fiume. Indeed, Fiume was a home to us in comparison with our Istrian quarters, just as Vienna seemed to be our native home in comparison with Fiume.

We rambled about the country, and climbed the hills to the castle and the convent of Franciscans. At the church of this fraternity were several well-built chapels; the floor of one of them contained a stone inscribed thus—DOMUS FRATRUM USQUE AD TUBAM NOVISSIMAM—an affecting association of the dead with the living.

On Tuesday, October 4, Mr. Perceval and myself started on a shooting excursion into the borders of Hungarian Dalmatia, in the district of Zengh. We were accompanied by our host of Fiume, and a blacksmith, our jäger, with two dogs. We had no sport during our three or four days' excursion, but travelled into a beautiful country, washed by the sea on one side and overhung on the other by castellated crags. This district formerly belonged to the Counts Skrini, until Pietro Skrini, in 1671, lost the estate and his head too by conspiring against the Emperor Charles VI. This conspiracy was fatal to another noble, whose ruined castle we saw on some high crags above our road. Our friend from Fiume, Signor Marrantz, told us how this conspiracy was discovered. Count Francis Christopher Frangipani had the unlucky habit of talking in his sleep, and said enough,

on more than one occasion, to make his wife suspect he was engaged in some dangerous business. The lady, by means not detailed to us, extracted the secret from her husband, and told it to a friend; the friend told it to an agent of the Imperial Government. Frangipani, Skrini, Nadasti, and Trattenbuch were beheaded. The execution of Frangipani took place at Neustadt on April 30, 1671. So says the story; but I have not found any mention of the sleep-talking in any account that I have seen of the Frangipanis of Friuli. These were the days of cruelty and confiscation which immediately preceded the famous insurrection of Tekeli. 1813.

After sleeping at the house of the parish priest at Grisani, we returned to Fiume. The market-place was crowded with deserters from the Viceroy's army, and the six Croat regiments raised by the French were, we heard, completely broken up. We saw a regiment of these Croats, some 1,200, swear allegiance to their new master. At breakfast the next day, October 6 (or 7), we read in the Fiume newspaper an account of the surrender of Laybach to the Austrians after a bombardment of thirty hours. Laybach, or Lubiani, was the capital of the French Illyrian provinces.

On October 13 we left Fiume, just as the English line-of-battleship the *Aigle*, with the Archdukes Maximilian and Francis, with the wife

1813. of the latter, on board, came to an anchor in the bay. We passed Lippa and slept at Ternova. The next day we passed through Adelsberg, which was full of troops on the march for the frontier of Italy, and we slept at the post-house of Lessina. Our host told us that the Viceroy Eugene had passed two nights, September 29 and 30, at his house. He said the army of Eugene, in number about 12,000, was composed chiefly of Italian boys under twenty years of age.

We were now on the high road from Trieste to Laybach, and were driven by post-boys in green liveries, with the French imperial eagle on their buttons; but at the post-house of Ober-Laybach we came again upon the black Austrian eagle. At Laybach we were lodged in a large hotel, suitable for a city containing 20,000 inhabitants, and which, as before told, the French had made the capital of their Illyrian provinces. Marshal Marmont kept a royal court here, and was much liked; his chief amusement was shooting, and, as the country abounds with game of every description, he found employment for no less than thirty dogs—pointers and spaniels of all kinds.

We saw scarcely any vestiges of the siege which Laybach had suffered only a few days before our visit. The attack lasted just eight days, and the garrison that surrendered amounted to no more than five artillerymen and 140 soldiers, of whom seventy were sick.

1813.

The country round Laybach is very well cultivated, and the villages and country-houses betoken care and plenty. We stayed only a day at Laybach, and then went by Krainburg to Neumarktel, travelling at first through a rich valley, and then, approaching the hills, saw the Save in a deep ravine on our left. We struck into the mountains, and arrived at Neumarktel, a small town situated most romantically at the foot of a green hill in the depths of a gorge. Putting up at the miserable inn, we heard of an Englishman settled a little way up the valley by the side of a brook that turned the wheels of a file manufactory. His name was Dutton, and he kindly not only showed us his establishment, called here New England, but accompanied us on our journey towards Klagenfurth. He had lived in the country about four years, and had been out of England, with only one short visit, ever since the year 1780. He told us some interesting particulars of the people in these secluded regions. He had been present at the sanguinary struggle that had recently taken place between the Austrians and the French in the passes of the Leoben mountain, and helped to carry away the wounded. We crossed this great hill, which seemed to close up the valley, and on a fantastic crag, almost in the clouds, perceived two objects looking like black posts, between which we were told we should have to pass from Carniola into Carinthia. We did struggle up to

1813. this spot by the help of six horses, and thought a good deal of our exploit, until we heard that a diligence had formerly travelled that wonderful road.¹ From the summit of the Leoben we had a most extensive view, with the noblest Alpine scenery on one side, and the fine plain of Krainberg, with the town itself, on the other. Here were the two obelisks of black marble which we had seen from below. They contained inscriptions commemorative of the Emperor Charles VI. *AUREA SÆCULA RESTITUENTI.*

This day's journey brought us to Klagenfurth, the capital of Carinthia, a city of 10,000 inhabitants. Thence we travelled on to Gratz: the journey occupied us five days, for the roads were miry with sand and rain, and our post-horses were

¹ NOTE FROM DIARY OF OCTOBER 17, 1813.

At the beginning of the war the French advanced ten thousand men from Villach, and determined to force the Leoben Pass: there were only sixty Austrian jägers to oppose them, but these had barricaded every turn of the ascent, as well as the summit itself: of these defences we saw the remains. Their first position was at the little church of St. Anne, and there the road is so steep and difficult of access, that it seemed to us wonderful that any soldiers could be induced to face an enemy posted to oppose them; yet the French pushed up this ascent, and our host, Dutton, saw the officers drive their men forward with their swords; he saw many fall on the green slope below the church, under the fire of the jägers. They came to the great barricade on the summit, and made repeated efforts to force it. They attacked at first with 300, then with 600, and lastly with 1,500 men, trying to turn it by mountain tracks known only to the peasants and trodden only by them, but all in vain; and having been engaged from two in the afternoon until eight in the evening, they gave up their attempt and retired. Forty carts full of wounded men passed through Neumarktel next morning. Dutton said that not one Austrian was touched in this battle; similar stories have been told of other conflicts, Heavens knows with what truth,

often obliged to go at a foot's-pace. Indeed Mr. Perceval and myself walked the greater part of the way, and were repaid by the extreme beauty of the surrounding scenery : we were on the banks of the Drave, between woody hills reminding me of the Wye near Tintern Abbey. 1813.

We were now in Styria, and crossed the great plain called the Gratzterfeld (the plain of Gratz), watered by the river Mur. We had seen the ruins of the citadel on the hill above Gratz from Karlstoffs, the post-station immediately preceding the capital.

Our residence of five days at Gratz was rendered most agreeable by the hospitable civilities of the Countess Purgstall, to whom I had a letter of introduction from Mr. Hammer, Editor of the "Mines of the East." Madame Purgstall was a Miss Cranstoun, sister of Mrs. Dugald Stewart, married to a Styrian noble of high family and large possessions ; she had been Dame du Palais to the late Empress of Austria, of whom and of the Emperor Francis she told many interesting anecdotes. Whatever their defects may have been, they bore their misfortunes with wonderful gaiety. Returning to Vienna, after the battle of Austerlitz, Madame Purgstall heard the Emperor say : " Well ! here we are ; well beaten." There was no such day of disaster during our visit. Whilst at an evening party at Madame Purgstall's, I saw Prince Hohenzollern, military Governor of Gratz, called out of the room ; and, on his return

1313. he announced the news of the great victory at Leipzig. It was received with clapping of hands and cheering from almost all present, as was the case also at the theatre, where the Prince sat in his state-box. One lady there was who did not join in the exultation ; she sat at the back of the Prince's box, pale and trembling, and her cheeks bedewed with tears. It was the Princess Hohenzollern herself, who had received the news of her son being badly wounded in the battle. The Prince endeavoured to console her by the usual topics ; but she would not be comforted. The victory was no victory to her. The young man died of his wounds.

Gratz was the capital of Southern Austria, and Madame Purgstall told me that when she first came there she was introduced to no less than sixty-three noble families, all *chapitrales*, as they call those who have the privilege of sending their daughters to certain lay nunneries or chapters for education.

We left Gratz on October 29, travelling in the plain of the Mur by Rollestein, Brück, and Murzzuschlag, into Austria Proper ; thence by Neustadt, and Baden, and Neudorf, to Vienna, to which we returned on November 2.

At Vienna I stayed until November 30, and, during that time, passed some of the pleasantest days of my life in society such as is seldom to be found anywhere at any time. Nothing could exceed the beauty and accomplishments of

the women, and several of the men were amongst the most known and best esteemed of that feverish and far-famed time. The Prince de Ligne was the principal attraction of society.¹ His advanced age did not detract from his gaiety nor his politeness: his attention to the few English who were in that capital was marked, and was very useful, for there were but few families that received strangers in those days of anxiety and apprehension. During the Congress of Prague it was doubtful whether amicable relations between France and Austria would be interrupted, and M. de Narbonne still remained at the French embassy. But when Napoleon broke off the negotiations and madly determined upon continuing the struggle, Austria declared war; and every preparation was made at Vienna for that which many thought very probable—another visit of the French army. The crown jewels and the imperial archives were sent off to Presburg, and the different corps d'armée were put in motion. The Prince de Ligne was seventy-eight, and infirm, and had retired from active service for many years, but asked for an audience of the Emperor and offered to accept any command which his Majesty might intrust to him. Being asked what had induced him to hazard such a pleasantry, he replied, "Because I am the only general of the same rank whom Napoleon has

1813.

¹ The Prince de Ligne died the following year. He was born in 1735, and had distinguished himself as a soldier in the Austrian army during the Seven Years War: he also played a leading part at the capture of Belgrade in 1789.

1813. never defeated.”¹ In fact, he had not been employed since he commanded a corps under Laudon² at the taking of Belgrade in 1789. He had long exchanged the sword for the pen, and had published many works of unequal merit; that on which he most prided himself, as he told me, was his last, published in 1807, the “Life of Prince Eugene of Savoy; written by himself.” He was delighted at having deceived our English critics. He was somewhat of a humorist; and one of his pleasantries was to plaster the outside of his villa on the Calenberg hill, near Vienna, with bad Latin—that is, pretended quotations from Horace. It was generally said that he was not aware of the mistakes; he was, however, capable of severe sarcasm when occasion required. I was present at an entertainment given by the late Mr. Harcourt, where, besides the Prince, there were several members of the Corps Diplomatique, and amongst them a secretary of the Russian embassy. This person, being asked for a toast, gave “Death to the Emperor Napoleon”; on which the Prince de Ligne said, “We give healths, not deaths; and besides, we are not accustomed in this capital to deaths of Emperors.” The Russian Ambassador himself was more than suspected of being well versed in such catastrophes.

¹ He was made Field-Marshal in 1808.

² Baron de Laudon, 1716–90. During the Seven Years War he took a leading part in four victories over Frederic the Great: Darmstadt (1757), Hochkirch (1758), Kunersdorf (1759), and at Landshut (1760), but was defeated at Leignitz (1760).

I took leave of this most amiable man on 1813. November 28, 1813, at Vienna. He was, or seemed to be, much affected, saying, "C'est avec beaucoup de peine que je vous quitte, je ne puis pas vous parler;" and, putting a note into my hand, he walked away. The note was as follows:

"Je ne veux pas dire adieu à mon cher et bien aimable Monsieur Houbouse, mais je veux qu'il sache mes regrets de le voir partir, et combien toute ma famille et moi nous l'aimons. Sa société nous faisoit tant de plaisir, sa gaieté nous (en) inspiroit. Soyez vous-même un Revenant, cher Monsieur Houbouse. En attendant n'oubliez pas celui qui vous assure de son amitié et considération distinguée.

"LIGNE.

"VIENNE, ce 28 *Novembre*, 1813."

The allusion to ghosts was occasioned by some ghost stories which were told at my last supper at the Prince de Ligne's. I gave this note to Lady Byron, on February 27, 1816, for her collection of autographs.

The Prussian envoy at Vienna at that time was Humboldt, brother of the celebrated traveller: with the most courteous manner he united an intellect of the highest order and such erudition as is not frequently found out of Germany. He honoured me with much civil attention, and was pleased to speak favourably of the sketch of the Albanian language given in the Appendix to my "Travels." I recall now an answer

1813. made by him to a question of mine respecting the origin and early history of that language. "It is in vain," said he, "to seek for them; they are as a single plank of a vessel that has foundered at sea, and has gone down and is lost for ever. It is the same with the Basque language."

I left Vienna in company with Mr. Barrett, afterwards M.P. for Richmond, on November 30; on December 5 we arrived at Prague, and stayed there until the 10th of that month. Thence we proceeded to Töplitz, our journey being much impeded by the columns of French prisoners which had recently composed the garrison of Dresden, now in possession of the allies. Crossing the crest of a dreary hill in frost and snow, we fell in with several lines of French prisoners, and witnessed some painful scenes. A poor fellow, staggering along with an Austrian soldier, addressed me in French, and asked me to speak to his guard, adding, "All I want is leave to die; I can go no farther." I spoke to the Austrian soldier, who tried to encourage his prisoner, and told him that the troops would soon halt. "*Ah non; de grâce laissez-moi mourir!*"—and saying this, he sank on the ground, crawled to the roadside, lay down under a bush, pulled his cap over his eyes, and died. This death of only one man before my eyes had more effect upon me than the many signs of desolation and destruction to be seen all around me on

that day's journey. From one ridge on the Saxon frontier I counted no less than forty villages in ruins. 1813.

We entered Dresden on the 13th, and left it on December 20. During our stay we heard a great deal of the memorable events which had recently taken place in the city and its immediate neighbourhood. We were shown the site of the battery from which the shot was fired that killed Moreau; and at the palace of the French Ambassador, Baron de Serra, a Genoese, and a great favourite of Napoleon, we saw the small carriage in which Napoleon had travelled, on a sledge, from the Beresina to Dresden. I got into it, and was permitted to take a small relic of this vehicle—the strap of the right-hand window-seat. It was in this palace that in the summer of 1812 the conqueror received the *thirteen* sovereign princes who attended his levee as he marched into Russia. *Sed qualis rediit?* The person who attended us at this house told us that, on the eve of the arrival of Napoleon, Mons. de Montesquieu called on the Baron de Serra, and said that a personage of consequence, thought to be the Grand Écuyer, would come there in the course of the night. Some time afterwards a second messenger arrived, and, seeing our informant, asked him if he was valet de chambre to the French Ambassador. On being told that he was, the man added, “The Emperor will be here to-night.” Napoleon did come about two in the morning; Caulaincourt

1813. was in the carriage with him; his face was sunk in a fur cap; it was black with cold and dirt, and a grimy beard. "I had the honour," said our valet, "to wash his feet with eau-de-Cologne." The attendants who sat on the seat behind the carriage in the open air were in wretched plight: one was a Pole; he had lost the use of both his legs above the knee, and four fingers of each hand had been cut off. The Frenchman had lost all the toes of his right foot. Our informant attended Napoleon during his stay, except when he was closeted with the King of Saxony. Napoleon went to bed for two or three hours, but did not sleep; at half-past seven he rose, took a cup of coffee, and started for Erfurt. I heard several particulars of the French victory of this year at Dresden, and of the subsequent siege and surrender of the city. The transactions of this eventful period seem to me very faithfully narrated in the sixteenth volume of the "History" of Thiers.

From Dresden we went to Leipzig, two days' journey; near the latter town we saw many signs of the great conflict of the 16th, 17th, 18th, and 19th of October: heaps of carrion and offal were smoking in every direction, and the suburbs of the city were dotted with shot-holes. The interior of it, the town itself, did not appear to have suffered; and had not our hotel been full of Russian officers, we should have felt none of the inconveniences of war.

We procured from the Russian Commandant a permission to reside for four days in Leipsig, and, during that time, visited the usual sights, and more particularly looked into the booksellers' shops for some of those treasures for which this city was then famous : my companion made some purchases of books, but could not find anything more rare than a good copy of Valerius Maximus. During our wanderings we were shown the house, in the market-place, where Napoleon and the King of Saxony were lodged, and where, after the retreat of the French Emperor, the King was made prisoner. I presume this to have been the scene of the last interview between the two monarchs detailed in the "History" of Mons. Thiers. The house is in the corner of the square, and a projecting rectangular window marks the room in which they were together for the last time. 1813.

On December 23 I took a solitary walk, and came in the suburbs to an enclosed garden, where I strolled about for some time, picking my way amongst fragments of cloaks, gaiters, belts, pieces of paper, covers of books, and other articles, denoting that this had been one of the scenes of the recent mortal strife. These were more thickly strewn by the side of a small stream about one-third as wide as the Avon at Bath. Seeing on the bank of this stream a little monument freshly erected and set round with newly planted shrubs, I stopped to look at

1813. the inscription on the stone, and there I read these lines:

HIC
IN UNDIS ELSTRI
JOSEPHUS PONIATOWSKI
PRINCEPS
SUMMUS EXERCITUS POLONORUM PRÆFECTUS
IMPERII GALlici MARESCHALLUS,¹ TRIBUS VULNERIBUS
LETIFERIS AFFECTUS ULTIMUS EX ACIE DISCEDENS
DUM RECEPTUM MAGNI GALLORUM EXERCITUS TUETUR
VITÂ GLORIÆ ET PATRIÆ SACRATÂ FUNCTUS EST
DIE OCTOBRIS XIX—A. 1813,
ANNO ÆTATIS COMPLETO LII
POPULARIS POPULARI MILES DUCI
HOC MONUMENTUM LACRIMIS SUIS IRRIGATUM
POSUIT
ALEXANDER ROZZNECHI.

Walking a little farther, I came to a field beyond the banks of the Elster, more thickly strewn with signs of the days of slaughter. But there were other and more painful tokens of the great uprising of the oppressed races against the conqueror. A pestilence had broken out in the city whilst in occupation of the French, and from the effects of it, as well as of the four days' fighting, the churches, and every available receptacle, were filled with sick and wounded. It was computed, as I learnt from good authority, that no less than seventy thousand corpses had been buried in three months, in the city and immediate neighbourhood of Leipsig, and, considering the enor-

¹ He had been made a marshal on the eve of the battle,

mous amount of the armies engaged, the mortality does not appear at all incredible.¹ 1813.

The Confederation of the Rhine began to break up and dissolve into its original fragments before the battle of Leipsig. The defection of duke after duke was mentioned in the *Frankfort Journal* as an ordinary event, or rather advertisement. The Duke of Wurtzburg was the last deserter when we left Vienna.

We left Leipsig on December 26 and, travelling by Lindenau and the far-famed Lutzen, slept at Weissenfels. Thence we went by the valley of the Saale to Naumburg, Auerstedt, and Weimar. At Weimar—the Athens of Germany—we stayed long enough to see the usual sights. The Ducal Palace is the most interesting of them: the hero of the Weimar family, Duke Bernard, is there represented by a figure in armour, and one finger of flesh. The escutcheons of all the towns taken by him are painted in medallions round the ceiling; and at the foot of the figure, when we saw it, was laid a cocked-hat, indented

¹ Mons. Thiers, summing up the whole of the two armies at the beginning of the battle on the 16th, says: “C’étaient donc 130 et quelques mille hommes opposés à 300,000.” (p. 598, t. xvi.); and after the junction of outlying corps, the historian swells the numbers: “Car depuis trois jours cinq cent mille hommes se disputaient dans les plaines de Leipsig l’empire du monde” (p. 601, t. xvi.). Thiers estimates the loss of the French at forty thousand men, the loss of the allies at sixty; only four hundred were killed in the city itself. Mons. Thiers is justified in saying, “Une canonade de deux mille bouches à feu termina cette bataille, justement dite des géants, et jusqu’ici la plus grande certainement de tous les siècles” (p. 607, t. xvi.). But Waterloo, where the numbers were very much smaller, was a far more decisive battle than Leipsig.

1813. by a musket-ball. This hat was worn by the Hereditary Prince at the battle of Wagram in 1809.

On December 29 we left Weimar, and passing at a little distance from Erfurt, saw the French flag flying, and heard the French drums beating. We went to Gotha, and thought it very inferior in every respect to Weimar.

We pushed on towards Frankfort, and passed over the late battlefield of Hanau, strewn with carcasses of horses—some of them half-buried; their frozen legs, like stakes sticking in the ground, gave our postilions some trouble to thread their way in safety; but we got without accident to Frankfort. We put up at the Roman Emperor. In our sitting-rooms were the large lamps that had been used in the illumination of the day before to commemorate the declaration that Frankfort was again a free town. The public buildings of this city appeared superior to any we had seen, either at Vienna or Dresden. The hotels also were on an enormous scale, but their accommodation in matters essential to health and decency was detestable.

1814. We made Frankfort our headquarters until January 12, making, however, excursions to Hochheim and Wiesbaden, and visiting the outposts of the allied armies above Cassel. On that occasion I had my first view of the glorious Rhine. I can quite understand why it was that, when the German hosts came in view of their

great river, beyond which they had so long been driven by the victorious French, they gave a shout, loud and long, and some fell upon their knees. 1814.

Ascending a belvedere at Hochheim, we had a view of the Main, where it joins the Rhine, and looked down upon Mayence, so near that we could see the figures on the clock-tower. We saw the smoke of the fires in the bivouacks of the Russians and Prussians blockading the place. A little farther on was the bridge of boats, and the strong town, or *tête de pont*, of Cassel commanding it. The French force that still held it was said to amount to 3,000 men, and we distinctly saw their sentinels parading the ramparts. On an eminence hard by, to which we walked, was a picket of Cossacks; farther on, above, on the same ridge, was another picket, which we endeavoured to reach, but were warned back by a sentinel. It was within shot of Cassel, and we saw a cannon-ball or two on the ground, which accounted for the friendly hint of the Cossack. We passed by graves and dead horses, and the other signs of recent slaughter, to Hochheim. Entering this little town through some earthworks thrown up by the Russians, we found it full of soldiers. It was, indeed, the headquarters of the General commanding the blockade of Mayence on the right bank of the Rhine.

Our host at Muller's Inn told us that Napoleon,

1814. with his army of 120,000 men,¹ was ten days passing the bridge; and he added that the whole road from Hochheim to Cassel, about two miles and a half, was crowded with cannon, ammunition waggons, and carriages of every description, so that a stoppage at the head of the bridge caused a halt at Hochheim. 5,000 French were left at Hochheim, and defended it for three hours against Bubna and Giulay, at the head of 20,000 men. They lost 1,000 of their men, but got the remainder across the river.

The fighting had ceased on the right bank of the Rhine, but on the other side shots were occasionally exchanged, and we heard, now and then, the booming of cannon, the rolling of drums, and the clang of distant trumpets. Fresh graves and dead horses were plentiful in the plains near Hochheim.

We returned to Frankfort. The first snows we had seen there covered the streets on January 9, and sledges were soon in frequent use. At Frankfort there was an agreeable society of our fellow-countrymen, two of whom, after an interval of half a century, are still alive (1864), Lord Cranworth² and Mr. Disbrowe. The latter, attached to Lord Cathcart's mission, told us that he had seen a man busily employed on the field of battle at Leipsig drawing teeth from the dead

¹ I heard afterwards that the Emperor Alexander rated the numbers lower, namely 85,000.—*B.*

² Sir Robert Rolfe, Lord Chancellor, was created Baron Cranworth in 1850.

bodies. Lord Cranworth, then Mr. Rolfe, a fellow 1814.
of Downing College, with whom I had afterwards
an intimate official connection, was the same lively,
well-informed, agreeable gentleman that he is
now. The rest of our little society there have
been long dead.

I left Frankfort with Mr. Barrett on January
12, and travelled all night to Marburg in
Westphalia. On the road we met large bodies of
Prussians, both cavalry and infantry, on their
march from Erfurt to join Marshal Blücher.
As we were passing one of the columns, a voice
called to us in German, "How many miles to
Paris?" We heard the next morning that Lord
Castlereagh had passed at half-past six with four
carriages on his way to the conference at Frank-
fort. Another effort was to be made to awaken
Napoleon from his dream. On the road to
Cassel we saw several triumphal arches erected
to welcome the return of the old Landgrave to
his dominions.

This capital of the French Westphalian kingdom
had witnessed some of the vicissitudes of war a
short time before. When General Czernichef first
appeared before the town he might have taken
King Jerome and his whole Court prisoners; but
a delay of two days saved them, and they fled to
Coblenz. As soon as the Russians entered the
place, the mob rose and proceeded to break the
statue of Napoleon in the Place Royale, and
would have destroyed it had not Czernichef placed

1814. a guard to protect it. In about a week the Russians retired, and the French returned, and the prisons were filled with citizens. King Jerome came back a week after his troops; but in a fortnight, four days after the battle of Leipsig, the King and Court again ran away, accompanied by the Westphalian guards, who, however, deserted daily, and were dismissed altogether on arriving at the Rhine, not without many hard words from his Majesty. About eight or nine of the Westphalian nobility fled with Jerome, and amongst them his prime minister, Count Furstenstein; but several of these returned and retired to their country-houses.

Jerome's chief fault was his inordinate love of women, and his seraglio was more expensive than became so insignificant a sovereign. But he was not a bad king: he was not cruel; although he was obliged to inflict capital punishment on more than one of those who occasioned two revolts during his reign. Jerome was very affable, but not so his queen, a princess of Wurtemberg, who disgusted the Hessians, and remained but a short time at Cassel. We were shown the apartments in the palace inhabited by their Westphalian Majesties; but many of the most valuable articles of furniture had been carried away at their last flight. The Landgrave did not inhabit this palace in 1813. The military rank of those officers who rose under the brother of Napoleon was still preserved; men whom the Landgrave had left

sergeants, he found generals at his return, and suffered them to continue generals. 1814.

We walked to Wilhelmshöhe, a superb country-seat two miles from Cassel, superior to any I had seen, except Potsdam. We saw the scaffolding against the front facing Cassel, which had been employed in taking down the inscription "Napoleonshöhe," and which was to be employed in replacing the old inscription "Wilhelmshöhe." We went through the principal apartments, but were not able to see the theatre, as the Landgrave and his brother Ferdinand and his nephew were there. We caught a sight of these Princes—the two former, old gentlemen in cocked hats; the latter, a fine-looking young man in an hussar uniform.

The Landgrave was a good-looking old man. We were told that he rose every morning at four o'clock, and drove, at seven, to Wilhelmshöhe, where he amused himself with writing, first in one room, then in another, as if to renew his acquaintance with an old friend.

The Prince Hereditary, a young man of thirty, had the command of all the Hessian troops, amounting to 24,000 men, who were to march in a fortnight to join the allies.

At Cassel we saw a person of some notoriety, General Dornberg. He was a colonel under Jerome, and much in his confidence. So, at least, we were told; but if that were so, he does not seem to have deserved it, for when the peasants revolted, and he was ordered to march with his regiment against

1814. them, he came within musket-shot of the rebels, halted, and in a few words advised his soldiers to join them. The troops hesitated; and the second in command exhorting them not to be traitors and league with robbers, they fired on the peasants, and soon dispersed them. Dornberg escaped only by the fleetness of his horse, and galloped to the next post-house, where he passed for a courier with despatches from the King. He afterwards got to Prague, and was since in the English service, in which, when we saw him, he had the rank of general.

From Cassel we travelled all the night of January 16, dreadfully shaken by the frozen snow, and arrived at half-past five the following evening at Munster. There we stayed the next night, and the following day went to look at the sights, of which the most historical, if not the most curious, were the three iron cages near the top of the high tower of St. Lambert's church, containing the bones of Jack of Leyden and his two accomplices.

Munster, which belonged to the Grand Duchy of Berg, was now in the hands of the Prussians; and at the theatre we saw a farce representing the whole family of Napoleon, with King Jerome riding on a goat. The corps of Winzingerode, of 22,000 men, of whom 5,000 were cavalry under Czernichef, had passed the Rhine on the Friday previously to our visit.

We could not procure post-horses as we ap-

1814.

proached the Dutch frontier, and were obliged to put up with peasants' horses. The poor animals could only go at a foot's-pace, and were accompanied by their masters walking at their side. But we got on slowly, and passed into Holland at Alten. There we saw the orange cockade in many hats, and a little farther the orange flag was flying from several churches. Bating these signs, no one would have thought that a great revolution had taken place this very month. These changes occur very quietly in modern times. One army, or detachment of gendarmes, quits a town, and another military body marches in; ribbons and signposts are altered, nothing more; the inhabitants pass from one owner to another with all the tranquillity of a commercial transfer.

Our progress was now very tardy. The country was covered with snow and ice; the carriage stuck fast more than once, and, at last, we were fairly upset; but, falling into a ditch full of snow, broke no bones, nor any part of our carriage. We got our chaise on its wheels again, and walked to a lone post-house, where we passed the night, very cold, but, in other respects, comfortable enough.

The next day we started for Arnheim, and, floundering on for some time, fell, as before, into a snow ditch, suffering no mischief of any kind. After passing Doesberg we crossed a branch of the Rhine on a bridge of boats. It was frozen, and so covered with snow that we were not aware that we

1814. were near the river. We were told that it had not been so completely frozen since the French invaded Holland in 1794-5.

We remained in Holland until February 2, visiting Utrecht, Amsterdam, Haarlem, Leyden, and The Hague. In every accommodation for travellers, and the general appearance of the cities and the country, Holland seemed to us a century before Germany—the people better clothed, fed, and lodged, and infinitely more civilised. I speak, as Goldsmith's Traveller spoke, of those whom I saw and conversed with—namely, the innkeepers and their servants. It was in the days of war, and we passed within sound of the cannonading at Goreum and Naarden, but were not molested for an instant by either of the combatants. King Louis had left behind him a good name, although the French were not liked; and when Napoleon incorporated the country with France,¹ and hurried off his brother by a squadron of dragoons, a hint from Louis would, so we were told, have roused the population, and, for a time, have prevented his removal. The Prince of Orange was preferred by contrast and as a symbol of independence.

The Corps Diplomatique, including our own Lord Clancarty, were at The Hague in attendance on the restored Sovereign.

DIARY. *January 30.*—News has reached The Hague that Murat has joined the allies on con-

¹ In 1810.

ditions of returning his sovereignty during his life, and of leaving to his children certain Italian States, of which Piombino is to be the capital. 1814.

I finished "Mathilde," the end of which left a most melancholy impression upon me, although I laughed at the faintings of the heroine and the ravings of the Archbishops of Tyre through the whole book.

February 6.—I hear that wheat has fallen alarmingly; that the Thames has been frozen over, so that they have printed upon it (a true English peculiarity), and roasted oxen; and that in the new pantomime there is a song by an oyster crossed in love.

To-day I learned my book, "Travels in Albania," has been favourably reviewed in the *Quarterly*.¹ This, to be sure, put me in great spirits.

BOOK.—We did not see the British Ambassador, but Mr. Gordon, Lord Aberdeen's brother, and Mr. Temple, Lord Palmerston's brother, attached to our embassy, called upon us, as we were starting for Maaesluys and Delft. We had intended to cross the Maacs the same evening, but the ice coming down in large blocks made the passage dangerous.

We slept on board the packet, and at five the next morning got under weigh with a fair wind that lasted the whole day. The next morning the coast of England was in sight, close to Hosely Bay; but a violent south-wester was blowing, with

¹ The review was written by Sir John Barrow.

1814. a high sea, and we were tacking every five minutes, and could not land.

Indeed, when the packet anchored at last, we were told that we could not land without a boat belonging to the Alien Office. This delayed us an hour, but at last we did land, and after an absence of eight months I was again in my own country.

CHAPTER V

DIARY. *February 8.*—Walked to Manchester Buildings. Met my father just coming out of No. 11. He was as glad to see me as a man of fifty-six is to see anything. I met Kinnaird; he was glad to see me. 1814.

February 9.—Called on Kinnaird. Byron out of town. They are attacking him in the *Courier* and *Post*, for his “Weep, Daughter of a Royal Line,” incautiously inserted in his “Corsair,” his last, and some say his best, poem.

Kinnaird was delighted to hear from me that every one in Holland thought the allies would get to Paris. Here most people think otherwise.

He took me to Madame de Staël’s to tell her the story of Bateman and Buonaparte. I found that extraordinary woman in a little room. I thought her unpleasantly mannered. I believe I disgusted her. Her daughter came in: pretty eyes, but a dirty complexion. She swore all I said about Napoleon’s discourse was true. “It was like him,” she said; “I know the man.” She inquired eagerly after the Crown Prince. At parting she asked Kinnaird and his brother to come to her Friday evening parties. She took no

1814. notice of me, except to thank me for my anecdote. Afterwards I dined with the Literary Fund.

February 10.—Called on Lord Holland with Kinnaird. Found there Lady Holland on a sofa, Lord Holland writing notes and talking—in the gout. Sam Rogers, Lord Stair, Tierney, standing as at an audience. I was foolishly embarrassed and dropped my hat. The news of the day was the defeat of the French which, they said, I had foretold yesterday, and vastly pleased them. Now this seemed to me carrying the feelings of domestic politics too far. Yesterday I met Mr. Knight, late M.P., and friend of Sir Francis Burdett: he said, when I expressed my opinion that the allies would get to Paris, “Well, I still keep up my spirits; if they do I shall go to America.”

I was put up to-day for the Cocoa-Tree Club.

I went to the play at Covent Garden, which was overflowing; there I saw and joined my dearest Byron, in a private box. It is long since I have been so happy. I came home with him and sat until near four in the morning. He showed me several original letters of Robert Burns addressed to Mr. Cleghorn.

Byron gave me one of his letters, in which he gives up farming and says that the excise, after all is said about it, is the best business for him.

February 11.—I dined with Lord Holland. Present: his wife, Dr. Allen, Mr. Horner, and Kinnaird. Kinnaird unwittingly tried to show

me off; I talked too much by half, and learned 1814.
nothing.

Lady Holland told me Mr. Fox never would read anything written against him. "No," said he, "that is what they want me to do, but I won't." I can't say that Lady Holland was *farouche*, although she was a little brusque, but not with me. I fear Lord Holland, the most delightful man alive, was not quite pleased with my talk. I came home about eleven. Mr. Allen did not open much, nor talk at all against the Scriptures. I heard no joke of any kind.

February 15.—Called on Byron and Lord Holland. Met Lady Bessborough there, who was civil, and I seemed as if nothing had passed between us. I dined at Reilly's, and Byron had tea with me, I supping with him. I came to-day into lodgings at No. 7, St. James's Place, for which I gave—coals included—£4 4s. per week.

February 16.—Went to a party at Lord Lansdowne's, where I was much pleased. Lady Bessborough there. Adair said fine things to me about my Dardanelles expedition; "better," said he, "than I could have done it myself." Formed acquaintance with Lady Harrowby, fine, good-humoured woman. Madame de Staël there, flirting with a sprig of myrtle. Her daughter pretty-looking, but loud. . . .

February 17.—Rode in the park with Kinnaird. Dined at five at the Royal Society Club. Present, Lord Spencer, who laughed now and then, but

1814. was generally grave and did certainly make the club less gay than usual.

I went to the play at Lord Byron's box. Captain Byron came in. . . .

This evening I was proposed for a member of the Royal Society, and this day also elected a member of the Cocoa-Tree Club.

February 18.—Byron with me. . . . I have read his "Corsair," which, although it has not such brilliant passages as the "Childe," is, on the whole, better. Its success has been astonishing, 13,000 copies sold in a month. The abuse showered upon Byron for the "Weep, Daughter of a Royal Line," helped it along.

February 19.—Dined with Hodgson¹—Slaughter's coffee-house, and afterwards with him and Byron to a private pit box to see Mr. Kean in Richard. He was extremely happy; and is a very short man with a piercing black eye. "Off with his head; so much for Buckingham," was given thus: The instant he received the news of Buckingham being prisoner he said quickly, "Off with his head," and then, advancing to the front of the stage, added with a savage smile, "So much for Buckingham." He gave a sportive ferocity to the character, which I think it requires. His scene with Lady Anne was highly finished. His expostulation with Stanley in the north, "What, do they so in the north?" with a loud, shrill,

¹ The Rev. Francis Hodgson (1781-1852), the friend and Cambridge contemporary of Byron and Hobhouse. Afterwards Provost of Eton.

taunting interrogatory, had an extraordinary effect ; and lastly, his combat with Richmond was surprising. He continued pushing with his hand after he had received his wound, and dropped his sword as if he had not lost his weapon, and showed by his vacant stare that he was struggling with the effect of the fatal blow. It was only in a sudden that death could seize, then he fell flat backwards at once. 1814.

After the play I went to Lady Harrowby's, a party which is reckoned and called the "exclusive exquisite" in London. Madame de Staël, the Lansdownes, Ward, etc., were there; Madame de Lieven and other foreigners, insomuch that I heard as much French talked as if we had been in Paris.

February 21.—Walked up to London. Dined at Sastres's. He is as lively and literate as ever. He told me that he did not like Byron's poetry, but was pleased with his prose. He is the only man who has ever told me so.

February 22.—Napoleon has apparently beaten the allies further from Paris. Holland House is in delight, and my friend Knight assumes the tone of moderation which he thinks it becomes a successful person to put on. S. B. Davies is in high feather. . . . Spent the night with Byron.

February 23.—I dined with Byron at the St. Albans', and bet him a guinea dinner for two that the allies are this day at Paris. Sat with him at home hearing his confessions.

1814. *February 24.* - At a party. Introduced to Miss Mercer, the Miss Mercer the fops despair, supposed to be the Miss Broadhurst of Miss Edgeworth. She is not handsome, but has fine, agreeable eyes. She is attractive and sensible, and not at all shy. She told me she was present when the Princess of Wales burst into tears upon the Prince abusing his Whig friends, which he did in the presence of Lord Lauderdale, most violently, beginning by saying if he had not lost Mr. Fox he should never have looked elsewhere for a friend, but that he looked up to no one now. The Prince had drunk immoderately; it was just after the course was removed. The Princess began to sob violently, and in spite of pushing round the dessert and other efforts, her emotion became sensible, so that the Prince said, "You had better retire," with which the ladies all rose; and the Prince, laying hold of Miss Mercer's arm, dragged her into an inner drawing-room, and sat there for half an hour. In consequence, Miss Mercer was forbidden, for eight months, the *entrée* of Warwick House.¹

Miss Mercer told me of a curious instance of absence in the Duchess of St. Albans. Mr. Motteaux made love to her and used to bore her with long visits. He stayed one day an immense time and was handing her into his carriage when she, quite forgetting his presence, turned round to

¹ In Warwick Street, Cockspur Street. The residence of Princess Charlotte.

her footman and said, "There, if Mr. Motteaux 1814.
calls again, don't let him in." She told of
Madame de Lieven that, being pressed by a lady
once to go to a play according to a former
arrangement, she said she could not, and added,
"Pour vous parler avec franchise, je préférerais
aller avec un autre."

February 25.—Davies called. Dined with Lord
Lansdowne. Present Mr. Fielding and his wife ;
Lady Lansdowne's sister, an old-looking, pretty
woman ; Mr. Baring and his wife, and a Mons. La
Borsa, or some such name, who left Paris on
October 15. He told me that the French thought
Napoleon would return as he did after the
Beresina from Krasnoi, and were astounded to
find he brought back 85,000 troops. He thinks
the French will certainly stand by Napoleon
during the war, although in peace a comparison
of their slavery with the freedom of the neigh-
bouring nations must make his sway intolerable.
He saw a letter from the Emperor to Talleyrand,
proposing the issue of paper money, a means used
when the French were successful during the
revolution war, and known by all the powers
successful against him. "You have told me,"
said he, "that my enemies must all be ruined by
their paper money, yet I see them now in France :
English, Russians, Prussians, Austrians, all issues
of paper money."

Lord Lansdowne said that Mr. Pitt used to say
that the life of man was too short for Sir T.

1814. Macpherson's speeches and Sir F. D'Ivernois's pamphlets. He told also that a man seeing Lord Thurlow's handkerchief hanging out of his pocket in the street, stepped up to him and said, "You will lose your handkerchief, sir." "It will do very well, sir, if you do not touch it," answered the other.

February 26.—Walked about after reading, as usual, a little of Æschylus. Dined at Willis's Rooms with the Westminsters—about a hundred and twenty present—and renewed acquaintance with Littledale, Plowden, Glynn, Savile, and Mitchell. They were all very kind, and glad to see me. I sat next to Seton. Cary was there, and studiously neglected Lord Lansdowne, because in opposition. Brande the chemist was there, and placed at the cross table with the grandees—an honourable tribute to talent. I went from our table to Byron's, and sat until half-past one.

February 28.—Allies driven back to Troyes. Peace approaching, as Robinson is gone back with despatches to France to proceed to the Congress at Châtillon. Spent the evening with Byron.

March 2.—Dined at Cuthbert's, where met Brougham, Eden, Howard, and M. A. Taylor, and sat next to Miss Mercer at dinner. She employed most of her time in quizzing M. A. Taylor, in the which I, foolishly joining, and asking her if he was not the chicken, was overheard, and thus ran the chance of offending him for life.

Kinnaird told us that Meerfeldt told him that when Savary was at St. Petersburg he said, when some one asked him if Caulaincourt, the coming Ambassador, was not the murderer of the Duke d'Enghien, for whom the Russian Court was then in mourning: "Non, c'étoit bien sot de lui dire ça, il étoit seulement à Mannheim avec des troupes prêtes à fonder sur le duc de Baden s'il avait refusé l'arrestation du duc. C'étoit moi qui l'ai fait fusiller." On some one asking him if it was true that the grenadiers had refused to fire upon the Duke, he said, "Ah, j'avois bien choisi mes gens, ils auraient fusillés l'empereur si je leur avais donné l'ordre." 1814.

Brougham was not very agreeable. The party was ill-chosen, for he has a great contempt for Eden, who is a Holland House cub, and Miss Mercer had ill-treated Frederick Howard, so that our company was sufficiently *mal assorti*. M. A. Taylor was highly ludicrous and important, and after dinner talked so much of preferring a young to an old woman, that he drove the ladies away. Brougham laughed at Madame de Staël and Schlegel. He said he thought Gentz had no reputation or influence in Germany. He told us that Leuvenheim told him that the Emperor Alexander rated the French princes that crossed the Rhine in all 85,000. Going upstairs, we had a party and waltzes. Horner introduced me to Sir J. Mackintosh, Miss Mercer to Lady Keith, the Queeny of Mrs. Thrale.

1814. *March 3.*—Rode about with Kinnaird in the Park. Called on Byron, who showed me a silly letter of Tom Moore's.

Dined with Edward Ellice. Met there Commissioner Grey, Colonel Grey, Lady Grey, Eliza Grey, Captains Henley and Wallace. Eliza Grey is a daughter of the late Duchess of Devonshire by Lord Grey, and is a fine girl, sensible and talkative, and easy-mannered. There was a Tom Adkins, a bald-headed buffoon, with his arm in a sling, who called the Colonel Billy Billy and the Commissioner George, and was otherwise very obstreperous. He is the man who, having spent all his money at college in company with Lord Grey and Whitbread, is now a sort of pensioner on their bounty, and is a fine warning against such folly. Edward Ellice calls his wife "Handy," which has a bad effect. No talk except from myself, so I learnt not one thing. All family matters discussed.

March 7.—I called at Byron's. He told me he had this morning given away Hanson's eldest daughter as bride to the Earl of Portsmouth, and by accident was nearly married himself. Hanson asked his advice about the matter some days since, for Lord Portsmouth is a fool, and was before married by his brother, Newtown Fellowes, to Lord Grantley's sister, who had £12,000. In order to get back the £12,000, Lord Grantley wants to marry him a second time to another sister of Lord Grantley's, but Hanson, hearing

from him his attachment to his daughter, clenched the matter. Lord Portsmouth proposed Saturday, and this morning the couple were married in Bloomsbury Chapel by licence. Portsmouth is forty or forty-five; the girl, the Countess, twenty-four. Hanson had certainly some scruples about the honesty of the transaction, and therefore asked Byron, and got him to give his daughter away in order to involve him. Portsmouth has £20,000 per annum, and says he is the happiest of men. Byron laughed all the time, and gave her left hand away. 1814.

Yesterday Campbell the poet called on Byron. Merivale the poet, author of "Greek Anthology," came in and was introduced. Campbell was very smart in the *Quarterly*, i.e. the last number, particularly in the review of Dr. Grimm's correspondence. When Merivale retired he thought he had made an impression on him; now, is Merivale the author of that very article?¹

March 8.—There is and has been some days, hard frost with snow, such as I never remember in England for many years, nor the oldest man alive.

March 9.—Things are taking a turn with the armies. Napoleon retreats, at least the allies are advancing again. Troyes is retaken—the French call this *La Nouvelle Prise de Troy*.

I dined at the Cocoa-Tree with Kinnaird, Frogmorton, Knight, etc. We had costly fare,

¹ Yes: he was.

1814. champagne, *vin du grave*, and a great deal of talk, principally about Moreau, who, by all but Kinnaird and myself, was condemned.

March 10.—I finished yesterday the “Prometheus” of Æschylus. Went to the play with Byron, to his box, where I saw with delight the *Trip to Scarborough*, cut into three acts, but still excellent. Mrs. Jordan was Miss Hoyden, and still surprisingly lively.

Byron dressed to go to Lady Keith’s, but would not go, so I went alone in his carriage to 45, Harley Street. A small early party on the invitation, but the room was so full that there was no moving about. Madame Catalani was there, and looking very handsome. Lady Keith, I believe, is a literary lady, but I saw the July number of the *Edinburgh* lying with the leaves uncut. His Royal Highness of Gloucester was there. Miss Mercer was vastly civil. She showed me books of her own illuminating, an employment she resorts to instead of the needle. I was sufficiently disgusted with my night’s entertainment.

March 11.—Gave dinner to Lord Byron at the Cocoa-Tree in payment of a bet respecting allies reaching Paris by the twenty-third of last month. Afterwards went to the Oratorio at Covent Garden.

March 12.—Went to Orchestra at Drury Lane with Byron, and there, after some bustle, got seated next to the oboe player. Tierney was next to Byron. We saw Kean in *Hamlet*; he was to my mind most successful, especially in his first speech

to Rosencrantz and Guildenstern, his distracted speech to Ophelia, whose hand he kissed with wonderful effect at parting, his "To be or not to be," his talk with the player about the rugged Pyrrhus, which electrified the house, and was delivered with an ease and nature which I never saw equalled. He fell off, as all actors in *Hamlet* must, in the latter part of the play. His fencing was superb. When he fell the pit rose, and the house, as usual, was in commotion for many minutes. I find that people are divided about Kean's Hamlet. Perry of the *Chronicle* says it is well he did not begin with this part. Many think it is inferior to his Richard. Kean himself tells Kinnaird that he was dreadfully alarmed, his friends having received anonymous letters denouncing his failure, and he himself one just as he went on the stage. This made him say contumely and absent yourself, which is wrong. He is to do much better on Saturday next. Kean is a simple man. Kinnaird told me that he sent his wife to Pascoe Grenfell, his patron, to ask him if he thought it would be any presumption or impropriety in his now keeping a horse. Grenfell said no, and his partner Williams sent him one that cost eighty guineas. Kean, so Lord John Russell told me, was going to drown himself when he had been in London a short time and had been refused by manager Harris, who told him that he was too short for any character. He thought, however, of his wife and child, and

1814.

1814. fortunately had a kind landlady. Lady Elizabeth Whitbread takes notice of Mrs. Kean, who is an Irish woman and sufficiently naïve. She told Whitbread that her husband was the best man in the world. Kinnaird has seen five hundred sheets of his comments on Shakespeare. Coutts the banker sent him thirty guineas: he bought a watch with it. Kinnaird offered him any money he might want, but he had been forestalled.

I came home and sat up until one with Byron, drawing up rules for a club of which he and I are to be the only members.

March 13.—Rode out after reading some of Voltaire with Kinnaird. Called first on Lord or rather Lady Holland, who had a court about her; amongst others, Dr. Holland the traveller, a modest-looking man, and Lord John Russell. Galloped in the Park, a dreadful, cold day, the ground half covered with snow. Spent evening with Byron.

March 14.—Mr. Alston called. He brought the bad news, arrived last night, of our losing 1,800 men in an attack at Berghen-op-Zoom. The 69th regiment hotly engaged and is much commended in the *Gazette*. Thank Heaven, Ben Hobhouse has again escaped scot-free.

March 15.—This morning I parted all in friendship with Walker. I have been obliged to do this, which I hope is not a harsh measure, for to be hard with a servant is a most mean tyranny. There is a saying, “No man is a hero to his valet-

de-chambre." There are, however, some who are not heroes *except* to their valet-de-chambre. 1814.

March 16.—My father yesterday told me that one Orme, an Indian gentleman, asked one Davidson what his father was, and he replied, "My father was a saddler in London." "Hum, I wonder he did not bring you up in the same profession." Davidson in his turn said, "Perhaps I might ask you what your father was." "A gentleman." "Hum, I wonder he did not bring you up in the same profession."

March 17.—Cockburn and myself set off for Cockburn's house at Hampstead, congratulating ourselves on the victory of Blücher over Napoleon, which was announced this morning by the Tower guns. Since the great hoax, the City folk are afraid of believing anything, and the Funds have not been altered by the news.

We had twenty-two at dinner. A Mr. Linley, Sheridan's first wife's brother, who returned contented with a fortune of about £1,200 a year, sang some songs with great effect, particularly "Stay, Traveller," composed by his father.

March 18.—Read the first canto of the "Divina Commedia"; called on Byron. Met Webster. Called on Lady M. Sheppard, who had a brat in her arms, which, however, she sent away. Had some conversation for an hour, and she is certainly a superior woman, and I am obliged to her for a hint she gave me.

Dined at the Cocoa-Tree with Byron on fish

1814. alone, this being the first day of our club. Went to the Opera in Covent Garden. Returned to Byron's room; sat with him until one. He told me that Lord Holland told him that Lord Erskine being told by Lord Holland that his famous speech on somebody's trial had been much in the *Edinburgh* said, "They are very right indeed."

March 19.—Went to see three pictures which are being painted of Byron by Phillips, R.A. I see no resemblance in either one.

March 20.—Copied a little of the "Prometheus"—read "Windsor Forest." The charms of that beautiful versification are not yet lost upon me, for which I thank God, considering how many of my delights have dropped away. That, however, which gives me the purest pleasure is a fine day; and I had it this Sunday, when the tremendous frost which has now lasted, with little intervals, since January 1, received the first decisive blow. The sun shone in a warm, cloudy sky, and the novelty very much added to the luxury of my feelings with this change of weather. Walked along the banks of the Thames to Richmond. I then took a long tour in Richmond Park, with unutterable delight as to the warm weather.

March 21.—Guns fired yesterday for a victory gained by Lord Wellington crossing the Adour¹ near Orthes. This evening I went to a very small early party at Lady Lansdowne's, where there were

¹ The passage of the Adour, over thirty miles distant from Orthes, took place February 23-27; the passage of the Gave de Pau, close to Orthes, on February 27.



PORTRAIT OF LORD BYRON.

REPRODUCED AND GIVEN BY
THE LATE EARL OF LOVELACE TO LADY DORCHESTER.
FROM A MINIATURE IN HIS POSSESSION.

not above 150 people present. I saw and spoke 1814.
to a good many people I knew, but felt miserable,
in spite of what used to revive me—kind words
from Adair, etc. Lord Byron, whom I love more
and more every day, not so much from his fame
as his fondness—I think not equivocal, for me
—introduced me, at her desire, to Lady Melbourne.
Whether from habit or not I know not, but she
trembled when she spoke to me. She certainly,
as she says of me, does owe me an ill turn, for
preventing her son from losing a bad wife. I
told her a fib to please her about her son being
popular in Vienna. Byron took me home in
his carriage, and I sat with him an hour.

March 22.—Went in Byron's carriage and made
a call. The guns fired for the taking of Bordeaux;
it seems the white cockade has been hoisted there.
I hear it costs Government a thousand pounds
every time the guns are fired. I dined with
Littledale in 3, Upper Wimpole Street. Vaux
and a large party there. I flatter myself that I
was very agreeable, but I fear I learned nothing.

March 23.—Call on Lady Portsmouth with
Byron, and on Lady Westmoreland, but did not
go, as intended, to Murray's, in whose reading-
room there is daily an assembly of *Quarterly*
and other wits, into which, as an author or a
gentleman, or more as a friend of Lord Byron's,
whose works are Murray's income, I enter.

March 28.—Whitton. This evening, after din-
ner, I read aloud the "Rape of the Lock," and

1814. the "Elegy on the Death of an Unfortunate Lady," also the "Characters of Women." Nothing will do after Pope. I am convinced that even my friend's poetry would have been thought monstrous and affected in an age still ringing with melody and sense of that great writer. Indeed, the great success of "Childe Harold" is due chiefly to Byron's having dared to give utterance to certain feelings which every one must have encouraged in the melancholy and therefore morbid hours of his existence, and also by the intimate knowledge which he has shown of the turns taken by the passions of women. He says himself that his poems are of that sort, which will, like everything of the kind in these days, pass away, and give place to the ancient reading, but that he esteems himself fortunate in getting all that can now be got by such a passing reputation, for which there are so many competitors.

The *Edinburgh* for January 1814 contains a sentence in which he is called the first poet of the day. Rogers called and said to him, "How will Scott like this? and how will Campbell like this?"—all the time thinking of himself. Campbell and Scott mutually hate and abuse each other.

Miss Bayley told me to-day that Mr. Phipps, the oculist, told a gentleman, who told her, the following anecdote of the late Duchess of Devonshire. Mr. Phipps was sent for to Chatsworth to operate upon the Duchess's eye. He stayed there

some time, and at parting received from the Duke a fee of £1,000. Just before he stepped into his carriage, a message from the Duchess brought him to her chamber. She hoped the Duke had done what was handsome by Mr. Phipps. The gentleman protested, "Yes, and more than handsome." "It is an awkward thing," continued her Grace, "to ask, but really I am *at this moment* in immediate want of such a sum, and if you *could*, Mr. Phipps." What could the oculist do? He produced his £1,000, took his leave, and has never heard of his money from that day to this. 1814.

March 30.—I dined with Mr. Owen Williams and an enormous party at his house, 41, Berkeley Square, and sat next to a younger sister of Kinnaird. Mr. Webb told me formerly there was much more play in London than now; that he recollects faro-tables at the houses of women of quality; that there were a thousand clubs for one now, and almost all drunken. The Eumelian used to sit till five in the morning. During the peace you took places at the Black Bear, Piccadilly, for Paris, paying five guineas. On the supposed rupture of the negotiations at Châtillon, the commission has fallen to thirteen. It has been at thirty-three.

To-day's paper contains a proclamation of Murat, King of Naples, in which he says that he offered the Emperor Napoleon to defend Italy, but never received answer to his proposal. He felt his crown was to be given away. He took

1814. part with the allies, and has actually commenced operations against the Viceroy, who still held his ground manfully at Milan.

I read to-night a variety of old letters, sent to me from Vienna, which came from England for me. All from my family, and all infinitely tender and kind, especially from my father.

March 31.—Sent some copies of waltzes to Miss Mercer. Dined with Scrope Davies and two of his brothers at the Piazza Coffee House. Byron took me to Lady Keith's, where was a large party, and where I was introduced to Sir T. Acland, a northern traveller. Lady Anne M. Elliot this night confessed to me what is so true, that for the first four or five years a town life is most miserable for a sensitive personage, who is met by cold looks and thinks every person in the world of a drawing-room is discussing the manner of his or her coming into or going out of the room. She has got over it; why not I? I passed a pleasant evening.

April 2.—News arrived, and communicated to the Lord Mayor, that the conferences at Châtillon were broken up on March 22, and that the allies have declared for the Bourbons. This has caused the Prince and his party infinite joy. On Thursday the Grand Duchess of Oldenburg arrived in London and put up at the Pulteney Hotel, which has been taken entire for her—one hundred and fifty guineas, so they say, a week. Two guards are mounted at her door.

April 6.—Cambridge. This morning the news arrived from London of the taking of Paris by the allies on the 30th of last month, so my prophecy is correct. Paris was defended by about 45,000 troops—30,000 National Guards. Marmont and Berthier commanded. Schwartzenburg and all the allies, amounting to 200,000, made the attack on the heights of Montmartre, and Belleville, and in six or eight hours the city capitulated. 1814.

April 7.—To-day news arrived that the Conservative Senate is annulled in Paris, and they have informed the allies that if they wish to treat, they must treat with Napoleon.

April 8.—This morning Davies came into my room with the *Star* newspaper in his hand, exclaiming, “It is all over, Hobhouse. *Bonaparte is dethroned.*” It appears that after a long sitting of the Senate, convened by the Emperor Alexander, that body have declared the throne forfeited by the Napoleon dynasty. Fifty-four names are signed to the document, and the five men appointed to administer provisional government are Talleyrand, Jaucourt, etc. Paris is decidedly against their late Emperor. When the Emperor Alexander and the King of Prussia entered on the 31st, at the head of their troops, the way was cleared for them by the National Guards.

Dined at Trinity College. I felt strange at being treated with so much respect by masters, who had once been my masters and punishers.

1814. I think I have got on in this world at least. My "Travels" are in Trinity College library.

April 9.—News of the hasty defection of the French from Napoleon is arriving, also the communication of the forfeiture of the crown to Napoleon at Fontainebleau, where he is with the remains of his army, 45,000 men.

April 10.—News that Napoleon, after some struggle in favour of his son, has abdicated the thrones of France and Italy, for himself and heirs, and has chosen for a retreat the Island of Elba, which was offered to him at the instigation of the Emperor Alexander, with a pension of £240,000 yearly, thus closing with the most extraordinary of all his actions the most extraordinary of human careers. It appears he said on hearing of the sum assigned to him, "It is too much for a soldier like me." Thus recurring to his darling and first choice of life. I cannot help feeling affected at this speech. My friends, Byron and D. Kinnaird, own themselves likewise touched. Napoleon has written a farewell address to the army. There must in this also be something to awake sensations very different from exultation at the fall of this great man. An address signed Lacretelle published at Paris on the declaration of forfeiture, sums up Napoleon's crimes, and besides charging him with personal cowardice, ludicrously enough talks of his having insulted women at his Court and taunted them on the decay of their personal

charms. That this address is official I know not. 1814. The provisional government continue their work; they have passed several decrees securing the ranks and possessions of individuals and the liberty of the press and of conscience. They have restored the Bourbons. A deputation is come over to this country to Louis XVIII. at Hartwell.

Clarke lent me Ronnel's treatise the "Troas"; it is all very good, but there is no such river running into the Mendere¹ as the *Shimar*, and, as the tailor said of the villa on the Thames, take away the river, and there is nothing in it.

April 11.—At five set off on horseback for London, determined to make the best of my way for Paris, whilst yet any part of the Napoleon vestiges yet remain. Rode up my bay mare by half-past one, stopping an hour and a half at Wades Mill to breakfast. Called on Byron; he consents to go to Paris with me. Louis XVIII. is to set off immediately. I called on Hamilton, Under-Secretary at the Foreign Office, and after kicking my heels for an hour in the waiting-room, learned from him that Government will give no passports for France immediately.

Dined with Byron at the Cocoa-Tree. At twelve walked with Kinnaird to see the illuminations. Carlton House was very brilliant with *Vive les Bourbons* in front, and a transparency representing the triumph of the Lilies.

April 12.—Byron goes not to Paris. He is a

¹ Mendere-Chai, the modern name of the Scamander.

1814. difficult person to live with, He has written an ode to Napoleon Buonaparte, and offered to inscribe it to me. This I got off.

April 14.—Ride to London, find by a note on my table beginning, My dear H., that Mr. Henry Grattan, junr., will go with me to Paris.

April 15.—Grattan calls; by one o'clock he says he cannot come. Dined with Byron after fussing about at the Alien and Home Office.

April 16.—Grattan says he will go. I call upon Kinnaird to get from him passports for Paris for Grattan and myself. Coming home, I find a note from Lord Sidmouth, and go to the Home Office, where he very kindly gives me despatches for Lord Castlereagh and a courier's pass. I break up my lodgings, pay off the servant, go to the Angel Inn, and set off at eight in the Dover mail with my companion.

April 17.—Had a quick passage. We were carried on men's shoulders to the beach. Arrived in Paris on the 19th.

BOOK.—We had no adventures on the road, except that we met the Dukes of Duras and Montmorency on their way from England to attend Louis XVIII. to his recovered capital. They overwhelmed us with civilities.

DIARY. *April 22.*—Paris. We spent this morning entirely at the Napoleon Museum at the Louvre. The effect produced upon me by the Apollo Belvedere and Raphael's Transfiguration convinced me that all the vice and dissipation of

mind of many years have not made me insensible to the sublimity of the Arts. Not only the collections, but the ornaments of the galleries, bear the mark and superscription indeed of Napoleon. The N. is everywhere. A bust of Claudius is very like him. The picture of Brutus and his sons is wonderfully striking. 1814.

April 24.—The Empress Maria Louisa regrets leaving the Tuileries, saying she was never so well lodged in apartments—*si bien meublés*. She is a fool. She would not see Napoleon after his fall.

April 26.—Went to the Français and saw Andromaque-Talma in Orestes and Mdlle. Georges in Hermione. The latter is very large, but has a fine face and strong lines with expressive action, so as now and then almost to remind me of Mrs. Siddons. She was wonderfully applauded, but did not please so much as Talma, whose action and expression is superior to anything I ever saw. His madness in the close terrified me, and produced every effect of the sublimest poetry, although I scarcely heard distinctly a single line. He occasionally dares being so loud, sudden, and vehement, as a London audience would not bear. His declamation I do not like, but that is because I like no declamation.

April 27.— . . . Read an abusive life of Buonaparte. Drove in the carriage with Grattan to the Elysian fields. A poor place to be so much admired, vastly inferior to Kensington Gardens. The alleys of trees thin and scanty.

1814. BOOK.—I had heard Madame de Staël in London protest that, much as she disliked Napoleon, she should be greatly shocked at seeing Cossacks parading in the Rue St. Honoré. That sight I now saw, and I saw a battery of Prussian artillery posted on the first bridge over the Seine that I crossed on my way to the Champ de Mars. I there beheld several workmen busily employed in removing the sculptures from the façade of the Invalides, as the said sculptures represented some of Napoleon's many victories. The same sort of operation was going on in various parts of the city, and the Imperial ensigns were making way for the Royal arms.

The first notable personage that I saw was the Crown Prince of Sweden. He was getting into his carriage at the door of Marshal Berthier—how changed from the princely soldier whom I had seen at Stralsund only a year ago!

Louis XVIII. was not expected to reach his capital before May 3. He did enter Paris on that day, and I went to a house near the Port St. Denis to see the procession.

The windows were full of people decently dressed, chiefly women. Carpets, sheets, and here and there a piece of embroidery, hung in front of the balconies. A little before nine o'clock a.m. a battalion or two of National Guards marched through the gate towards the barrier, where the King was to receive the keys of the city. They were more than an hour in passing, and lined

1814.

both sides of the road from the arch to the barrier. The show would have been more agreeable to the Parisians if a picket of Russian grenadiers had not marched across the lines when changing guard. The city authorities then proceeded towards the barrier, and were followed by a procession of young girls in white dresses, with banners and flowers. These were to compliment the Duchesse d'Angoulême. It was a little past two o'clock before the advance guard of the royal procession began to appear. The gendarmes, some cavalry of the line, and a squadron of the old Imperial Guards, now began to march through the gate, and the cries of "*Vive le Roi*" were general enough, and became more animated when the National Guards passed and recognised their friends in the windows. But the other soldiery were silent, notwithstanding the friendly cries of "*Vive la Garde*," when Napoleon's grenadiers and chasseurs of his guard passed by. The hints to applaud seldom came from any of the spectators, but from that part of the procession composed of returned emigrants in the uniform of the National Guards. The King's carriage passed the gate a little after two. It was drawn by eight white horses, each led by a groom. Marshal Berthier preceded it on a white charger; Marshal Moncey immediately followed it, attended by a crowd of generals plastered with orders and with gold. The King was in the uniform of the National Guards. He looked well, though

1814. pale ; his head was, for the most part, uncovered, and he bowed and smiled at the acclamations, and placed his hand on his breast. The Duchesse d'Angoulême sat on his left hand ; opposite to them sat the Prince of Condé and the Duke of Bourbon. Monsieur rode at the right of the carriage, the Duke of Berri at the left. The old national air, "*Vive Henri Quatre*," was played by a band seated on the top of the archway. The whole ceremony was well managed, but tedious ; and whilst the regiments of the National Guard brought up the rear of the procession I fell asleep. But I saw the procession a second time, passing down the Rue Richelieu to the Rue St. Honoré. Madame Garnerin ascended in her balloon as the King passed the Pont Neuf. The King did not reach the Tuileries until nearly six o'clock. He mounted on horseback when within the rails of the Palace Court, and bowed very gracefully, for a personage of his size, to the people around him. But the most attractive part of the show were the fireworks in the evening. The façade of the Palais du Corps Législatif, illuminated with green lamps, seemed a fairy palace ; and when the fireworks on the Pont Louis XVI. (or de la Concorde) began to blaze out, the Seine looked like a river of fire. Vast crowds were assembled on the terrace of the Tuileries, some sitting in chairs, some on the ground—not very orderly ; for when I was making my way to the front, a man, calling himself an "ancient officer,"

stopped me so rudely that two others took my part, and told me not to mind the man, *as he belonged to the fallen party*, an expression then used by almost every angry person in reference to his antagonist. My friends were from the south, and spoke of the Parisians in very disdainful terms. 1814.

The day after the King's entry, I witnessed a more imposing ceremony—the passage of a portion of the victorious armies before the Court of France and the allied Sovereigns. The troops marched along the Quay, and the above august personages were at a window opposite to the Pont des Arts. The King was sitting in an armchair, and the Duchesse d'Angoulême sitting opposite to him. Standing between them, a little behind, was the Emperor of Russia: immediately behind Louis XVIII. stood the Emperor of Austria; behind the Duchess, Monsieur; behind them were the King of Prussia, the Duc de Berri, and others not distinguishable, at least not by me, although I was immediately opposite to the window. The troops that defiled were about thirty thousand, composed of horse, foot, and artillery; they were principally Russians. I remember that almost all the officers of the Russian Guards appeared exceedingly young. The Grand Duke Constantine headed one of the regiments. The Cuirassiers made a gallant show. The passage of the troops occupied one hour and thirty-five minutes. The Emperor Alexander appeared to be doing

1814. the honours of the spectacle, and explaining particulars to the Duchesse d'Angoulême. There was much shouting, and I heard "*Vivent les Alliés*" occasionally mingled with the cries of "*Vive le Roi.*"

But the curiosity of curiosities was our own Wellington, on a white horse, in a plain blue frock-coat, a white neckcloth, and a round hat. He was riding between General Stewart and Lord Castlereagh. As soon as his presence was known there was a great bustling and whispering. A friend of mine, who was in the window with the Sovereigns, told me that when it was first known he was there, the Emperors and Kings stretched forward to get a sight of him. I saw the Duchesse d'Angoulême point him out to them; and when Platow and Sacken were introduced to him, they would hardly let his hand go. I heard afterwards that Platow had said, "Had you been here we should have done this sooner"; to which the Duke replied, "The business could not have been in better hands." I felt, for my own part, an insatiable desire to see him, and ran many chances of being kicked and trampled down to get near our great man. Two Englishmen near me showed as much eagerness as myself to approach him, and one of them as he passed by me said, "Oh, for God's sake, let me see him!—I know you will excuse me, sir, for this; but I must see him!" A crowd gathered round him, and attended him to his lodgings. The Duke had just arrived in

Paris, after travelling four days and nights, from 1814.
Toulouse. I heard that he was much struck with the appearance of the Russian cavalry, and said to Sir Charles Stuart, "Well, to be sure, we can't turn out anything like this." Sir Charles told him, very truly, that they were men picked for the occasion.¹

DIARY. *May 4.*— . . . At eleven, putting on regimentals, I went to Sir Charles Stuart's ball at the Hôtel de Montesquieu, where was an assemblage of the most noted characters now on the stage of the civilised world. Lord Wellington, the Emperor of Russia, Marshal Blücher, Platow, Prince Metternich, Schwarzenberg, Barclay de Tolly, Stadion, the Prussian Royal family, all but the King, who is ill; the Bavarian royal princes, De Wrede (a common-looking fellow), Lord Castlereagh, and innumerable generals; Marshal Ney, and many officers of rank. I saw Blücher introduced by Sir C. Stuart to Lord Wellington. They held each other's hands, and there was a great deal of hearty smiling, but Sir C. Stuart seemed to interpret between them, and I could hear nothing said. Blücher looked a little puzzled; he is thinner and taller than his picture would make me think, and has by no means an intelligent face. His mustachios he is fond of twirling. He kissed Lady Castlereagh's hand with *empressement*. There were French dances, English dances and waltzes. The Emperor

¹ Sir Robert Wilson in his "Memoirs" confirms this.

1814. was in red, he waltzed with La Maréchale Ney and La Maréchale Augereau—both nice-looking women. A French lady seeing him with the first said, “*Quoi! toujours elle—est-ce qu’il n’y en a pas que pour une!*” He waltzes well. He took La Maréchale Augereau from Czernichef, who retired from his partner before his Czar backwards, and with a respect and fright truly Oriental. To see the Emperor of All the Russias, the Master of the Caucasus and Paris, dancing at a ball given in the French capital by Sir C. Stuart, with the wives of the two French marshals—this was something!

BOOK.—But amidst all the sights and ceremonies of these surprising days, the fallen conqueror, though unseen, was not forgotten. Many were the tales told of his seclusion at Fontainebleau; and it was confidently affirmed that he was attacked by a disorder so dangerous as to make his recovery very doubtful. Next to this report was heard the rumour that he had attempted to destroy himself. This story was subsequently discredited, and, indeed, stoutly denied. But it is now acknowledged to be true, and his eloquent apologist relates it in minute detail.

DIARY. *May 5.*—After much bustle, Grattan and I set off from Paris at half-past five. Dined at St. Denis, and went to see the cathedral. Went into the vault, which has been repaired and a new opening made to it by Napoleon. He, with Cardinal Maury and Marshal Duroc, visited the

vault accompanied by our conductor and another sacristan. Our man told us that Napoleon asked him where the body of Henry IV. had been found, and on receiving the answer said: "*C'est ici que j'ai fixé ma sépulture*"; and, indeed, in the interior of the same vault, in a right-hand angle of the wall, we saw the very spot in which he then said he would be laid. The wall of the arch is there painted a light yellow dotted with bees—his *fleurs de lys*—which are half effaced by the damp. Napoleon remained a quarter of an hour in the vault, leaving the Empress in the church above. He made Maury speak to him concerning Henry IV. and also Louis XIV., both of whom he highly eulogised, but on the whole seemed to prefer Louis XIV. This visit to the tomb of Henry took place on August 5, 1811. What is become of the party? One killed in battle, the other ejected from his cathedral chair, the hero himself dethroned. We went into the sacristy and there saw the pictures by a French artist which represent the history of St. Denis, beginning with the death of Dagobert, who founded it. Three only of the pictures are finished. The one at the head of the room was to have represented Napoleon amidst the ruins of the church giving orders for its reconstruction. We set off at eight; travelled all night.

May 6.—Travelled all day, delighted with the lovely country, and green meadows, and belts of woods. Arrived and dined at Montreuil-sur-Mer,

1814. a walled and ditched town. Travelled all night, and at daybreak changed horses at Boulogne.

May 7.—Saw on the heights the frame of the intended column of Buonaparte to be raised to the “grand army.” Arrived at Calais by nine, and there found Lord Lowther, Robert Milnes, and the Duke of Leinster, with many others who were going over in a lugger which was to sail before the packet. Lord Lowther told me that Platow told him he was sorry he had not burnt Paris, and that he disliked the French. Also that Blücher told him he only wished before he died to see Lord Wellington and the Prince Regent. The ridicule of the pairing burst out so violently, that I was going to laugh in spite of the G.P.R. on his Lordship’s buttons. Lord Wellington is made a duke. Graham, Hope, Hill, Beresford, and Sir S. Cotton—barons.

Lowther told me that Metternich had said he would keep at peace with Napoleon for three years to recover the Austrian States, and then fall on him. Also, that he was in correspondence with the British Government.

We breakfasted, and agreed, for a guinea apiece, to go on board the lugger, which we did at twelve o’clock, after little or no trouble at the Custom House. The wind was fair at starting, but veered afterwards, and we anchored. We got under weigh, however, again at four and arrived at Dover by half-past seven. The Ambassador from Wurtemberg to our Court was on board. He

told me that Napoleon, when at Stuttgart, paid 1814.
great attention to the Queen, but said to her, talking of the war then pending in 1805, with Austria, “On ne peut pas répondre au juste de la guerre, si sa Majesté seroit chassée d’ici, il seroit singulier de voir une fille du Roi d’Angleterre se réfugier chez nous à Paris.” The Ambassador was a count and general, and had a suite and secretary bearing sundry presents for the Queen of England; he was, to an English eye, an ordinary personage, but sufficiently civil. On board also was with us a Captain Milnes, with the despatches bringing the account of the fall of Genoa. He was introduced for the first time in his life to Robert Milnes, M.P., Pontefract (1784–1858), his nearest relation. At landing, a scuffle ensued between Lord Lowther, who had a red Treasury box in his hand, and the Custom House officers, and my friend Grattan, who had a little deal box under his arm. Lowther was dispossessed of his box and pushed down. Grattan drew a sword-stick. The Duke, Robert Milnes, and myself, put ourselves into sparring attitudes, but the affray terminated without coming to blows. What must have been the surprise of his Wurtemberg Excellency at the sight of our nobles in the arena with the rabble. Lowther prudently forbore to strike; he recollected folks having been trounced for resisting the delegates of the Douane; but he and the Duke of Leinster, Milnes, and myself, trotted off to Stowe, the collector, who received the peers

1814. with the utmost civility, but told me it was impossible to know men of rank coming in an open boat ; an avowal which moved the virtuous indignation of His Grace, one of the most spirited, unaffected young fellows in the world.

May 8.—After clearing our goods at the Custom House, Grattan and I set off in a post-chaise, leaving his Excellency of Wurtemberg complaining that he was obliged to take four horses or two chaises. Grattan, by the way, tried, as we were coming over Westminster Bridge, to make me own I was content with him, saying that he was content with me. This I could not and did not do.

At Dover we saw a colonel and several other Prussian officers, who had come over last night from Calais, only to remain until this evening, with the intention of putting foot on English ground. At Rochester we saw the other foreign officers. I arrived unwell enough at Reilly's by half-past eight in the evening. Grattan parted with me in a sort of transport.

May 9.—Tom Moore called. Byron tells me that Jeffrey sent to Moore through a third person to ask him to write in the *Edinburgh Review*, and that he, Byron, franked back to Jeffery, Moore's consent. Here's a *démêlé* ; Moore and I fought a duel about the said Review. Byron tried to insult Jeffrey about the same, and was all but challenged by Moore for his own poem, " English Bards," etc.

May 10.—Cullen called. He told me he dined at Sir S. Romilly's on Saturday, where Madame de Staël took her leave, she going to Dover the next day. She appeared affected with the kindness of the English. She has left behind, however, several sayings which will leave her in no good odour here. She said of Middleton, Lord Jersey's, where she had been magnificently entertained: "*Il n'y manqua du vin, il y manqua de l'esprit*"; of the English, there are only three men of genius: Mackintosh, Wellesley, Canning, and, yes, there is a fourth: "*Celui qui a fait mon éloge.*" This story was told by Stephen Weston, an old, tottering clergyman, who has written an ode in her praise, and said, "I will leave you to judge who her fourth hero is." Of the women she said, "*Elles sont nulles.*" The only men in England who have any heart are, according to her, "Ward, and the Speaker of the House of Commons."¹ She must have said this in jest.

May 12.—Rode up to London with T. Smith. Dined at the Royal Society Club, where Barrow told me that he had seen Campbell's² journal up to Napoleon getting on board the *Undaunted* frigate (Captain Usher) at Fréjus. Campbell says that at eleven o'clock on the day of quitting Fontainebleau, General Bertrand pulled out his watch, and

¹ Charles Abbot. He was created Lord Colchester, and retired in 1816.

² Colonel, afterwards General Sir Neil Campbell. His journal was published after his death in 1869 under the title of "Napoleon at Fontainebleau and Elba."

1814. presenting it to Napoleon, said, "It is time to quit this place"; upon which Napoleon, much enraged, exclaimed, "What! am I fallen so low as to be regulated by the watch of a fellow like you?" The guard by which he was accompanied were his own soldiers, and incited the people, where the horses were changed, to cry "*Vive l'Empereur.*" These were with him only as far as Rouen: from that place Napoleon was hissed and loaded with abuse, and more than once ran the danger of his life. At Avignon it is true that he got from his carriage and went on horseback with a round hat and white cockade, crying, "*Vive le Roi,*" and that he personated also Lord Burghersh and another Englishman. . . . At one place the mob determined to pull him amongst them and destroy him, but a general who was guarding him said, "My friends, let him live; death will not be a sufficient punishment for his crimes." Napoleon said, "General, I have heard and understood you; I thank you." He said the Austrians and English had used him well, the Prussians and Russians were brutes.

Dr. Woolstan told me that it is an absolute fact that when Macdonald and Ney came back to Fontainebleau with the answer of the Emperor Alexander, in which he had said he would not treat with Napoleon, they found him reviewing 36,000 troops, and delivered the message secretly. "Speak out," said Napoleon; "there is nothing you can say that should not be heard by these

braves." The troops, on hearing the answer, 1814. offered to march under Napoleon to Paris, and cut their way through the allies to the capital. Napoleon acceded to the offer, but the marshals told him that there were 130,000 of the enemy, that 40,000 men would be lost in the passage, and what could he do with ten in a hostile city? "I see it," said Napoleon, "*mon rôle est fini.*" Even after the dethronement of Napoleon the troops declared they would bury themselves with their Emperor under the ruins of the capital. "How do you account," said Woolstan to me, "for nothing having been done?" "Why, because the generals, seeing all was up, could do nothing." "I agree with you," rejoined the Doctor. Woolstan told me that he was very much struck with that which also surprised me, the perfect air of complacency and control in all the French marshals at the grand ceremony of the entry and afterwards. But he said, before that their faces had been black and downcast. They did not know how they should be received by the King. This convinces me that the Bourbons are safe. Those who are sulky are sulky not from old attachments, but present apprehensions.

May 13.—The other evening, at Talleyrand's, General Flahaut and Pozzo di Borgo had, in presence of Talleyrand, a long argument as to the military talents of Napoleon. Flahaut, who had been his aide-de-camp up to his dethronement, contended that his last campaign was his master-

1814. piece, and asserted that in all he had never more than 75,000 troops under him and his generals, excepting Soult and Suchet from the number. Pozzo di Borgo said his movement to St. Denys was that of a madman; he was sure to lose Paris. Flahaut said that the occupation of Paris by the allies was contemplated by Napoleon, who thought they would weaken their army so much to preserve it, that they would be more easily attacked afterwards. "He ought to have known the people were against him," rejoined Pozzo di Borgo. "To be sure," said Flahaut, "he did think Paris would have stood true to him; he did not take treachery into the account." He did not know that Talleyrand had corresponded for several days with the Emperor of Russia. . . .

I heard the other day that Madame de Staël, having neglected the Bourbons altogether, was the first to compliment Louis XVIII. She had an interview with Madame d'Angoulême, to whom she said, "*J'espère que votre altesse royale a écrit tous vos tourments et souffrances, ou du moins que vous avez une bonne mémoire pour que vous puissiez donner à quelqu'un les détails de tout ce qui vous est arrivé dans le Temple. Il faut que quelque plume conservasse le souvenir de ces moments cruels si intéressants pour l'histoire de France.*" The Duchess was so affected that she left the room, and it is said that Madame de Staël was left out at the grand fête given to the French King and Princess the other day at Carlton House

purposely, because the Princess made the request. 1814.
Madame is gone out of the kingdom in an unconquerable fury thereat. . . .

BOOK.—During this season I saw more of the London world than I had ever seen before. I associated with most of the remarkable men of the day, and had no reason to complain of neglect from either of the dominant political parties.

DIARY. *May 16.*—Met a nephew of Dr. Price's. He told a story of his uncle's, who related of an old woman that she having heard the greater the sinner the greater the saint, said she wished she had known it forty years ago.

May 18.—At eleven o'clock Byron took me to Lady Jersey's, where was a small party of 100 perhaps. I stood in terror at the doorway a long time. Cut two or three good friends out of fear, and was quite cool with several others out of pure despair—the courage of despair. I was introduced to Lady Jersey: she said she was very glad to see me. There also was the hereditary Prince of Orange, a very thin, ill-looking young man. He was in a plain suit, with the star of the black eagle of Prussia, and was introduced to Lord Byron at the very moment he (Byron) introduced me to Lady Jersey, which caused a *contretemps*. He danced afterwards a French dance, the *battas*, in which Frederick Douglas and Colonel Stanhope performed wretchedly, and

1814. the only tolerable male performer was the Marquis of Worcester, with his moustachios and bit of hair on his chin, dancing with his intended bride, the black-eyed Miss Fitzroy. I talked a long time with Lady Westmoreland, who asked me about Burghersh, and said, "Speak out, although he is my son. I have not seen him to speak to for eight years, and probably shall not speak to him again as long as I live." She told me that Madame de Staël told her that the Prince of Wales had used her shamefully, after she had made such sacrifices for him and had refrained from visiting his wife, "*laquelle elle désiroit tant voir.*" I had much talk, and sat at supper next to Lady Tavistock and her sister, Lady Caroline Stanhope. The latter told me that the Princess Charlotte of Wales, whose occasional companion and partner she is at the Warwick House balls, keeps the Prince of Orange's portrait (miniature) in a tea-cup on the chimney-piece. She saw the first interview between the intended pair. The Princess told her not to look at her for fear she should laugh outright.

I stayed to supper. Lady Harrowby, who sat opposite to me, assured me that Count Meerfeldt told her that the Empress Maria Louisa was only prevented from joining Napoleon by order from her father, and that she was devotedly attached to him.

May 19.—Dined at the Stevens Coffee House with

Irvine at five o'clock. Went with Byron and Tom Moore to the Orchestra to see Kean in *Othello*. 1814.
For two acts and a half the play was tame, but from the sentence, "Not a jot," he displayed his extraordinary powers, and, as Byron said, threw a sort of Levant fury of expression into his actions and face, to which we Orientalists had been accustomed, and which we could appreciate. His stabbing himself was a masterpiece. After the play we three went into the Green Room, a small apartment, with a large glass and sofa round it, not green. Miss Poole, Mrs. Bland, Knight, Munden (as Jemmy Turnips, most ridiculously dressed), and Miss Kells came in and sat down quite quietly, with a composure which, compared with their strange figures, seemed ludicrous enough. At going out, however, I observed Knight rehearsing grimaces before the glass. Raymond was in plain clothes and was master of the ceremonies to our party. Tom Moore seemed known to all, and all were "hail-fellow-well-met" with him. Munden asked him after Mrs. Moore. The said lady, be it remembered, was an actress, but, as Moore says by way of consolation, was only once on the stage.

Miss Smith, who had been acting Desdemona, came in: she is certainly an odd likeness of Lady Tavistock. She said that Kean affected her very much in his *Othello*. She could not help crying. She said also that he is a very kind and encouraging actor to play with,

1814. which she hinted to be a desideratum on the stage.

Kean came in a pepper-and-salt suit, a very short man, but strongly made and wide-shouldered, hollow, sallow face, thick black hair. Lord Byron was introduced to him, and on some compliment from him, said he was proud of his Lordship's approbation. Douglas Kinnaird introduced me. I asked him after his health, which, he said, was tolerable, but that he sometimes found his voice fail him. He has a sweet accent and manner. He soon withdrew. . . .

May 20.—Walked to Hamilton Place, where I breakfasted with Lord and Lady Tavistock.

I dined with Cuthbert and sat next to Miss Mercer at dinner. On my right was William Howard. Lord Auckland was there and distinguished me most pointedly. I had never seen him before, but he, at parting, said, "I am sorry, sir, I have had no greater opportunity of cultivating your acquaintance."

Before the evening broke up I had a long conversation with young Lygon, a Westminster man of the Horse Guards. He told me that the passage of the Adour river was a great exploit, the river being broader than the Thames at Westminster, and the enemy in possession of the opposite bank. He said that Lord Wellington had declared that if the Cortes hesitated in receiving Ferdinand VII. he could put him on the throne at the head of his army. He spoke of Lord Fitzroy Somerset,

my friend, as a fortunate man, but one who had not a word to say to Wellington, or ever read a despatch except a very public one indeed. 1814.

May 21.—Dined at Lord Sidmouth's; here met Miss Bankes, Lord Tyrconnel, Lord Redesdale, Lady Donegal, Charles Grant, and Bankes, between whom and his charming daughter I sat. He is a dull dog; Miss Bankes most lively and entertaining. She told with a great deal of humour a story of a young man suspected of picking pockets at Lady Stafford's rout last night. He was very ugly, and therefore fixed upon. Lord Stafford sent to know who had invited him. He said, "Lady Stafford." Lady Stafford was called, and denied ever having seen him, although he said he was first in her rooms that night, and had spoken to her before. Her ladyship said if he was the man he pretended to be, she did not know he was in England, but thought he had been two years in Ireland. How it ended I know not. Miss Bankes is very lovely and clever, but a little odd. She talked to me of heart in a manner charmingly cool and indifferent.

May 25.—Dined at five o'clock with Lord Tavistock in Hamilton Place; Sir Robert Adair, Lord Harrington, Lord W. Russell, and his wife. There is something desperately dull in a formal dinner. . . .

At seven we went to the play and sat in Tavistock's box, where we found Lady B. A. Cowper, Lord Bath, etc. Lady B. A. Cowper

1814. has a great fortune. She is queer but not pretty, and is apparently very lively. Lord Bath seems a solemn fool; Lord Harrington a gentlemanlike, sensible common-place. Adair I like more and more, and Lady and Lord Tavistock:

May 26.—Alston called and talked to me of the club at Arthur's, and the dinner there. He objected to the old cook of that establishment because he never gave them a joint. "Now," said he, "one likes to have the choice of a joint whether one chooses to cut or not." It surprises me to recollect with what gravity I joined in this apophthegm. However, I believe I shall end where poor A. has begun—lacking passions, aided by or causing a thousand conflicting schemes for useless notoriety, will bring me down to talk of joints likewise.

June 1.—I called on Byron, and, dressing without dining, went to the Duke of Bedford's box at Covent Garden, where were Lord and Lady Petersham,¹ Lord W. Russell, and Frank Stanhope. Petersham is a man of most polished manners and kind. Frank Stanhope I don't like, a *mauvais naturel* though very good-humoured. We saw Mrs. Jordan act Lady Teazle for the last night of her engagement. . . .

Went to a party and supper at Lady Jersey's. I was too late for the conjuring, which had already

¹ Lord Petersham succeeded his father as fourth Earl of Harrington in 1829. Lady Petersham was a daughter of Samuel Foote the actor.

taken place, but came in time to be introduced to the wonder of the evening, General Cram,¹ or some such name, by Lady Melbourne. The General was one of those who accompanied Napoleon from Fontainebleau to Elba, and is just returned. He mentioned that Napoleon travelled night and day, except, I think, two nights; that during the journey by land he was somewhat pensive and apparently unwell, but that when on board the *Undaunted* frigate he was *assez gai*. When in France he was in considerable danger, and had he passed through Marseilles would have been torn to pieces. 1814.

BOOK.—He mentioned that, near Aix in Provence, Napoleon was in danger of personal violence from the populace, assumed a disguise, and passed himself off for an English commissary. Sitting at table opposite to the general officer, he had hold of a bottle of champagne, but, seeing the hostess looking hard at him, he passed the wine to the General, and asked him submissively for a glass of it. Afterwards the hostess, taking him for an Englishman, talked to him for a long time, abusing Buonaparte, and telling what she would do if she had him in her power. Napoleon told this himself, with much good humour, to the general officer. Napoleon and his escort arrived at Fréjus on May 4, 1814. On October 8, 1799, he had

¹ Probably Colonel Cram, aide-de-camp to Prince Schwartzberg, who accompanied the Austrian Commissioners during the journey to Elba.

1814. landed there on his return from Egypt. His thoughts naturally recurred to former days; and once during this journey my informant heard him say, "It is curious enough; I recollect that this very day of the month many years ago I was ordered by the Government to shoot two men for wearing the white cockade—*je les ai sauvés*, those mountains put me in mind of it."

DIARY. *June 1.*—Napoleon was well received at Elba; he has from four to five hundred of the old guard with him. Before he quitted Fontainebleau he was heard to say, addressing himself, I think, to General Flahaut, "Believe me, I had rather be master of Elba than of diminished France."

The poor General was questioned to death. The Prince of Orange danced in his regimentals. Caroline Lamb marked me out for all sorts of attentions. She would insist on taking me home in her carriage and setting me down at my own door. Her maid was with her. She told me Madame de Staël used to embrace her very often, and seemed to like it very much.

June 2.—I went to breakfast with young Leigh, whose sister, Claughton¹ (who bought Byron's estate), has married, and who has travelled in the Levant, in Albania, the Morea, and particularly in Egypt. In this latter place he was ten months, three of which he passed shut up in Rosetta, for

¹ He agreed to buy Newstead, but being unable to complete the purchase he forfeited his deposit of £25,000, and the transfer never took place.

fear of the plague. He travelled a thousand miles above Alexandria, and went a hundred and seventy-five miles up the Nile above Philæ and the first cataract, which is in Nubia, and a country hitherto entirely unexplored. Arrow-smith has made out a course from his bearings of the Nile and the names of the places which he visited. These are close in each side to the river, and amount to forty, at ten of which he saw ancient ruins, some of them most magnificent and highly painted, chiefly in red and blue. The capital of the country is Der, no great way from Ilrim, the town of their journey, containing perhaps thirty thousand inhabitants. It was built in a vast wood of palm-trees. The houses are only naked mud walls, a little less than the height of a man, without roofs, and having branches and leaves of palm for shelter and for beds. The King's house alone has a sort of roof, and is of two storeys; so that I presume that in no other country in the world is there such a real distance between the King and his subjects. The people cannot increase the comfort of their habitation without the King's permission, even if they have the inclination and power. A decisive and cruel tyranny!

The Nile of the first cataract is not bigger than the Thames at Windsor. The cataract is not a fall, but a spot where some huge granite masses, rising at the side of the stream, confine the passage of the river. It is not passable by boats. The people in Nubia are very tawny, and not far

1814.

1814. from black. Leigh gave the King of Der a sword, and the King in return gave him a black boy ten years of age, whom Leigh gave to his companion, Mr. Smelt. Messrs. Leigh and Smelt travelled in their European dresses with no other Christian attendants than an American settled in Egypt, who served them as dragoman. They took boat at Cairo with thirteen boatmen, Arabs of that city, and proceeded up the river, making excursions on asses sometimes, sometimes on dromedaries, along the banks. They were furnished with a passport from Ali Pasha of Egypt, no less powerful than his namesake of Jannina, who, from being master of a pirate boat in the Archipelago, has raised himself to supreme power, and is the Pasha who retook Mecca from the Wahaubees. He is not forty years of age; cruel, bold, and clever. His son, Ibrahim, is a monster, roasting his rebels.

Messrs. Leigh and Smelt were nearly lost by their curiosity to see a mummy pit, six hours from the Nile. They mounted their asses, and, proceeding across the plain, saw four men burning charcoal, who very eagerly accompanied them to the pit. The party lighted their candles and crawled in. Their guides were ignorant of the turnings. As they were making an effort to go through a grotto, Mr. Leigh saw the candle of the guide before him go out, and heard a rattle in the throat of the man, who instantly fell. Mr. Leigh, by the light of the torch borne by

the other Arab, who jumped forward to help his friend, saw only a quivering of his legs, and at the same instant the candle of the second guide went out, and the man dropped dead upon his companion. Mr. Leigh and Mr. Smelt kept back the third Arab, and by the most happy chance came back to the chamber. At this time Mr. Leigh tells me that his heart seemed as if it would burst, and his head was swelled with blood. By putting together the notices which each of the three had made of the turnings, the party contrived to extricate themselves just as they were exhausted and ready to give up the attempt. 1814.

The Arab was more affected than the Europeans, and for more than a day afterwards appeared to be dying. The traveller told the man whom they had left at the mouth of the pit that his companions would soon return, and thought it most prudent to make the best of their way through the village across the plain to their boat, which they reached by ten at night, having begun their excursion at four in the morning.

At daybreak they proceeded on their journey up the river. They had not proceeded two hours when they found five Turkish horsemen scouring the plain, and a shot from one of these folks convinced them that they were the object of their search. They left their boatmen with orders to pull their boat to the town whilst they accompanied the horsemen. Entering the town, they found the Governor sitting on his mud divan in

1814. due form, surrounded with thirty or forty clamorous Arabs of Amabdi, who called for justice on the murderers. The Governor seemed to second their views, but he told the travellers to come with him into an inner chamber, and then altering his tone at once, and showing his friendly disposition, said, "I cannot protect you; I have only thirty 'Turks here; save yourselves by flight." Accordingly the three escaped by a back door to the riverside, and getting into their boat made all haste up the stream. They had pulled along six hours when they saw several hundred horsemen approaching the hill. The whole party had made every preparation for defence; our travellers thought their only resource was to return to their friend the Governor. There they found three or four hundred of Amabdi with the relatives of the deceased guides in mourning, demanding vengeance on the murderers. The American interpreter, as the only course, now tried threats in his turn. This courageous talk having the desired effect, the travellers as they saw their opponents waver talked still more loudly, and at last prevailed, for the Governor proposed that they should redeem themselves by a present, to which sacrifice, although they thought it at first not wise to accede, they at last consented and paid what was required. From this moment the Arabs became their unreserved friends, and treated them afterwards as if they had forgotten the whole transaction. Here the story ends.

June 2.—The guns have fired half an hour ago for some news, they say the Treaty of Peace being signed. 1814.

BOOK.—On Saturday, June 4, I dined with Lord Tavistock in Hamilton Place. The guests were R. B. Sheridan, the Duke of Grafton, Lord and Lady Jersey, Lord Kinnauld, my friend Douglas Kinnauld, Lord Byron, Lord Albemarle, Sir Robert Adair, and Lady Raneliffe. Mr. Sheridan hardly opened his mouth at dinner, except to correct Adair, when he said that Richardson had written *The Runaway*. “It was the *Fugitive*,” said Sheridan. Lord Kinnauld said that there were several horselfesh ordinaries in Paris, provided for the Cossacks. This was the nearest approach to anything amusing that was said during dinner by any of these very clever men. After dinner Sheridan opened a little. My friend Douglas Kinnauld told a story, rather too long, about Mrs. Siddons and Kean acting together at some Irish theatre. Kean got drunk, and Mrs. Siddons got all the applause. The next night Kean acted Jaffier, and Mrs. Siddons, Belvidera, and then “he got all the applause,” and, said Sheridan, “she got drunk, I suppose.” Sheridan told us several stories of Kean, then at the height of his fame. Some one made Kean a present of a fine horse, on which he was prancing along the Strand. “Take care,” said a friend; “you are a good actor, but——” “But what?” asked Kean;

1814. "you don't know that I was paid £30 for breaking three horses last year at Brighton." Another time, a friend, hearing he was about to give readings of Milton between the acts, at Drury Lane, said, "Kean, stick to Shakespeare; don't meddle with Milton." "Why not?" asked Kean; "I gave readings from Milton three times a week at Exmouth." As a proof of the universality of his genius, it was mentioned that he had been a fencing-master and a dancing-master, and at Jersey had announced that he should quit the stage and set up a school. He told Mr. Sheridan that when a child he had been applied to in order to bring him out as a rival to Master Betty; but that Sheridan had interposed, saying, "No! one bubble at a time is enough; if you have two, they will knock against each other, and burst." Kean was, indeed, once advertised to come out as a young Roscius at Sadler's Wells. Mr. Sheridan told us that Kean applied to Michael Kelly to lend him two pounds that he might take a place in the stage coach and quit London for ever, having then some quarrel with Elliston, and being convinced that he never should succeed on the London stage. Kelly answered that he would lend him two pounds or twenty pounds, but not to enable him to quit London. "He ought to try his hand once more." He did so, and the result was complete success. Lord Grey was one of the last to be a convert to his style, but at last he was one of his warmest admirers. Sheridan

and Sir Robert Adair said that Charles Fox had been an admirer of Master Betty, and Lord Kinnaird mentioned that Fox had said to him that the young Roscius was not quite equal to Garrick in *Hamlet*, but certainly was the next best to him. 1814.

Sheridan told us that when Mr. Fox went to see the *Gamester*, there appeared, in the next morning's newspapers, paragraphs stating how much the great profligate orator had been affected, and how bitterly he had wept. "Whereas," said Mr. Sheridan, "the truth was, Fox listened, as was his custom, attentively; and when Beverley, in the play, said that he would borrow money upon the reversion of his uncle's estate, Fox turned to me and whispered, 'Rather odd, hey, that he had not thought of that before.' This was true enough," continued Sheridan, "for the plot turns upon this very reversion." Mr. Sheridan mentioned of Garrick that he delighted in vulgar illustrations; and when he gave Sheridan, on making over the property of the theatre, a list of the actors and actresses, remarked, "I have kept many of them on the list who might as well not have been there; but if there is another dumpling in the pot the fat will boil over." Coming to the name of Mrs. Siddons, Garrick said, "You can spare her; she will never do anything: that's certain."

Mr. Sheridan seemed to be angry with the new theatre at Drury Lane: he had never been to see

1814. it; he would not even go to see Liston act. Talking of Cumberland, he said that he had drawn the character of Sir Fretful Plagiary partly from that writer, and he quoted several passages intended to apply to him, especially that about attacking a friend; this he wrote with reference to Cumberland's abuse of himself (Sheridan) in the *St. James's Chronicle*, at the time that he was making great efforts for Cumberland at Drury Lane. He did not, however, intend that Parsons should dress after Cumberland, which that actor did, and so enraged Cumberland's son, a youth in the Guards, that he applied to General O'Hara to call Sheridan out. The General dissuaded the young gentleman from it, and afterwards mentioned the fact to Sheridan himself. Mr. Sheridan confessed that he had borrowed the "dead lock" in the *Critic* from Jephson's *Braganza*, where it is given almost verbatim. Sheridan repeated a part of the scene. Jephson tried to avenge himself by writing an abusive Prologue against the author of the *Critic*. Mr. Sheridan told us of Mr. Richard Cavendish, who had a trick of swinging his arm round when talking, that, walking up Bond Street with a friend, he found, on stopping, that he had drawn seven hackney coaches to him.

DIARY. *June 14.*—We were called away early to the ladies, and poor Sheridan took a full bumper of Madeira by himself. He looks well, however, with a very red face.

I was introduced before dinner, and he took me 1814.
by the hand and asked kindly after my father,
and said he had spent several pleasant days at
Whitton. He is different from what I took him
to be, and a good deal of the complexion of the
modern wits; dry, circumspect, sarcastic, and
selfish in his talk, without the least of that
“abandon” which I thought a great wit might
venture to indulge in. He looked hard at Lady
Jersey. I own he is vastly above every other
man I ever met, in talk, as everybody is ready to
laugh, which is a great encouragement.

I went to the Opera and sat in Miss Mercer’s
box. I was introduced to Mrs. George Lamb. I
had the utmost bore and difficulty in getting away
with them to their carriage.

June 6.—The Emperor and the King of Prussia,
who were expected yesterday, not yet come.
Called on Byron; the streets and Kent Road
lined with people expecting Alexander and
Frederick.

June 7.—The Emperor of Russia arrived at the
Pulteney Hotel, secretly, at two o’clock, and the
King of Prussia, secretly, at three o’clock; but at
four and five all the streets in the direction of the
Kent Road were full of good folks to see the
Sovereigns. St. James’s Street was full from top
to bottom. This was the more extraordinary as
the Emperor had been bowing to the populace out
of the Pulteney Hotel. One part of London
seemed a mass of moving populace. The mob

1814. pursued every carriage, especially when it had a cossack or dragoon behind it.

I rode down to Whitton at five. Being unable to pass by the Pulteney Hotel, went back, and so through the Park, finding it very difficult to pass also by the stable-yard, the King of Prussia being at York House.

Blücher arrived at six. The mob burst into Carlton House lower rooms to see him, and it is said some actually got into the carriage with him when he went from Carlton House to his lodging.

June 9.—Rode up to London, which I found, as before, in a ferment; the Emperor and the King were at Carlton House. I saw them come back, the Emperor half an hour before the King, in a carriage with a strong escort behind, and distinguished by a horseman carrying a banner. The King also had a man carrying a banner. I saw Castlereagh and Liverpool in one carriage with their blue ribbons, bowing to the mob. All was perfect good humour. The Mayor and Aldermen were laughed at. One fellow said, “Make room for the Lord Mayor’s coach. God knows but he may lose his dinner.”

BOOK.—The first occupation of Paris, in 1814, by the allies, and the restoration of Louis XVIII., turned the brains of my fellow-countrymen, and the visit of the Sovereigns to London completed their bewilderment.

DIARY. *June 9.*—I dined with the Princess of Wales—a most melancholy affair. Took leave, not unwillingly, and went to the Opera. The Princess of Prussia and Blücher were there. There was great clapping. I did not stay for the ballet, which did not begin until past twelve. 1814.

Went to Byron's, who took me to Lady Lansdowne's, where was a party with some of the foreigners: Metternich and General Colure,¹ who just came from Elba, and says Napoleon behaved much to his honour throughout the whole journey to his retreat.

BOOK. *June 11.*—Scrope B. Davies called. He tells me he won last night, at Wattier's, £6,065 at Macao. . . Dined at the Cocoa-Tree. Went to the Opera, and in Miss Mercer's box met Miss M., Lady L. Grey, and two of Adams's sons; Lord and Lady Grey and Mr. Tierney came in afterwards. The next two boxes were thrown into one, for the Emperor Alexander, the King of Prussia, and the Prince Regent. The house was crammed to excess. The newspapers say that two thousand people got in without paying, owing to the press at the doors. The boxes were all as full as they could hold. At ten the Royal party came in, and there was great clapping. "God save the King" was sung, and every one stood

¹ Probably General Köller, the Austrian who accompanied Napoleon to Elba.

1814. up; and never did eye see a finer sight than the rows above rows of beautiful women that then appeared in all their glory. The Princess of Wales came a little later, and, somehow or the other, not very opportunely, for the applause was more than equivocal. However, the Royal party got up, and bowed towards the box, without, however, as it seemed to me, directing their salutations to the Princess. The Duke of Devonshire came in, and led Miss Mercer to the opposite box to see them. I should not wonder if it was a match.¹ I went away to Lady Tavistock's box and had a full sight of all the box of kings, which, excepting the blue King of Prussia, was one blaze of red. The Emperor was on the left of the Regent, the King on the right; Lord Liverpool was standing behind the Regent; Lord Castlereagh was in the corner, near the King; Colonel Mellish stood behind, between the Emperor and the Regent; immediately behind the Emperor was a Russian officer of state: the back of the box was occupied by officers in red. The Emperor and the King wore the insignia of the Garter. The Prince Regent made a sad contrast to the healthy-looking monarchs between whom he sat, and, to say the truth, seemed apprehensive of some collision between himself and his wife. Tramezzani acted Aristodemo, and, after the opera, he and Grassini sang a long-winded occasional

¹ Miss M., being an heiress, was given to more than one of our great folks.

address to the Sovereigns, during the performance 1814.
of which the audience stood up.

June 12, Sunday.—I rode in the Park at three, where there was a tremendous crowd to see the Emperor and the King on horseback, preceded by Colonel Mellish, and the Duke of Montrose in his blue ribbon. An immense train of men on horseback followed. The well-dressed multitude made a pleasing sight. The crowd pressed upon the Monarchs to shake and kiss their hands, which they were obliged to hold up high, to prevent their being seized at every step. The crowds followed the whole way. The Princess Charlotte was in her carriage, and the Emperor gallantly rode up to speak to her twice.

I went in Byron's carriage at seven, and dined at Holland House. There I met Miss Fox, and Martin Archer Shee, the painter and poet. There, too, was Kean, a very handsome little man, with a mild but marked countenance, and eyes as brilliant as on the stage. He knitted his brows, I observed, when he could not exactly make out what was said. There, also, was Grattan. We sat down to dinner, when in came Major Stanhope and Lord Ebrington. Kean ate most pertinaciously with his knife, and was a little too frequent with ladyships and lordships, as was natural in him; but Shee was ten times worse. At dinner I sat next to Lady Holland. She talked to me about Spain, and said that the

1814. Cortes had acted so foolishly that their present fate was not to be wondered at. They had given no superior eligibility to the nobles or the clergy for their body, but only an equal share with the rest. They had copied the Brissotine constitution, without knowing the vast difference between the French and Spanish nations. She observed that Mr. Allen had endeavoured to convince Arguelles of the folly of their proceedings, and had drawn up for them a short programme for their future guidance. I endeavoured to listen to Lady Holland, and also to Lord Holland, who was telling how he and Grenville, and Grey, and Erskine had been received on the Saturday by the Emperor Alexander, who had sent for them to the Pulteney Hotel. Lord Holland said that the crowd pressed very inconsiderately into the hotel, and, to his surprise, Lady E. Whitbread was amongst them. Adair and Lord Morpeth waited below, and complained of the length of time the Emperor had kept his visitors.

When introduced, the Emperor said, "Vous êtes Milord Erskine. Voici une lettre pour vous de la part de Monsieur La Harpe." Erskine said, "I know your Imperial Majesty understands English, so I will not try to speak French." Alexander was pleased at this. He told Erskine he had followed him through his speech on Hardy's trial, and passed some compliments on it. Erskine was about to enter into a long account of it, but, seeing Lord Grenville, who

could not be much pleased with some of the details, stopped himself. The Emperor told his visitors that he thought an Opposition was an excellent thing for the country; but he added that political animosity should not be carried beyond the walls of Parliament, alluding, as his hearers thought, to his never having seen them at the Carlton House parties. He said he had been much struck in England with the dress and the *air d'aisance* apparent in everybody. He had seen *no people* as yet. 1814.

I could not catch any more of Lord Holland's story, as Lady Holland kept me in play with talking of the exceeding melancholy, as she called it, of our English houses. She disliked the uniformity of our habitations, and liked a shop and a palace ranged alternately, with the merchandise painted on the windows.

Shee talked a great deal; I thought, too much. Lady H. asked Kean why all the actors said, "Give me *the* hand," as if "*thy*" were "*the*." Kean said that he never pronounced it so. Kean said that "Iago was three lengths longer than Othello." A *length* is *forty-two* lines. Lord Holland mentioned that he had seen a letter from a midshipman on board the *Undaunted* frigate, in which Napoleon sailed to Elba. The boy said that "Boney was so good-humoured, and laughed and talked, and was so agreeable, but said that the world had been under a great mistake in thinking him a clever man; he was just like anybody else."

1814. When the women went the conversation turned on public speaking. Grattan gave us a specimen of Lord Chatham's way, which, he said, was colloquial, and, when he saw him, leaning on his crutch, and sometimes dozing; but, when roused by opposition, overpoweringly eloquent. He was, however, inferior to modern speakers. Pitt, his son, was a better rhetorician. Lord Holland told us that Fox once said to him that Sheridan's speech on the Begums was the finest ever heard in Parliament. Lord H. asked him if his own speech on the Peace was not as good. "That was a damned good speech, too," was the ingenuous reply of this truly great man. Fox used to praise Pitt's speech on the Slave-trade as a fine specimen of eloquence.

Lord Holland said he had met with a word in Pope that he could not understand,

A hat that never veiled to human pride.¹

When we went to the ladies the conversation was addressed to Kean. Lady Holland asked him if he was not a capital "Scrub." Kean replied that he had not the slightest acquaintance with the part; indeed, he was no comedian, except, perhaps, that he could play Tyke in the *School*

¹ This quotation occurs in the "Dunciad," Book iv., lines 205, 206, and refers to the Quakers, to whom "Hat worship," as they called it, was an abomination; yet where it was necessary to pay the respect of taking off the hat (as in Courts of Justice and the House of Commons) they permitted their adherents to uncover in order to avoid offence. To veil means to "let fall," "to suffer," "to descend."

of *Reform*, which was a sort of sentimental character. Lord Ebrington and Major Stanhope left us, and then Grattan began to give us, in his inimitably grotesque, forcible, and theatrical manner, the characters of some Irishmen who had figured at the end of the last century. He spoke of Perring as a great man. Lord Clare, he said, was to be intimidated, although he had fought, and fought well, too. Lord Holland had previously mentioned that he had heard Lord Carhampton say of a speech of Lord Clare's, "Every word of the noble Lord's speech is a lie from beginning to end—a great lie." He qualified this by saying, "He might perhaps mean it to be understood as a lie"; but both Grattan and Lord Holland observed that such an expression would not be tolerated nowadays. Grattan then broke out against many well known in his day. He said that Lord Bellamont, in person, was like a black bull, always butting. He was cursed with a talent for imitation, and selected some one had habit from each of his friends, so that he was a compound of vicious qualities, or, at least, disagreeable manners. One of these friends always stood with his toes in—Bellamont did the same; another wore black stockings and dirty brown breeches—Bellamont copied this also. He wore his wig half off his head, in imitation of some one else; and, in speaking, he took off the bad manner of some other acquaintance. He had a *watery elocution*, spoke through the nose, and

1814.

1814. had a face totally insensible to everything he was saying. Mr. Grattan added that he thought Bellamont's wig was dirtier than Curran's hair. He said a deal of a Dr. Lucas, and finished his sketch of him by saying, "When he rose to speak in Parliament, he had not a friend in the House; when he sat down, he had spoken so ill that he had not an enemy."

During this exhibition Lord Holland and myself were in convulsions of laughter. Kean, notwithstanding every effort, roared outright. Lady Holland gave way, and Miss Fox was in ecstasy. He kept us in this way until half-past eleven, when he took me in his carriage to the Princess of Wales. He was muttering to himself, and slapping his thigh during our ride, and twisting about into many odd shapes and forms—antics not worth recording, except when it is recollected who Mr. Grattan had been, and, indeed, was, at the time I was with him.

When we arrived at Connaught Place many of the company, including Dr. Parr and Mr. C. North, had gone; but Mr. Whitbread was there, and to him I was introduced by Lady Charlotte Campbell. This was my first interview with that eminent man.

DIARY. *June 13.*—Dined with Lord Stafford, and went to a ball at Lord Cholmondeley's, where the Emperor waltzed with Miss Bessy Rawdon, Lady Jersey, and some one else, and picked up Bessy's fan, which was much remarked; leaning

behind her chair at supper, where he would not sit down but for five minutes. 1814.

June 14.—Called on Byron. . . Went, *malgré moi*, at half-past eleven with Lord Byron to Lady Raneliffe's, where was a small party. I was introduced to Poodle Byng and Mrs. Rawdon, who gave me a long inventory of her daughter's accomplishments. The charming Bessy was in the room. . . .

June 16.—S. B. Davies called and told me that "Vox Populi" is to be perused by the King's A.-General; also he made me take a resolution of standing for the University of Cambridge in the event of Palmerston's being made a peer. Come what will, come what may, I am determined to try, and have accordingly commenced operations.

I dined at the Royal Society Club, and in the evening took my seat as a Fellow of the Royal Society, being introduced by Mr. Murdock¹ and received by Mr. F. Bankes. A Mr. Crampton was admitted Fellow with me, and I balloted for the Chevalier Italinsky, Minister of Russia at the Porte. I heard two papers read, one by Sir Humphry Davy on Iode, another by Dr. Kidd of Oxford on the Formation of Saltpetre.

I heard that at Lady Cholmondeley's ball the Countess of Jersey was walking with the Emperor Alexander, when she happened to be so near the Prince of Wales that she dropped him a curtsey. The Prince turned on his heel; the

¹ William Murdock (1754–1839), inventor of gas lighting.

1814. Emperor whispered to Lady Jersey—" *Pas fort galant ça.*" Lady Jersey told this to me.

I wrote a letter to Tavistock asking for his vote and interest.

June 17.—Walked to Freemasons' Hall, and there heard debating on the article in the late treaty of peace relative to the continuance of the slave-trade for five years by the French in the ceded colonies. The Duke of Gloucester was in the chair. The business was opened by Wilberforce, seconded in an eloquent speech by Lord Grey; then came Whitbread, rough but very good. Humboldt, the plenipotentiary, was there and next to me. He was much struck with Grey's speaking, which, he said, he could understand. There was an attack made by Waithman on Lord Grey after we went away.

Went to the play at Covent Garden, into Byron's box, in which were Lady Raneliffe, Lord Raneliffe, and Lady Adelaide Forbes. The Emperor was expected, and I saw Fawcett in a full-dress ready to receive him. Several well-dressed people were in the antechamber of the box, amongst others Mrs. Siddons. We did not stay to see him.

I went to Lord Grey's, where was a large party half in full-dress, to receive the Emperor Alexander. Lord Grey desired Lord Lansdowne to introduce me to him. I saw and spoke to many old foreign friends: Prince Radzivil, Duchess d'Acheranza, and Princess Hohenzollern. Even

the stiff Razumanski was most kind, yet the Jerseys and the Westmorelands were *sky-like*. Why this? 1814.

June 21.—Called on F. Kinnaird, and finally dined with him and Mackenzie, Lord Seaforth's son, at the St. Albans'. Mackenzie is a clever fellow. He mentioned that his father one evening during the life of their elder brother was walking with his mother in sight of the family mansion, and said, "I am sorry to see that light over our house, for by it I know it is mine." His brother was dead. This was true second-sight. Mackenzie's mother mentioned it to him.

Yesterday I called on Miss Mercer, who told me how the match between the Princess Charlotte and the Prince of Orange had been broken off. The Princess Charlotte saw that her father was determined to give her no establishment in England, and that the letter from the sovereign Prince of the Netherlands, in which consent was given to his living in England, was kept back for a fortnight after its arrival, and she consequently made up her mind to be off the bargain. The Prince of Orange called on her as usual at Warwick House on Thursday last. Before he left the room she said to this effect: "I think it best to tell you by word of mouth what I should otherwise communicate by letter. I have thought that there are so many impediments to our union that we had better break it off, and from this moment I consider it as laid aside." The Prince said,

1814. "Your Royal Highness had better consider of this and let me know by writing this evening." To this the Princess consented. The Prince whilst dancing at Lady Hertford's ball received the letter which confirmed the dismissal and requested him to communicate it to the Prince Regent. His Highness put the letter in his pocket, danced on all night, got up at two, did not write, passed the day and evening at Lady Castlereagh's, did not tell the Prince Regent a word, and on Saturday noon writes just six ill-spelt vulgar lines to the Princess Charlotte, saying at the end, "I hope you shall have no reason to repent the step you have taken." The Princess was highly offended, and said to Miss Mercer, "I do believe he takes me for my housemaid." This is the story ; the fact is, she despised him.

June 22.—Received from the Duke of Devonshire, in consequence of a note, a cold promise of support.

The Emperor of Russia and King of Prussia left London to-day, to the great delight of all who did not wish to be jammed to pieces in the street, and to have all society disjointed.

The Emperor had prepared to visit the Princess, but the Prince Regent sent a letter to him, which the Emperor said he would not read until he returned. Count Lieven, however, came from the Prince and begged the Emperor to open the letter. Alexander complied, and found it contained a request not to visit the Princess, as

such a visit would lower the Prince in the eyes of the people. The Emperor did not go, but sent to the Princess a notice that he was prevented only by the Prince's positive request. 1814.

June 25.—Employed in the morning on the Cambridge business. Went in the evening with Baron Humboldt, the Prussian minister, to see Kean in *Iago*. We sat in the orchestra. He was much pleased, but I do not believe understood much.

Elected a member of Wattier's Club.

June 26.—Dined with young Lambton, who married Miss Cholmondeley. Lord and Lady Cholmondeley were there, Lady C. C., Lord Sackville, the Duke of Devonshire, Kneutson the Norwegian, and Mr. Montgomery. Lord C. is good-humoured but silly, and yet funny enough. He told us that the Emperor and King had given nothing yet to the state coachmen and cooks; that the King of Prussia used to eat voraciously at half-past two; that eleven loins of veal were cut up for a luncheon for his hundred and eighty attendants one day; that the Grand Duchess and Emperor for three months' stay at the Pulteney gave only £200 amongst thirty servants.

June 27.—Broke every good resolution made last birthday, but I here renew them all. I have gained in character but lost in capacity, I fear. I cannot bring myself to any serious study, and I begin to lose my taste for reading even those books which used before to interest me. I have

1814. tried a town life, and, I think, with complete want of success. I am not made for general society; and yet I do not like small coteries, let them be composed of ever so clever people; except where my voice is loudest, I cannot bear argumentative talk.

At present I am engaged in a scheme for persuading the University of Cambridge that I am the likely man to represent it, and I foresee that as I have started on the conjecture that Lord Palmerston is to be made a peer, which they say will not take place, I begin wrong, and may end in making myself ridiculous.

I believe that if I am bad, everybody is as bad. For to-day I sit and hear Raymond give an account through what channels he applied himself to the several voters in Palmerston's last election.

June 28.—Rode to London and gallanted Lady Hobhouse and my four elder sisters to the great concert at Whitehall Chapel. The Queen was there, Blücher, and others. The Prince Frederick of Prussia and Madame Meerfeldt were in a box opposite to Lord Liverpool. Before us was the Duke of Devonshire, behind us a Miss Floyd, a most beautiful girl. (Afterwards Lady Peel.)¹

We dined at Cuthbert's, and met there Count Kalkreuth, whom I had known in Stralsund, envoy from Prussia to the Crown Prince. He was funny

¹ Julia, daughter of General Sir John Floyd: married, in 1820, Robert Peel, afterwards second Baronet and Prime Minister.

and very entertaining. He told me that Prince Dolgoruki, whom I knew at Berlin, after the battle of Austerlitz, came to the King of Prussia and, flinging himself at his feet, said in a theatrical tone and gesture :

“*Ah, sire, sauvez le monde, sauvez les Empereurs ; sauvez l’Autriche ; sauvez notre pays.*” The King, quietly lifting him up, said, “*Avant tout, mon ami, levez vous, ensuite nous en parlerons.*” Kalkreuth mentioned that his relation, the Marshal, told him that many of the French soldiers who ran away from the battle of Rosbach were taken with bird-cages on their backs. He told from the same authority that Frederick the Great, one day when the French aeronauts were making a stir, said : “*Messieurs, les Français veulent l’air, les Anglais occupent la mer, mon confrère Joseph II. se contente avec la terre, pour moi, il ne me reste que le feu.*” This he said stirring the stove and alluding to the fire of his grenadiers. The same King, shortly before his death, said to a small party assembled in his cabinet, “I foresee we shall have great disturbances in Europe. I leave the world in a very critical period ; the French will do much towards the overthrow of the Continent, *mais—bon soir, Seidlitz,*” turning to the Marshal, and giving his companion the *congé* at the most important part of the prophecy.

Kalkreuth told also that when in 1812 the French were advancing upon Russia it was found

1814.

1814. out a large column under Ney would pass through Potsdam. This town, by an express article of the last peace, was exempted from the presence of French troops, and Kalkreuth was despatched by the ministry from Berlin to Marshal Ney near Leipsig, to inform him of the circumstance, and that his troops would be resisted if they attempted to pass through the royal residence. On his way, he called on the King at Potsdam, and told him he desired to have the latter part of the communication from his own mouth. Frederick William said, "Certainly, I shall resist; and tell the Marshal that if he comes before Potsdam I will pull up the drawbridges and fire upon his troops." Kalkreuth met Ney, and without any difficulty persuaded him to alter his line of march. The Marshal conceded at once, and with many apologies when seeing the article of the treaty.

July 1.—Sir Francis Burdett brought Curran to my rooms to introduce him to me. He talked rhetorically and pointedly, but not without effort, I think. Burdett seeing John Fuller in my room, who was introduced by me, asked him to dine with him. This he, I, Davies, Webb, Knight, and Hawker did, and met Curran, who was fluent as before.

At nine I put on my Albanian clothes and went with Byron to the great masquerade given by Wattier's Club in honour of Lord Wellington at Burlington House. I presume the supper in the temporary room, in which 1,700 persons sat

at ease, was the most magnificent thing of the kind ever seen. The dress was much admired. Byron as a monk looked very well. Miss Rawdon said to me, "Does he not look beautiful?" The Duke of Wellington was there in great good humour apparently, and not squeezed to death. Lady C. Lamb played off the most extraordinary tricks—made Skeffington pull off his red guard's coat—walked up into the private rooms. A mask annoyed me much by saying: "Is that your electioneering dress?"—'twas one of the Miss Kinnaird's. I walked home between six and seven. 1814.

July 6. CAMBRIDGE.—Lord Byron came from Sixmile Bottom, and dined with Davies, who had Smythe the professor there. The said Smythe is, I think, a poor creature.

July 7.—At two, started with Byron, Scrope Davies, and Kinnaird, in big coach for London. Arrived in London by nine. Dined with the three at the Cocoa-Tree. Learn that Kinnaird told Byron I must have lost my senses to think of standing for Cambridge; so there is no faith to be placed in man, Kinnaird being one of my chief advisers; but I shall not reproach him but use him, and in spite of all I will come in for the University.

July 14.—I dined with Kinnaird, and met there General Lowe, and Count Niemen, Secretary of Embassy from Austria. General Lowe mentioned that it was impossible to doubt that the

1814. allies would get to Paris; nothing but political considerations could prevent them. He owned the order for a retreat to the Rhine was given, but that Blücher never ceased to advance when he could. He said that the grand army and Blücher's met by accident at Fère Champenoise, that Lowe recognised Marshal Wrede, who, learning that the French columns had been twice charged in vain, drew his sword and, flourishing it about, led on his cavalry in person, but was also obliged to retreat. The French were in two rectangular bodies. The one of 1,200 men was half annihilated before it laid down its arms, which when it did, the Emperor Alexander rode up to the Commander of it and took him by the hand saying he had defended himself, *en galant homme*. The remainder of the 5,000 left, all but 1,500 dead or wounded on the field.

Count Niemen mentioned that he had been sent to propose an armistice to the allies before the battle of Bautzen, but missing his way, or being obliged to go about, did not arrive until the battle had begun.

July 16.—Go to the play with Byron and see Kean as Richard. He carries me away with him. It was the last night of the company's performance. I supped or dined with Byron at the Cocoa-Tree, on fish and champagne.

Book.—I was not sorry to abandon my Cambridge project, as, although I received encouragement from several influential voters, I discovered

that I had very little chance of success. Mr. C. Grant was announced as my opponent; he was more likely to succeed, and more deserving of success than myself. I write this after the experience of half a century, during much of which I have been honoured with his friendship. 1814.

DIARY. *July 20.*—Dined at Whitton, but in the evening rode up to London, and went to a concert and ball at Devonshire House. It was very magnificent, effacing everything of the kind. The gardens were illuminated with “a Wellington.” At supper there was room for more than came.

July 21.—I rode down to Holland House and saw Lady Holland in her own chamber very ill. She told me that Lord Lansdowne had said he wished I were in Parliament, and also that Lord T. Townshend had desired Lord Holland to speak to Lord Grey, which he did, about his son, but only to fulfil the letter of his promise.

Went in the evening to Lady Jersey’s, where was a small party attended by those who were not invited to the Prince’s fête—about twenty: Lord and Lady Holland, Duchess of Somerset, Mrs. and Miss Rawdon, Lady Ranccliffe, Mr. and Mrs. Tierney, Mr. D. Rouse, and lastly Brummell, who was received with a smile for a repetition of *fautes plaisanteries* on the occasion of their exclusion.

July 22.—I wrote numerous letters on the subject of the election of Cambridge University—had a counsel with Raymond thereupon.

1814. *July 29.*—Wrote for Byron a note to his “Lara,” stating that there are, and were, no serfs in Spain, and that he knew it. This was suggested by Lady Holland to me.

August 1.—Went to London to see the Grand Jubilee. I saw by the placards that the public was *respectfully* informed that the Parks were shut up.

I dined at Cuthbert’s, and went with him, Miss Doyle, Lady L., and Lord F. Bentinck, to the Hyde Park, where the ships fought, on the Serpentine, coming on stern foremost and firing one pop-gun at a time.

Afterwards I went to Burdett’s house, and sat in a room there with a large party until past one to see the fireworks from the Castle in the Green Park, which were very brilliant but very tiresome. The whole room was asleep. I rode off to Whitton, tired to death. The pagoda in St. James’s Park was burnt down accidentally, and two men killed.

August 11.—Rode to London. Saw Byron and his sister. Murray tells me that he has sold 6,000 of “Lara.” Byron has got back Newstead. The buyer, Claughton, has forfeited £25,000.

At home: Baron Arnheim dined with us. He said he had spoken several times to Napoleon, whose most striking feature, he said, was a disgust and contempt of the human race. He told an anecdote that, Napoleon, seeing the King of

Rome playing on the floor one day, said to some Cardinal, "*Croyez-vous, Cardinal, que cet être-là ait un âme ?*" (The Baron is a bore.) 1814.

August 13.—Leigh, Maddox, and Gough dined with us.

Leigh talked of his Egyptian tour ; he affirmed that the plague there seemed sometimes to drop from heaven upon a village or district and swept everything away : men, horses, cattle, sheep, dogs, at once, but did not extend beyond the certain line. It has never gone beyond a certain spot in Upper Egypt, which is marked by the tomb of a celebrated Sheik, who is said to prevent its higher progress, and is therefore much worshipped. The plague is much worse in autumn. The inhabitants of Egypt, when the plague appeared at Alexandria at first said it was only the Constantinopolitan plague, and that it could not live in their heat ; but it did, and killed 150 herdsmen. Leigh was at Malta during the plague there, which he said either was not the plague or was caused by the fright of government.

Leigh told me that the Mameluke Beys were driven fifty days' journey from Alexandria to the Black Kingdom of Gondola, which they had seized. They consist of 500 Mamelukes, 4,000 blacks and other slaves, badly armed with bows and arrows. They were going to war with a powerful king who lives by the Red Sea when Leigh was there. When he was at Alexandria, news arrived of the taking of Moscow, at the

1814. same time came news of the taking of Mecca by Ali Pasha, and the Turks rejoiced for many days. The invasion of Russia was to them a business of infinite unimportance: they only thought of Mecca. Events are nothing but vast horrors.

August 15.—Rode up to London. Called on Byron and Bickersteth.

August 18.—Dined with Byron at Cocoa-Tree; walked home in two hours and a half. (Whitton.)

September 1.—Dined with Kinnaird. Luttrell (the wit) there; he is good-humoured, but made no trial, though he said pleasant things enough. Bickersteth beat down all before him. He recommended him to read Lord Bacon de augmentis.

Kinnaird told us that a Dr. Asalini, who was with Napoleon in Egypt, said the famous massacre of Jaffa was not true in its full extent, but that 3,000 Turks who had been before let go, being taken again in Jaffa, were disarmed and kept like beasts and driven to drink sometimes. Napoleon, not knowing what to do with them, said, "*Qu'on me chasse ces hommes à coups de fusil,*" and that accordingly columns of French were drawn up, and the Turks being directed to fly one way, a few discharges took place, and about seventy were killed or wounded.

The staff, with Napoleon, were looking at this through a spy-glass, and it was owned Napoleon smiled. As to the poisoning, only fourteen men

had anything given them, as Napoleon said to the physician "*Pour adoucir leurs maux*," and of these four recovered. Asalini was told this by the very physician who refused to poison the men. 1814.

September 3.—At Whitton. Folks dined here on venison. A person here, a young major, with whom it turned out one of the family either had been, or is, in love. He is aide-de-camp to General Paget, who was taken prisoner in the retreat from Salamanca. He told me that Paget told him the French who took him came for Lord Wellington, who arrived at the spot only five minutes after them.

September 5.—Read Ben Jonson's *Alchemist* for the first time, to my shame; it is a most superior comedy indeed, and shows an extraordinary power of words, and appropriate ones.

September 19.—At Easton Gray shooting. . . .

September 30.—Lord Byron is going to be married, as I learn, to Miss Milbanke.

October 1.—I wrote congratulations to Byron.

October 13.—Left Randoncombe, stopped at Cirencester, and visited part of a Roman pavement in the house of a Mr. Jelf. The specimen is in mosaic, and is admirably performed, both as to colour and outline, infinitely superior to the plate that has been taken of it.

I have heard from Baillie, who has visited Napoleon at Elba, and mentioned his voice as peculiarly sweet, but his conversation not singular.

1814. He had an hour's talk on the terrace over the beach of Porto Ferrajo by moonlight in company with Mrs. Orby Hunter, Lord Dumfries, and Mr. Vaughan, who wrote an account of Sicily. Napoleon talked of the nature of the Militia service, of the English Army and Navy, of their uniform, and addressed Mrs. O. Hunter upon the comparative merits of English and Italian silks.

Baillie says he met Cole and Campbell at Florence, who accompanied Napoleon to Elba, and learnt many singular anecdotes from them. It is astonishing, says Baillie, how little dignity or discretion he makes use of in his retreat. He told Usher, in his cabin going to Elba, that he should be recalled to the throne of France in six months.

He has gone over with Campbell the history of his whole private life. Campbell says he neither reads nor writes, but employs the time, from four in the morning until ten at night, except at meals, in constant bodily activity.

October 14.—Last night and this morning I read a little book called, "England's Black Tribunal," printed and published first in 1659; the trial and proceedings against Charles I.

October 15.—Read at night some autographs of Mrs. Smith's, which are very valuable. There is one of Oliver Cromwell, with his seal and signature, directed to "all officers under my command." Also a letter from Dryden, deciding a passage

from Creech's *Lucretius*, which Mrs. Smith sent to Scott when he published his edition of Dryden, and which is the only original letter in that edition. That which struck me very much was a French letter from Henry Brougham to his cousin, John Richardson, then at Paris, dated Edinburgh, January 1, 1802. It is bold French enough, but is curious, because Brougham there tells him that he has on the anvil his Colonial Policy, which, though it is a subject *au-dessus de ses forces*, he still shall publish in order to make himself known, and to give himself a reputation *pour la politique*; if he does not succeed, he tells his cousin, he shall leave his country and try his fortune at some foreign court, and he begs him to inquire what encouragement is given to strangers in France. He concludes by telling Mr. Richardson not to lionise at Paris, but to keep company good but cheap, *i.e.*, with the émigrés and old noblesse. He talks with enthusiasm of the charm of female society, and even of domestic life, and concludes by mentioning that he is studying nineteen hours out of the twenty-four.

October 19.—Found a letter from Byron asking me to stand groomsman at his marriage.

October 23.—Read in the evening some of Mr. Smith's autographs—one of Johnson recommending a Benedictine monk to Dr. Adams of Pembroke, and a capital letter from Locke to Sir T. Bankes, relative to his son's travelling, and advising that

1814. instead of staying at Paris, where they then were, he should visit the departments. Locke lays down as the chief good to be gained by travel, the acquisition of ease with strangers, and a modest assurance in every company.

October 30.—Set off in a post-chaise to Bowood. Dined there; found Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Jekyll, Horner, Lord and Lady Andover, and a Mr. Newnham. At once I saw the difference of talk in this company from that which I had left: quiet, classical, and critical on points of Latin, perhaps no great learning was shown, but the turn of talk was scholarlike. Jekyll told us that Fox, coming one day on Jolliffe, M.P., a strange man, found him eagerly reading Hume. Fox looked over him, and said, "Ah, I see you are got to the imprisonment of the seven bishops." "For God's sake," cried Jolliffe, "don't tell me what's coming." "Now," said Jekyll, "an elderly gentleman of fifty, with a wife of fifty-five as wise as himself, are the best records of history. To them it is a romance."

We had a discourse on the propriety of the use of "tetigit" in Goldsmith's epitaph. It seems it has been objected to. The next day in the *Thesaurus* we found one use of it in Cicero . . . sed Aristoteles, sed . . . ista tetigit. Mr. Newnham remarked one day that Virgil has very few metaphorical expressions in his poems. He has some, but a few, certainly, *i.e.* compared with Lucretius. Bowles, the poet, was there. He

talked of respect for Mr. Horner and myself, 1814.
which made us pass the bottle. Jekyll complimented my book to me. After dinner we dawdled the time agreeably till bedtime.

October 31.—Looked over Latin Thesaurus; afterwards I learnt the folly of hazarding strong assertions. Lord Lansdowne appealed often to me, unfortunately. I can't help being overrated, but I can help appearing to know more than I do, and I will. . . .

Lord and Lady Boringdon came late at night. My lady is suspected of having written the two novels: "Pride and Prejudice" and "Sense and Sensibility." (By Miss Austen.) She is clever and plays with a grace at billiards. (Afterwards Lady Morley.)

November 1.—I rode to Broughton, calling on Mrs. Dickinson by the way. Lord and Lady Andover gone.

November 20.—WHITTON. Rode up to London; saw Douglas Kinnaird, etc. Find Cawthorn has turned out a rogue and threatened Byron to republish his "Satire," and publish his hints from Horace. He tried to provoke Byron to strike him. I called on Byron and find he comes to the Albany to-day. Called on Westmacott, and found him talking of the Roman pavement at Bognor. He has heard from Lyons, and seen a copy of the pavement found there, which represents a chariot race entire.

November 23.—Went with Kinnaird to Cam-

1814. bridge. Saw Lord Byron. Voted in the Senate House for Mr. Clarke, Fellow of Trinity, for the Professorship of Anatomy. Lord Byron, when he gave his vote, was applauded by the students in the gallery, and also when he left the place of voting. This is, they tell me, unique. He looked as red as fire. Mansel and Dr. Clarke contended for the honour of escorting him. This is well for a bishop.

I dined in our hall. Afterwards saw Bloomfield, who is a prig. There were there, young Perceval, eldest son of the Minister who this night declaimed in Trinity against Whitbread's eldest son on the death of Charles I.; also Scrope Davies, Hodgson, Lord Byron, and a Mr. Matthews, brother of my friend.

November 24.—Went with Byron and Chambers to London. Dined with Kinnaird, met there Sir Robert Wilson, Sir C. Stuart, K.B., the Minister at Lisbon; Byron, and also two Poles, one of whom, General Count Pac,¹ talked of his services with Napoleon, with whom he had been on the *état-major* up to the time of the abdication.

He told us that when Napoleon entered Wilna in the campaign of 1812, there had been preparations in the town for fêting the Emperor Alexander, who, with his army, had the same

¹ General Pac served in the Polish army till 1808, when he took service with the French and joined their army in the Peninsula. He afterwards distinguished himself in the battles of Essling, Wagram, Lutzen, Dresden, and Leipzig. On the fall of Napoleon he retired to his estates in Poland, and took part in the struggle for liberty in 1830, in which year he was wounded at the battle of Ostrolenka.

day fled from it. Count Pac had prepared a ball and fireworks. The letter A. in the centre of these was changed into an N., so that the fireworks at his mansion as well as the fêtes of the whole city served to celebrate the entry of the French Emperor. 1814.

Pac was at Dresden: he completely confirmed the stories I heard at that place of the same number of the French the day of the first appearance of the allies, who, he said, might have carried the place by a charge of the bayonet. Only 15,000, or 20,000 French were in garrison. Napoleon arrived in the night and went to bed. Pac was on the lookout from the top of the house: he saw the allies forming on the heights, but waited to be sure that he had not been mistaken. He then went down and spoke to Nansouty,¹ who was in waiting. He was shown in to Napoleon and told the news. The Emperor heard him and cried, "*Allons, mon cheval.*" Notwithstanding the Saxons hated him and the French, yet such was their fear for their lives and safety, and such their confidence even in the appearance of Napoleon, that although they knew how few French were in Dresden, they shouted with joy, the women even crying as he rode along the streets.

The day of the battle Napoleon was standing in a battery with Pac, who was on the lookout

¹ Etienne Antoine Marie Champion, Comte de Nansouty, 1768-1815, distinguished as a soldier, and also for his bravery, generosity, and independence of character. He joined the Royalists after the abdication of Napoleon, and died of an incurable disease in February 1815.

1814. and saw a train of fieldpieces brought down to flank this battery. This he communicated to Napoleon, who said briskly ; “ *Je ne vous demande pas ça,*” and stood still. Instantly a discharge of shot carried away part of the palisades and drove the earth all over the Emperor’s pantaloons, who then galloped away.

At the battle of Leipsig he put himself before his cavalry, and rode on his white horse with all his staff along the line. This wonderfully inspirited the men. At Montmirail he himself charged at the head of five squadrons of cavalry and three of infantry, throwing out his arms and calling to his troops, galloping before them. The Prussians ran from the field, 30,000 before a few regiments, without knowing what or who pursued them.

Napoleon was in the habit, especially in the last campaign, of leaving his marshals to fight at discretion, and his marshals suffered their generals to do the same. At Montmirail Count Pac commanded a division ; he saw Marshal Le Fevre wrapped up in his greatcoat standing in the field alone, and, galloping to him, asked for orders. “ *Mon cher,*” said he, “ *faites ce que vous voudrez.*” Before that battle, Napoleon was so surrounded that he was obliged to follow the guidance of the peasants who, when the allies, advancing on all sides towards Paris, had cut off communications by the high road, led him and his little army through marshes until he got at the rear of Blücher and the Prussians and beat them.

Napoleon was in the habit of boxing the ears of his marshals and great men, half in jest and half in earnest. Count Pac has seen him slap Caulaincourt on the face in such a manner as to make it doubtful what he meant. The other Pole told me one or two ludicrous stories of Napoleon's way of making love. 1814.

Both the Poles agreed that Napoleon mistrusted the Poles. These people offered to raise the armed population for his service, but Duroc informed them that the Emperor would accept of such as those to enter into the regular regiments, but would dispense with the levies. He dismissed the diet at Wilna. "From that moment the heart of the Poles sank," said Pac.

They declaimed against the present conduct of the allies, and especially the folly of England being taken by the bait of making Hanover a kingdom, and of giving Belgium to the Prince of Orange, when in any war Belgium and Hanover must fall at once. England, said they, should keep as many small estates in Italy or in the German seaports as possible, so that if she goes to war with any great continental power she may not be at once shut out from all continental commerce; but now she consents to give Dantzic to Prussia, and Italy to Austria. Italy, said they, had begun to raise her head under Napoleon; she had her own Senate, her own armies, her own laws, unmixed. Her literature began to revive. Will she consent to be the cudgel of Austria?

1814. Germany was in bondage, but she was Germany still, and after the death of Napoleon would have recovered herself. Now she is no longer Germany ; the smaller States are to be merged, the larger confined, changed, and retitled ; whole peoples are transferred to new masters, and who is content ? Ask Saxony. Ask Bavaria. And let England hear the same question. She will have to pay Prussia for the preservation of Hanover, and Austria for allowing her to trade to Italy and the Ionian Isles.

Pac said he augured ill of the Russian disposition towards Poland at once. When he, after the review of the Poles at St. Cloud, received an order from the Grand Duke Constantine relative to his division, he returned no answer, but wrote to Talleyrand telling him that he considered himself and his Poles under orders from the Provisional Government of France. Talleyrand, I think he said, replied that under existing circumstances it would be advisable for him to attend to the orders of the Grand Duke.

The Poles showed the most devoted attachment in their way of talking of their country. They told us only eight regiments are to be raised in Poland. Now they have nearly as many officers as would supply 100,000 men, so that the Polish gentry must look to something else than the profession of arms. Pac said, "*J'ai sauvé mon honneur et je n'ai pas perdu mon bien, voilà quelque chose, j'ai été général, je serai a very*

good farmer," and in fact he has been six months in Scotland and England making observations on agriculture. I heard somewhere that the French prisoners who came from Scotland were followed in their march back to France with a train of Scotch ploughs and other implements of husbandry

November 26.—Went to Drury Lane and saw Kean in *Macbeth*. His dagger and murder scene is very great; but Mrs. Bartlett's (Miss Smith) Lady Macbeth was intolerable.

December 2.—Dined at Kinnaid's. Present: Lord Byron and Kean. Kean told us one or two anecdotes of himself. One was that at Stroud, in Gloucestershire, on one night he acted Shylock, danced on the tight-rope, sang a song then in vogue called the "Storm," sparred with Mendoza, and then acted Three-fingered Jack. . . . He said that one night he forgot his part, and repeated the "Allegro" of Milton without being detected by the audience. He gave us imitations of Incedon, of Kemble, of Sinclair, and Master Betty, all in the most finished style. He said he always felt his part when acting with a pretty woman, and then only.

We broke up at two o'clock, mutually much pleased.

December 6.—Came to Woburn, the most comfortable, princely mansion in the world. Met there the Hon. Colonel Fred Ponsonby, 12th Dragoons, Lord W. Russell and his son George, Colonel and Mrs. Seymour, the latter aunt to

1814. Lord Tavistock—a charming woman. Dined in a magnificent room, on plate, with three or four servants out of livery, among whom, however, is the marker of the Duke's tennis court.

December 7.—Went shooting in great style, keepers in liveries, cart to hold the game, etc., but it rained, and we killed no great number. It was a regular battue. Tavistock had a Newfoundland dog and a stray which fetched wounded game.

Mr. and Lady E. Whitbread arrived to-day. Mr. Whitbread was very jocosely on a story of mine, relative to Napoleon's reported carrying of horse-shoes for four years for his cavalry into Russia, which I heard at Paris, but which calculation shows to be next to impossible. The lowest calculation would make 12,000-ton weight of horse-shoes.

December 10.—Rode my mare with the hounds. No sport, dreadful day of snow and hail. Cavenish, his wife, and Lady Walpole arrive.

December 11.—Played at tennis in the Duke's court with Tavistock. Visited the pheasantry and other beauties of this place, the Temple of Liberty at the end of the conservatory. The Latin on the façade is not bad. The lines under Fox's bust by the Duchess of Devonshire are excellent, I think. Tavistock told me that his father pays £14,000 a year in annuities for the late Duke. The sums he gave to the Duchess of D—— and Lady B—— were immense. He owed £300,000 at his death,

I read in Ayliffe's "Former and Present State of Oxford" that Antony Wood is reckoned a papist. 1814.

December 12.—Rode sixteen miles on my mare to meet the hounds at a Mr. Wescar's in Buckinghamshire, a country as fine as Leicestershire. Did not find there, nor until we got to Sir Jonathan — hop grounds, where we had a bad run. My horse gave me two severe falls.

Dinner as usual. Lady Walpole told me of some gentleman who called up everybody at an inn from fear of a moth. The waiter said, "No wonder he was frightened, for it was a very large moth."

Book.—On Tuesday, December 13 of this year (1814), I heard from a friend that he had received a letter from Colonel Campbell, at Elba. In that letter Campbell told my friend that Napoleon had spent all his money, and suspected that his pension would not be paid. "Sometimes," wrote the Colonel, "he talks wildly of his former life, and complains of the cruelty of separating him from his wife and child. At other times he speculates on his future fate, and says that if the allies wish to dispose of him, he is ready to embark for St. Helena, or *voilà la poitrine.*" Mr. Whitbread (the late), to whom I showed my friend's letter, at Woburn, told me that Captain Usher, who carried over Napoleon, in the *Undaunted*, to Elba, gave him an interesting account of the Emperor's way of life while on board his frigate.

1814. He was exceedingly cheerful the whole time of the passage. He rose at four in the morning, took a cup of coffee, wrote until ten, breakfasted à la fourchette, and passed a great part of the day in walking the quarter-deck. On one occasion he went forward and spoke to the sailors about the best way of veering away a cable. Captain Usher said that his hints were those of a good seaman. He gave Usher a picture of himself, and invited him and his wife to Elba, offering a palace for their residence. He showed the Captain a picture of Marie Louisa, very pretty. Napoleon called it "flattering"; "she is, however," added he, "very amiable." He also showed the Captain a bust of himself, which Usher said was like him, but Napoleon replied, "No; it makes me frown, which I defy anybody to say he ever saw me do." Captain Usher said his smile was most captivating. Napoleon gave the crew of the *Undaunted* £100 when he left the ship. The boatswain, in their name, thanked him on the quarter-deck, and "wished his Honour long life and prosperity at the isle of Elba." He had sixteen covered wag-gons with him when he disembarked, and he stood in his little cocked hat eight hours, under a burning sun, which drove Captain Usher in, that he might see everything taken out of the ship. He then mounted his horse, and galloped about several (four) hours *pour se délasser*. Whilst the Captain was on the island Napoleon used to ride with him about on goat-tracks, which made

the Captain tremble, and Napoleon said, "You don't care for me at sea, but I can frighten you here." 1814.

DIARY. *December 13.*—He assembled the grantees and others at his palace the next morning when Usher was present. Napoleon entered the chamber and stood thoughtful for *two minutes*, with his finger in his nose, then turned about and dictated to a secretary, without any hesitation, an entire plan of a most magnificent palace from the cellars to the garrets.

Usher gave him his wine, for there was none at Elba. Napoleon offered to pay him, but Usher said his Government would not allow such a reimbursement, which it would take certainly upon itself.

When Usher came back he called on Lord Melville. He says he might have had anything if he would have described Napoleon as a fool or mad; but as he could not and did not, in spite of all his Lordship's hints, he has been told he must accept £100, which he has refused. He kept three tables, for himself, Napoleon, and suite.

These anecdotes were confirmed to me by Lady Madeline Palmer at Bedford, all except one, when Whitbread's *two hours* were reduced to *two minutes*.

NAPOLEON AT ELBA

BOOK.—Several accounts have been published of the Emperor's life at Elba, and his conversation with Englishmen there. My late friend Lord

1814. Fortescue, and others, have left records of this episode of his career, but I know nothing more characteristic than that which was told me at Paris, in 1815, by an old school and college friend of mine, who, to say the truth, rather forced himself upon the Emperor. The occurrence took place on January 13 or 14, 1815, and was reported to me on April 22, of the same year.

I find it thus recorded. My friend, Mr. M.,¹ put himself in the way of Napoleon as he was riding from Porto Ferrajo, and pulled off his hat as the Emperor passed. Napoleon stopped, and said to Bertrand or Drouot, who were riding with him, "Qui est celui-là ?" The answer was, "I do not know; apparently a stranger." Said Napoleon to M., "Qui êtes-vous ?" "Je suis un Anglais," replied M. "Ah, êtes-vous militaire ?" *M.* "Non." *N.* "Marchand ?" *M.* "Non." *N.* "Alors vous êtes a gentleman; pourquoi venez-vous ici ?" *M.* "Seulement pour vous voir." *N.* "Quand est-ce que vous êtes arrivé ?" *N.* "Ce matin; nous avons eu une tempête le soir, et manquâmes d'être perdus." *N.* "Non, vraiment ? mais d'où venez-vous ?" *M.* "De Paris." *N.* "Quand ça ?" *M.* "Quinze jours." *N.* "Ah, c'est bien vite; par où êtes-vous passé ?" *M.* "Par Turin." *N.* "Avez-vous des nouvelles de Paris ?" *M.* "Pas beaucoup. Ils ont arrêtés une trentaine de personnes et doublés les gardes." *N.* "Que dites-vous ?"

¹ Mr. Macnamara. See p. 269.

M. repeated what he had said. Napoleon cried 1814.
out, "Apportez-lui un cheval," and one of the attendants dismounted and gave his horse to M. Napoleon, turned to Bertrand, and said, "Have you heard of this?" Bertrand answered, "Non, sire." "You shall ride with me," said Napoleon to M., and they rode side by side for a short time, until Bertrand remarked, "This is the road, sire." Napoleon replied, "No; I will go to San Martino" (his country house), and thither they rode. On the road Napoleon said, "What do you think of the state of France?" "Empereur," replied M., for so he always called him, "we had a storm last night; now there is no wind, but the sea is agitated." "Well answered," said Napoleon. Arrived at San Martino, Napoleon took M. into a small room, and shut the door.

N. "À présent que nous sommes seuls vous pouvez me demander tout ce qui vous plaira; je vous donnerai de réponse." The conversation that followed lasted for more than two hours, and a most singular talk it was. My friend was not embarrassed by any modesty, false or otherwise, and took full advantage of the permission given him to ask questions. He said, "Why did you stay so long at Moscow?" Napoleon replied, "I looked over the meteorological tables for thirty years, and never but once had the winter set in so early by five weeks as it did in 1812. I could not foresee that. I made mistakes, as every man does in the many years

1814. that I have been in public life and soldier—perhaps ten a day.” *M.* “Quoi, dix par jour ?” *N.* “Oui, dix par jour. I made a mistake about England in trying to conquer it. The English are a brave nation. I have always said there are only two nations, the English and the French ; and I made the French. What would you have done had I landed in England ?” *M.* “Risen against you to a man. I myself, with all my admiration for you, would have poisoned you. I would have sent you a dozen bottles of drugged wine, anything to get rid of you.” *N.* “Well, you are right. Then you do not think the English would bear being governed by me ?” *M.* “No.” *N.* “No ! why not ?” *M.* “They admire your abilities, but there are two or three things which you have done, and which they cannot bear.” *N.* “What are they ?” *M.* “You would not like to hear them.” *N.* “Yes, I shall—speak.” *M.* “Well, then, the death of the Duke d’Enghien.” *N.* “Bah ! c’est un enfantillage.” *M.* “Comment enfantillage, tuer un homme comme ça ?” *N.* “Yes ; what business had he to plot with Pichegru and Georges within five miles of France ? Why could he not go elsewhere ? He was tried and condemned by a council of war. He was not shot in the night, he was shot in the morning. I was told I must put him to death.” *M.* “I am glad you have cleared yourself of that.” *N.* “Well, what else ?” *M.* “Poisoned your sick.” *N.* “Ce n’est pas vrai. There were fourteen or

sixteen ill of the plague. I assembled a medical board—they said the sick would die in twenty-four hours. I determined to wait that time rather than leave them to the Turks, who would cut off their noses and ears. At the end of the time only one or two were alive, and they were dying when my army marched. No, that charge is not true.”¹ *M.* “The massacre of two thousand Turks at Jaffa.” *N.* “Il y avait trois mille. Well, I had a right. They had been my prisoners. I released them. I knew they were in Jaffa. I sent a captain with a flag of truce to warn them to get away before the town was taken, as, if they were retaken, I should be obliged to shoot them. They killed my messenger, cut off his head and put it on a pike. The town was taken by assault, and the men were shot. I had a right. Mr. Robert Wilson and Sydney Smith, who blamed me, would have done the same; besides, there were not provisions enough for French and Turks—one of them must go to the wall. I did not hesitate. *Je ne balançai pas.*” *M.* “How did you escape from Egypt?” *N.* “Nothing was more easy; but if Sydney Smith, instead of playing the politician with the Pasha of Egypt, had been attending to his profes-

¹ Napoleon talked to M. of the death of Pichegru, and said, “He strangled himself by twisting a stick in his neckcloth in this way” [showing how he did it]. “As for Wright, I only knew that he had killed himself. I had no inducement or interest of any kind in regard to the death of that man.” Napoleon speaking of Dessaix, told M. that the battle of Marengo was won before Dessaix came up.

1814. sional duties, and cruising before Alexandria, I could not have got away." *M.* "Did you not bring away three or four Mamelukes with you?" *N.* "Yes." *M.* "We had a foolish story in England." *N.* "What is that?" *M.* "You will be *fâché*." *N.* "No. What is it?" *M.* "Why, they said you had fallen asleep, and one of your Mamelukes having some of your papers by accident in his hand, you took up a pistol and shot him dead." *N.* "No; this hand is innocent of blood—innocent as yours. No; I never did this; it is nonsense. My Mameluke never slept in the same room with me; he had a chamber apart." *M.* "Is it true that your Mameluke offered to cut off your head at Fontainebleau last year, and that pistols were left in your room for you to shoot yourself?" Napoleon laughed heartily at this story. "Non, c'est une bêtise—what! kill myself? Had I nothing better to do than this—like a miserable bankrupt, who, because he has lost his goods, determines to lose his life? No. Napoleon is always Napoleon, and always will know how to be content and bear any fortune. It must be confessed that I am in a better plight now than when I was a lieutenant of artillery." *M.* "Bravo, Empereur!" During the conversation Napoleon said, "*Mon rôle est fini*." He added that he was writing his history. *M.* said, "*Alors l'histoire aura un triumvirat de grands hommes—Alexandre, César, et Napoléon*." Napoleon looked steadfastly at him without speaking, and *M.* told me he

1814.

thought he saw the Emperor's eyes moistened. At last N. said, "Vous auriez eu raison si une balle m'avait frappé à la bataille de Mojaïsk; mais mes derniers revers ont effacé toute la gloire de mes premières années." Saying this, he walked away to the end of the room, and paused for some time in silence. M. next told him that Italy was in a turbulent state, and hinted that Napoleon might do something there. N. "Pas là." "Perhaps," added M., "you think that country not large enough for you; but recollect the Romans gave laws to the whole world." Napoleon then said that Louis XVIII. was a "brave homme, trop bon pour les Français; et moi aussi, j'étais trop bon." M. "Quoi! trop bon?" N. "Oui, trop bon, et on m'a trompé finalement." Napoleon said he could not think of Marmont "sans rougir"—a man whom he had brought up from the age of sixteen, and who, only the night before he went over to the allies, had, at a secret interview close to Paris, sworn fidelity to him. He insisted that his last movements upon Paris would have succeeded if Marmont had remained faithful. The allies might have had one gate of Paris, he the other. They would have been obliged to leave 300,000 men in the city, and then he should have beaten them; the treachery of Marmont decided the business. "Not one of the French marshals was worth that," said Napoleon, snapping his fingers. He (N.) could make a French army bear and do anything. N. con-

1814. tinued: "Wellington was a brave homme"; he would sooner trust him with 100,000 men than any of his own Generals, even Soult; but it was very foolish to send him (W.) to the Court of France to face those whom he had humbled. *M.* "Why do the French Generals talk so slightly of him?" *N.* "Because he has humbled them one after another. How did the English like the Bourbons?" *M.* "They thought little of them; they did not like the Duc de Berri, he was too debauched." *N.* "Debauched! what do you mean—that he loved women?" *M.* "No, not that; he——, and that is not liked in England." *N.* "On n'aime pas ça non plus en France." *M.* "Did the Empress Maria Louisa like you?" *N.* "Ah! pauvre femme, si elle ne m'aimait!" *M.* "What sort of boy is the King of Rome? Is he a fine child?" *N.* "Ma foi! je l'ai très peu vu; j'ai été à la guerre. Je n'en sais presque rien." *N.* talked with much indifference of the child, and of the Austrian alliance. He said, "C'était un funeste mariage." Napoleon asked repeatedly about the Princess Charlotte, and whether she was not a person of spirit and character. Of the Prince of Orange he said that he had intercepted a letter from him to his father, in which the Prince had abused the Prince Regent of England violently. "This," said *N.*, "was wrong, and I had a good mind to publish the letter in the *Moniteur*, but I did not. As to Belgium, the French will have it, or Louis lose

his crown in a year—nay, in three: put that down in your tablets,” said he (tapping M. on the shoulder), “and say Napoleon told you so. How is the old king? I know he never liked me; did he abuse me?” *M.* “He followed the bent of his Ministers. However, he praised you for one thing.” *N.* “What was that?” *M.* “I don’t like to tell you.” *N.* “Speak out.” *M.* “Well, then, when you divorced Josephine and married the Archduchess, he said he wished he could change his wife too.” Here Napoleon laughed violently; indeed he did so frequently during the conversation. *M.* “Is it true that you said the Emperor of Russia was a *bête sans le savoir*, and the King of Prussia a *savant bête*?” *N.* “No; it is not true: the Emperor of Russia is a brave homme; but the King of Prussia the greatest *bête* I ever knew: he kept me half an hour talking to me of my uniform and my buttons, and laid hold of my coat, so that at last I said, ‘You must ask my tailor.’” *M.* “The next time you invade Russia you should have the alliance of England.” *N.* “Ay, ay, I committed a fault there.” *M.* “Is it true, sire, that at council you used to cut the chairs, and even your throne, with a penknife?” *N.* “Non, non; ce sont de bêtises: ne croyez-vous pas que j’avais quelque autre chose à faire que de telles folies?” *M.* “You are fortunate in having such good health.” *N.* “Yes; I never was ill in my life.” *M.* “Yet our foolish newspapers and storytellers made out that you

1814. had all sorts of disorders, and one of a peculiar character." *N.* "Ah! what was that?" *M.* "I do not like to say." *N.* "Nay, speak out; I shall not be angry." *M.* "On a dit qu'à Fontainebleau vous avez attrapé. . . ." *N.* "Ah, non; je n'ai jamais eu une telle maladie de ma vie, ni aucune autre." He smiled, but said this seriously. Napoleon said Lord Castlereagh was a "mauvais politique." *M.* "Cependant c'était lui qui vous a fait abdiquer." *N.* "Non, c'était la trahison." *M.* asked Napoleon what he thought of Colonel Campbell. *N.* "Je le connais très peu, ce monsieur; mais pourquoi est-ce qu'il se trouve souvent chez moi?" *M.* "To watch you, sire." *N.* "Judging from the English whom I have seen, I should say that they know very little what I have done, yet they are anxious to know what I shall do." Napoleon said he liked Frederick Douglas best of the English he had seen, adding, "Though he is only twenty-five, he looks like a man of forty-five," which was true enough. Napoleon spoke slightly of the King of Naples, and called him a "magnifico lazzaroni." He said that Murat was the first to desert him. He repeated his question about Paris; and when he heard that his symbols and *Ns* were defaced, he said, "Ah! c'est une bagatelle, et peut-être aurais-je dû jamais avoir mis mes *N* sur les édifices." *M.* asked him if it was true that he had placed money in any foreign funds. Napoleon seemed hurt at this, and replied, "No; never: how could

you believe it? I did everything, I could to de- 1814.
stroy your funds. Talleyrand might have bought
into your funds; I never did; no, not a penny.”
M. asked him what orders he wore on his coat.
Napoleon said that one was the Legion of Honour,
which he would never part with; the other the
Iron Crown of Italy. M. remarked that troops
of all nations would be proud to serve under him
if wanted. Napoleon said that he had no money
to pay them; he had been obliged to borrow,
having given the soldiers with him all the money
he had. Napoleon asked M. where he lived, and
being told at the Aigle Noir, said, “Very well,
I will send for you again.” Perceiving that M.
frequently rubbed his eyes during their conversa-
tion, he asked the reason of it. “Why,” replied
M., “I can scarcely believe my eyes that I am
alone talking with you.” This pleased him, and
when M. talked of his delight and the fear he had
of taking up too much of his time, Napoleon said,
“I can assure you I am as glad to talk to you as
you can be to talk to me; a stranger is a great
entertainment for me.” M. asked if he was not
afraid of being assassinated. “Not by the Eng-
lish,” said Napoleon; “they are not assassins. I
am obliged to be cautious in regard to some others,
especially the Corsicans, some of whom have a
strong feeling against me.”

I made a note of this conversation, at least as
much as I remembered of it, on the same day that
I heard it from my friend, who also told me that

1814. on quitting Napoleon he was accosted by Bertrand, who said, "So you have had a long conversation with the Emperor; he must have told you a great deal." M. said, "The Emperor was very condescending; he must be a very good-humoured man and never in a passion." At this Bertrand smiled, and said, "I know him a little better than you."

Of course, in recording this dialogue, I only tell the tale as it was told to me. My old schoolfellow was what is called a very cool hand, as his questions to the Emperor sufficiently indicate; but I do not believe that he was untruthful. I never heard him charged with that great defect, and I lived a good deal in his society in my younger days.

DIARY. *December 14.*—Battue to-day in Crawley Woods. Killed altogether sixty-five pheasants, and at least as many hares and rabbits.

December 15.—Left Woburn. Arrived at Oakley. Dined with Lord W. Russell, George, Mrs. and Colonel Seymour. A stump-bred fox runs better than an earth-bred one.

December 16.—Dinner as usual. Lady Sefton there, Lord Harrington's sister. She is the most ridiculous person I ever met; takes any flattery; talks of the *veille cour*, and dwelt with delight upon the Prince's attention to her at Brighton. He has given her one of his eight orders, the chain and medal with his own portrait bound with myrtles, to commemorate the late visit to Brighton

and which she has hung at the left breast. The 1814.
joke at the Pavilion was to send a message to Sir Edmund Nagle at dinner, to tell him Lady Sefton would drink a glass of cherry brandy with him. "You see," said Lady Sefton to us, "Nagle was the butt; a good man, but a great simpleton."

Lady Tavistock told us several odd things of her. The Prince once nearly killed her by telling her she had a fine bust. She went nearly naked. She is more ignorant than can be conceived. Told Tavistock she heard of him at the Island of St. Gothan, and thought the costumes of Turkey printed by Mons. de Ferriol's order were my making.

The next day she showed us the exercise of the fan, how to express the passions by it, and, above all, how to throw it. The great proof of a good fan is its lying pinched at the top, by which it should always be handed. She danced a minuet with Lady Tavistock next night.

December 17.—Young W. Russell told me one or two things of Paris, whence he is just returned. The Duke of Wellington is very unpopular—his nod is unsupportable. The Duke of Berri is hated. He struck an officer and even a common soldier on parade.

Colonel Frederick Ponsonby, 12th Dragoons, told me at Woburn that he rode from Bordeaux to Toulouse to take the news of Napoleon's abdication to Lord Wellington. He had difficulty galloping through the French posts: when arrived

1814 he found Wellington pulling on his boots in his shirt. He had entered Toulouse an hour. "I have extraordinary news for you." "Ay, I thought so. I knew we should have peace; I've long expected it."

"No; Napoleon has abdicated."

"How abdicated? Ay, 'tis time indeed. You don't say so, upon my honour! Hurrah!" said Wellington, turning round on his heel and snapping his fingers.

December 18.—I left Oakley after much pressing to stay from all friends, and rode my mare to Welwyn. There I dined and wrote a letter to Mrs. Cuthbert, and one in French to "Coray."

December 19.—The waiter here knew of Young, the "Night Thoughts," the famous Dr. Young, he called him; the ostler did not. The bowling-green for which the parishioners of Welwyn were indebted to the author of "Night Thoughts" I could learn nothing of. I rode my mare to Finchley, then turned off to Finchley Church, Hendon; cross Edgware Road to Acton, Ealing, Brentford, and Whitton, where found the family as usual.

CHAPTER VI

DIARY. *December* 24, 1814.—I rode up to London, and at twelve set off with Lord Byron on his matrimonial scheme. . . . 1814.

At Chesterford we parted, he for Sixmile Bottom, and I for Cambridge. I found S. B. Davies and all my friends out of college.

December 25.—Dined in Trinity College. Heard they have been throwing a collector of the property tax out of the window at St. Ives. . . .

December 26.—Byron did not arrive until three, when we set off and went three stages to Wansford (in Northants), a capital inn. . . . Never was lover less in haste. . . .

December 27.—Off at twelve. . . . Went as far as Newark in snow and rain. . . . Read the new Gibbon¹—delightful. . . . The bridegroom more and more *less* impatient. . . . Never was lover less in haste. . . .

As to Gibbon, this reading miscellaneously gave me a literary ardour and infused a sort

¹ The completion of the Miscellaneous Works of Edward Gibbon, with Memoirs of his Life and Writings by himself. Edited by the Earl of Sheffield.

1814. of philosophic calm over me to which I have long been a stranger. . . . The pursuits and attainments of Gibbon are, though very noble and extensive, not absolutely beyond the reach of any lover of literature.

The researches of Newton and the brilliancy of Voltaire are objects of admiration, but of despair. . . .

December 28.—We travelled to and slept at Ferrybridge. I read La Bruyère, who is a base flatterer of Louis XIV., and a bigot, or a pretended bigot. . . . He actually praises the King for his persecution of the Huguenots. . . .

December 29.—We went as far as Thirsk to-day. . . .

December 30.—At eight o'clock in the evening we arrived at Seaham, Sir Ralph Milbanke's. . . . Miss Milbanke came to me when alone in the library, and with great frankness took me by the hand at once. . . . Presently in tottered her father. . . . Miss Milbanke is rather dowdy-looking, and wears a long and high dress (as Byron had observed), though she has excellent feet and ankles. . . . The lower part of her face is bad, the upper, expressive, but not handsome, yet she gains by inspection. . . .

She heard Byron coming out of his room, ran to meet him, threw her arms round his neck and burst into tears. She did this *not before us*. . . . Lady Milbanke was so much agitated that she had

gone to her room . . . our delay the cause. . . . 1814.
Indeed, I looked foolish in finding out an excuse
for our want of expedition. . . .

Miss Milbanke, before us, was silent and modest, but very sensible and quiet, and inspiring an interest which it is easy to mistake for love. With me, she was frank and open, without little airs and affectations. . . .

Of my friend she seemed dotingly fond, gazing with delight on his bold and animated face . . . this regulated, however, with the most entire decorum. Byron appears to love her personally, when in her company. . . .

Old Sir Ralph Milbanke is an honest, red-faced spirit, a little prosy, but by no means devoid of humour. . . . My lady, who has been a dasher in her day, and has ridden the grey mare, is pettish and tiresome, but clever. . . . Both are dotingly fond of Miss Milbanke.

There were in the house a family of Mr. Hoare of Durham, confidential counsel and agent of Sir Ralph Milbanke, and the Rev. Thomas Noel, rector of Kirkby Mallory, and illegitimate son of Lord Wentworth. . . . Byron won his heart by his kindness and open manners. . . .

Sir Ralph and Co. told stories. . . . Sir Ralph said that Moore, Archbishop of Canterbury, informed him that he had changed the Archiepiscopal signature from *Cant.* to *Cantuar.* . . .

Of the Bishop of Durham, Shute, he told that the Bishop, when a tutor at Oxford, said to

1814. Lord Hampden . . . "The friendship which I have for my Lord, your father; my respect for my Lord, the Bishop, your uncle; and the peculiar situation in which I stand with my Lord God, etc."

Also that Shute desired some young man not to call his task an imposition. "You're a man of family, I'm a man of family; call it a literary transaction between two men of fashion."

A gentleman, who has lately seen Napoleon, told Hoare that Napoleon said to him, "There are but three generals in the world: myself, Lord Wellington, and that drunkard Blücher."

Byron told me that one day at dinner, Lady C. Lamb said to George Lamb, "George, what's the seventh commandment?" " *Thou shalt not bother . . .* "

December 31.—I walked on the seashore, which is close to the Mansion House of Seaham. The sight of the waters had an indescribable effect upon me. It was a fine, sunshiny day.

I had some private talk with Hoare and Miss Milbanke on Lord Byron's affairs, and I began to entertain doubts of Hanson's probity.

The young lady is most attractive.

We had dinner at six, and had a little jollity upon the signing of the settlements, which was done in the morning. I put my name to a deed which is to provide for the younger children of the marriage; my coadjutor is Sir T. Liddell.

I talked and talked in the evening, which 1814.
concluded jollily with a mock marriage, I being
Lady B., Noel parsonifying, and Hoare giving me
away. Shook hands for New Year.

January 1.—Walked on the shore; the Hoares 1815.
left us. We had not quite so jolly a dinner as
yesterday, but fair, considering.

Byron at night said, "Well, Hobhouse, this is
our last night; to-morrow I shall be Annabella's."
(*Absit omen.*)

January 2.—I dressed in full-dress, with white
gloves, and found Byron up and dressed, with Noel
in canonicals. Lady Milbanke and Sir Ralph
soon came, also dressed. Her Ladyship could
not make tea, her hand shook.

Miss Milbanke did not appear. The Rev.
Wallace came in, also in canonicals. At half-
past ten we parted company; Byron and I went
into his room, the others upstairs.

In ten minutes we walked up into the drawing-
room, and found kneeling-mats disposed for the
couple and the others. The two clergymen, the
father and mother, and myself, were in waiting
when Miss Milbanke came in, attended by her
governess, the respectable Mrs. Clermont.

She was dressed in a muslin gown trimmed with
lace at the bottom, with a white muslin curricule
jacket, very plain indeed, with nothing on her
head.

Noel was decent and grave. He put them,
Byron and Miss Milbanke, on their cushions. Lady

1815. Milbanke placed Sir Ralph next to his daughter ; I stood next to Sir Ralph ; my Lady and Mrs. Clermont were rather opposite in the corner.

Wallace read the responses.

Miss Milbanke was as firm as a rock, and, during the whole ceremony, looked steadily at Byron. She repeated the words audibly and well. Byron hitched at first when he said, "I, George Gordon," and when he came to the words, "With all my worldly goods I thee endow," looked at me with a half-smile. They were married at eleven.

I shook Lady Byron by the hand after the parson, and embraced my friend with unfeigned delight. He was kissed by my Lady Milbanke. Lady Milbanke and Mrs. Clermont were much affected.

Lady Byron went out of the room, but soon returned to sign the register, which Wallace and I witnessed.

She again retired hastily, her eyes full of tears when she looked at her father and mother, and completed her conquest, her innocent conquest.

She came in her travelling-dress soon after, a slate-coloured satin pelisse trimmed with white fur, and sat quietly in the drawing-room. Byron was calm and as usual. I felt as if I had buried a friend.

I put a complete collection of Byron's Poems, bound in yellow morocco, into the carriage for Lady Byron as a wedding gift. It was inscribed thus :

“TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE LADY BYRON.

1815.

“These volumes, the production of a poet, the admiration of his countrymen, the delight of his associates, and the approved choice of her understanding and her heart, are presented, as a sincere token of congratulation, on her union with his best friend, by her faithful and devoted servant,

“JOHN C. HOBHOUSE.”

At a little before twelve I handed Lady Byron downstairs and into her carriage. When I wished her many years of happiness, she said, “If I am not happy it will be my own fault.”

Of my dearest friend I took a melancholy leave. He was unwilling to leave my hand, and I had hold of his out of the window when the carriage drove off.

I left Seaham at twelve. Lady Milbanke asked me if she had not behaved well, as if she had been the mother of Iphigenia. It is not wonderful that the marriage of an only daughter and child, born seventeen years after marriage, should cause a pang at parting. . . .

The little bells of Seaham church struck up after the wedding, and half a dozen fired muskets in front of the house.

The couple went to Halnaby, Sir R. Milbanke's estate in Yorkshire. . . .

I arrived, on January 6, in London; there drove down to Whitton, where I found all my lovely sisters well, and in eager welcome.

CHAPTER VII

1815. DIARY. *January 21, 1815.*—Dined at Tuitnam¹ with the Rev. Arthur Champagne, whose sister married the late Lord Uxbridge. He showed us a paper from a minister of Sir William Scott's, stating that there are 11,600 odd livings in England, of which 2,000 are in ecclesiastical possessions—eleven hundred (I thought he said 6,000) in the gift of the Crown, and the remainder in the hands of lay patrons and corporations, but that dividing these between the beneficed clergy of England, each living was worth only £160 per annum.

Serjeant Marshall told me that he was sitting at the council table with William Pitt at Bristol, who said to him, "Marshall, I have been trying to do the forty-seventh proposition of Euclid, but I cannot get through it. I thought myself a decent mathematician, but find I have forgot the A B C (or some such expression). How do you do it?" Marshall did make out the diagram and do it.

Mr. Hatfield told us he recollects Pitt well at Pembroke College, a tall, ill-looking boy, who kept two horses, for his health, it was supposed: not notorious for any talent. He met him often at H. Bankes's rooms in Trinity Hall.

¹ Twickenham, was then called Twit-nam or Tuit'nam.

Champagne, on the contrary, told us that 1815.
Wilson, Pitt's tutor, told him that at fourteen
Pitt had learned everything he could teach him,
and that he told Lord Chatham so.

At Champagne's I read a page or two of some
remarks on the English language and strictures on
actors by one Baker, in which I find him making
the very same objections to Garrick as are now
made to Kean. Amongst other things, complains
that Garrick tries to make every word *natural*.

Holloway's prints of the cartoons look ill beside
Morghe's "Leonardo da Vinci." I saw, too,
"One of you shall betray Me."

Champagne gave us a good dinner, and good
old port of Frank Chalié, to whom the Prince
of Wales said: "If I were not what I am,
I would be Frank Chalié;" so Chalié told
Champagne.

January 22.—At night I read—oh shame! for
the first time, "The Merope" of Voltaire, tinctured
with the genius of that great man, full of catching
lines, *e.g.* :

Quand on a tout perdu, quand on n'a plus d'espoir,
La vie est une honte, et la mort un devoir ;

which has been often used by suicides in France.

Received a letter from Byron to-day, in which
he says I made a thumping mistake about his
not wishing to sell Newstead. Now this it is to
have to do with a head totally incapable of
receiving certain ideas, and with a wag! I

1815. shall go on, however, and try to do him good in spite of himself.

BOOK.—On February 16, 1815, I dined in company with Sheridan, at my friend Mr. D. Kinnaird's, 32, Clarges Street. The party was small, composed only of Mr. Peter Moore, M.P., Mr. Edward Smedley, the poet, to whom there is a memorial in the cloisters of Westminster Abbey; Mr. Perry of the *Chronicle*, and Mr. Scrope Davies, Fellow of King's College, Cambridge, to whom Lord Byron dedicated his "Parisina." Mr. Sheridan was then very much dilapidated; he was, in fact, in ruins; but still he was Sheridan, and, until he had taken too much wine, very well worth listening to. Mr. Perry told of Burke that, during Admiral Keppel's trial, he went to the house of Mr. Burke on business, and, knocking at the door, Burke opened it, and appeared with his spectacles over his forehead, saying gruffly, "Who are you, and what do you want?" "I am Mr. Perry, and I wanted to see Mr. Burke, but I find he is not at home." "Mr. Perry," said Burke, "I stand corrected; I beg your pardon." Sheridan then spoke with the highest admiration of Burke, put him next to Bacon, and said he would always be reckoned amongst the three or four great men that our country had produced. "I am sure," continued he, "that Charles Fox, and much more my humble self, will be known to future ages as having stood by the side of Burke. He was a wonderful speaker in early life, and also in his

latter parliamentary days ; but intermediately he 1815.
wearied the House, speaking on every subject, and not speaking well." This was Sheridan's panegyric, and he then came to the other portion of his portrait. "But he was a bad man, an interested man ; in company vulgar, either haughty and overbearing, or mean and cringing ; he loved flattery. It was I who recommended Dr. Lawrence to him." Lawrence was the son of a watchmaker at Bath ; he had a "decent education, and, being a very good scholar, was introduced to my wife's relation Linley, and on young Linley's death wrote a very pretty poem, which the father set to music, and from that time took a great liking for the youth. He recommended Lawrence¹ to me, and I got him some newspaper work. It happened that Burke wanted some one to ferret out information from the shoals of Indian papers to be consulted on Hastings's trial. I sent Lawrence to him. Burke told Fox that I had sent him a monster. The next time, however, he met me, he said, 'Upon my word, your friend Lawrence is a very useful young man' ; and at our next meeting he said, 'Lawrence gains very much upon me.' Shortly afterwards his expression was, 'I can do nothing without Lawrence.' Subsequently he became the intimate friend of Burke, and was his executor.

"When Lawrence commenced civilian he gave

¹ Dr. Thomas Lawrence, 1711-83, the friend and physician of Dr. Johnson.

1815. a dinner to his friends. After dinner Burke rose and said, 'In compliment to our host I must give one toast, wishing him success in his calling: Perpetual war and universal adultery.' "

Sheridan went on to say that "Lawrence drew out the prose plan of the 'Rolliad,' and was the author of some of the poetry. Tickell designed the genealogical tree. Fitzpatrick was the poet of the concern. I (Sheridan) never wrote a line, but gave hints. We had a Rolliad Club. The Ministers were very angry that, in spite of losing our places and our popularity, we preserved our good humour and our spirits. This was the only benefit we derived from the 'Rolliad.' Rolle was the Jack Fuller of those days. We pitched on him because he had annoyed Burke. I was reputed to be the author of the whole work. When travelling into the West of England, I went to Exeter, and, as the assizes were going on, I went into court. Rolle was High Sheriff for the county; and, seeing me, he rose, and handed me to a seat next the judge. Every one laughed, and looked upon him as the meanest fellow in the world for caressing his banterer.

"Burke," said Sheridan, "spoke with a brogue, and sometimes with much violence of voice and gesture."¹

"Burke was a very indolent man, and once,

¹ Sir Robert Adair confirmed this to me, and mentioned that at the trial of Hastings some tumult was heard in the Hall, which Burke chose to think arose from an attempt of Hastings to escape, and accordingly he called out loudly, "PUT HIM IN IRONS."

talking of the North American Indians, said, 1815.
'They enjoy the highest boon of Heaven, supreme and perpetual indolence.' Fox was as indolent as Burke: no man loved doing nothing so much as he did. He used to loll at length upon the sunny banks of St. Anne's Hill, opposite to a wall covered with fruit trees. The jays at first were scared away by him; but Fox cried out one day, 'I have accomplished it at last. The birds don't care for me. I don't disturb them, and they don't disturb me.' Some one once remarked, 'Ah! Mr. Fox, how delightful it must be to loll along in the sun, at your ease, with a book in your hand!' 'Why the book—why the book?' said Fox." Mr. Sheridan said of Tickell,¹ "He was a wicked fellow, and loved mischief for mischief's sake—solitary mischief. Some country people were dancing in the loft of a barn at Chertsey. The loft was supported only by one prop, and to this Tickell tied a rope attached to a dray, and concealed himself until he had the pleasure, when the dray-horse moved on, of seeing the loft tumble down, and the dancers falling, head over heels, some into the street, some into the river. He put a bottle of assafoetida into Lawrence's pocket. The doctor sat down upon it and broke it. All those near him ran away, holding their noses. Tickell's last exploit was throwing himself off the roof of a house."

¹ Richard Tickell (1751-1793), grandson of Thomas Tickell the poet, was a political writer, and author of some plays; he married a relative of Sheridan.

1815. It was on this occasion that Sheridan gave us an account of O'Byrne, the Bishop of Meath, whom he and Mr. Perry declared was the most profligate man alive. He was a Roman Catholic originally, but changed his religion, and, even when a curate, talked with the utmost arrogance and presumption of clerical dignities, saying that bishops were barons, and, if he ever rose to the bench, he would come into the House of Lords with a sword on. He was private secretary to the Duke of Portland, to Lord Carlisle, and to Lord Fitzwilliam. The latter gave him his bishopric.

“O'Byrne was employed by the party to write for them. We had a Saturday paper, called the *Englishman*. I,” said Sheridan, “wrote the first two numbers; Fox the third. It had a great sale; but we grew lazy, and the Saturday paper sometimes did not make its appearance until Tuesday. O'Byrne undertook to have always a Saturday number ready, and we wrote no more. The *Englishman* fell to the ground, and Fox said, ‘Ay, ay, I knew what would come of it. Our d——d punctuality would be the ruin of it.’ O'Byrne was with me at Heston. It was on a Saturday, and we asked him to preach the next day. To this he consented, on condition that I would write the sermon. I agreed; and, after the party broke up, sat down to my task. My sermon was in praise of liberality; and, opening the New Testament, I selected such passages as recommended that virtue; but I confess that, where the texts did not appear

to me quite strong or applicable enough, I took a liberty with the Apostles, and slightly bent them to my purpose. The next morning O'Byrne received the sermon and took it to church. The Childs of Osterley were there, and O'Byrne directed his discourse to their pew. It so happened that old Mr. Child was at that time exceedingly unpopular, on account of prosecuting some poor parishioners for carrying away garden-stuff that had been thrown over the wall. Of this neither I nor O'Byrne knew anything; but as our parson, out of politeness, kept his eyes fixed upon the great man, he and his family were convinced that the lecture against parsimony was intended for the owner of Osterley. Accordingly, the incumbent called upon O'Byrne, and told him that his patron would never forgive him, adding, that if O'Byrne had quoted the Apostles fairly he might have been justified; but he had garbled them, in order to apply their reproaches to Mr. Child. O'Byrne, looking into his Bible, found out the trick, and complained of it to Mr. Fox, who said, 'I wish to Heaven you fellows would mind what you are about, instead of quizzing one another.' O'Byrne," continued Sheridan, "professed the greatest regard for me; but, looking over Tickell's papers, I found a letter from O'Byrne, congratulating Tickell on his secession, with Burke, from the Whigs, and especially on his getting out of the hands of that rascal Sheridan."

Mr. Sheridan then said that Mr. Fox did not

1815.

1815. like to read for his speeches. "Now," said he, "I can do nothing without reading: I must have a brief. I worked for three months in the cause of the tobacconists, who gave me a silver cup, with embossed figures representing me as Hercules brandishing a club over the monster Excise. On the club is engraved the number of the minority who voted with me against Pitt. I refused the cup at first, but Fox said, 'Pooh! nonsense—a little memorial of their attachment.' I have got it now, and it is all I have for thirty-two years of public service." Sheridan then inveighed in strong terms against the Vienna Congress—crowned scoundrels cutting up Europe like carcass-butchers, and cruelly maltreating their subjects who rescued them from Napoleon, and silencing us by the dirty bribe of a crown for Hanover; "for," he added, "bating the alliteration, there never was a sillier saying than that of Fox, about Hanover being as dear to us as Hampshire."

DIARY. *February 16.*—Sheridan told that Lord Ebrington had had an interview and dined with Napoleon, who talked with the utmost freedom to him. Confessed that he had ordered his doctor *adoucir les mœurs* of such as could not possibly be moved from Jaffa; that the doctor, *un brave homme*, had refused, saying his profession was to cure, not to kill, *et il avait raison*. For this reason Napoleon would not shoot Duroc when he asked him. He (Napoleon) said that he had taken

all the horses, even from his staff, for the sick, and that only about twenty-two were put to sleep by laudanum, which was better than leaving them to be mutilated by the Turks, and said it was according to all the laws of war. They had been dismissed before, and were taken in arms. 1815.

Sheridan said that if he came into Parliament again he could squeeze Whitbread to death in his hand. Peter Moore said Whitbread would agree with nobody, that he, Whitbread, and another were in the Drury Lane Committee, and Whitbread would never do anything without squabbling, even there.

Sheridan told us of independent Drake, a gaunt, pale, tall fellow, getting up one night in the House to attack the Minister's delay, and saying, starting up at once, with his arm stretched out towards Pitt, and looking like a ghost: "Behold the very figure of procrastination!" The House burst into a laugh, and Drake sat down.

I came away at twelve, Sheridan having been taken into a hackney coach half an hour before, and rode off on the box of my father's coach, which had taken a party to see Kean in *Macbeth*, to Whitton.

Kean tells Kinnaird that he has often acted the third act of *Othello* in the same manner as now calls down such thunders, when the whole house laughed. "After that," says he, "can you think I care much for the public taste?"

Scrope and I laughed about Sheridan taking great delight in talking of his estate at Leather-

1815. head, where he said he has 1,500 acres, and shall have 2,200 by an approaching purchase. He is going to take out his *dedimus* to act as a Justice in Leatherhead.

February 27.—Wrote to Byron and to Lady Byron, sending her my autograph of the Prince de Ligne, which he put into my hand when I took leave of him at Vienna, November 28, 1813.

March 11.—Received this morning from my father the following letter :

“Lord Cochrane has escaped from prison ; Buonaparte has escaped from Elba. I write this from the House of Commons, and the intelligence in both cases seems to rest on good authority, and is believed.—B. H.”

Both are certainly true ; Cullen came down to-day and confirmed the whole of both. From the first I feel sure of Napoleon’s success.

March 13.—I ride up to London with Cullen. In the morning I find that the *Moniteur* of the 10th had given every hope of Napoleon being put down, and Kinnaird and others treating Napoleon’s attempt as a piece of desperation, but, alas ! by five o’clock the *Moniteur* of the 11th comes to London, which states Napoleon to have slept at Bourgoin, four posts from Lyons, the night of the 10th, and “*il aurait dû entrer Lyons*” the 11th — that Lyons, which, in the paper of the day before, is said to have opened her arms to Monsieur and his generals. In the *Moniteur* of the 10th is given a ridiculous account of Napoleon’s invasion.

He left Elba on the 28th with about 1,100 1815.
men of Corsica, Elba, Italy, and a few French.
One ship tried to land at Antibes, but was fired
upon by the fort. He landed at Cannes in the
department of Var on March 1, with four pieces
of cannon and a handsome coach, which preceded
his march, three drums, etc. The cannons were
left at the gate of the first town. His men de-
serted. Two or three Corporal's parties were sent
to summon as many forts, and were disarmed.

Clermont Perrigeaux's partner tells Kinnaird
there is not the least danger for Louis. The
Chambers of Peers and Deputies are convoked;
they promise fair; the National Guards declare
their devotion. Soult, Minister of War, addresses
the soldiers, but in the *Moniteur* of the 11th
Napoleon entered Sernon on the 2nd, Castellane
on the 3rd, Barrême on the same day, Digne on
the 4th, and according to all appearance, Gap
on the next day. However, he was at Bourgoin
on the 10th.

The Prefect of the Upper Alps says the spirit
of the people is good, but that they were taken by
surprise and have not done what could be wished.
Opinions varied wonderfully at the Cocoa-Tree
in two hours. I was the only person who would
bet even on Napoleon's success at first, and
latterly no one would back the Bourbons at all.

Cavendish Bradshaw told me that at Rouen he
dined a short time ago with a mess of eighteen
officers, and when he was going to give the

1815. health of Louis XVIII., one whispered to him :
“ For God’s sake, don’t do that unless you wish
to be turned out of the barracks.” Is there any
doubt of Napoleon’s adventure ?

I took a sandwich at the Cocoa-Tree, and went to Byron’s box with the family, and saw Kean in *Richard II.* He was very great, and gave a wonderful interest to the part. The play, however, was heavy for the two first acts and a half.

The Corn Bill disturbances are dropped in the universal anxiety respecting Napoleon, notwithstanding the Coroner’s inquest brought in a verdict of wilful murder over the body of the midshipman who was shot by the soldiers off the windows of Robinson’s house in Burlington Street, and notwithstanding Robinson was fool enough to *cry* in the House of Commons when alluding to that transaction.

Napoleon Buonaparte is declared a rebel and a traitor by the French Government, and 100,000 louis d’or set upon his head. His adherents are declared the same. He is to be taken before the first military commission and to undergo the sentence of a Court-martial instantly. Came back to Whitton.

March 14.—Wrote to Lord Sidmouth, asking him for despatches for Paris or Italy, and also if I might apply without binding myself to parties for the G.P.R.¹ uniform. I employ myself in making preparations for departure.

¹ George, Prince Regent.

March 17.—Letter from Cockburn, stating he 1815.
fears all is over in France. General Marchand has been killed by his own troops, who joined Napoleon. Monsieur retreated from Lyons, which is said to have received Napoleon with open arms, to Clermont. Soult leaves the War Department, Clarke takes it. Monsieur can't depend on his soldiers, nor Massena, who is said to be firm to the Bourbons. Measures taken for the defence of Paris. Napoleon is said to be 190 miles only from the capital. Grenoble taken with twenty-four pieces of cannon. Embargo on the shipping in the French ports.

By the morning's post of yesterday, it seems Murat has marched to the North of Italy, and on the 28th issued a proclamation to the Italians from himself and Napoleon, *Emperor of the French and King of Italy*, promising the independence of Italy. All seems to have been done in concert between the two: the inattention to this probability is miraculous.

Napoleon had an agent at Naples when the British had no Minister. Murat kept 80,000 men on foot under pretence of marching against the Pope. His proclamation when he joined the Grand Alliance, his duplicity of conduct before that period, the manner in which he had been treated since; everything justified the suspicion that the new King of Naples would join his relation instantly. The unpopularity of the Austrians in Italy was too apparent to be mis-

1815. taken for a moment. At Milan and Verona 20,000 of them are stated to have been massacred, and Bellegarde to have fled. Switzerland too is in arms against the deliverers of Europe; 18,000 soldiers are ready to co-operate with Napoleon in the Pays de Vaud. Now shall we see the true merits of Lord Castlereagh.

From Baillie I had a letter on last Sunday, dated Vienna. He says: "Lord Castlereagh having divided Saxony, given Poland to Russia, and Italy to Austria, is returned home to receive the thanks of a grateful Parliament."

He tells me that the Emperor Alexander and a Countess Wierbord, or some such name, have had a dressing match. They met, and by a signal left a common room. The Countess returned fresh-dressed in one minute and twenty-five seconds, the Emperor in one minute and fifty seconds. General Czernichef and Sophie Zichy had another match. Whilst these mummeries are performing, Napoleon puts his foot on the French shores and exclaims, "*Le Congrès est dissout.*"

March 18.—This day, having packed up all my travelling wardrobe, I bid farewell to Whitton, and rode up to London, where, going into Murray's shop, I was greeted with the intelligence that things had taken a favourable turn in France; that Drouot and the two Lallemands had been taken and shot for traitors; that Napoleon was staying at Lyons; that the Marshals Ney, Mortier,

Macdonald, and Masséna were hastening to surround him. I was in high spirits, and hastened to the Cocoa-Tree, where I vomited forth my news to a gaping crowd. 1815.

I dined with Mr. Pochin, 13, Grosvenor Place, where I met Sir H. B. Dudley, who betted little Knight fifteen to five against Napoleon! We had *grosse chère*, and I stayed till late, talking with Lady Harewood about Lord John Townshend and the Cambridge affair.

March 19.—I have a letter from Lord Sidmouth telling me he concludes I shall not think of going abroad in the present circumstances, but appointing a meeting to-morrow. News alters a little to-day for the worse.

I dine with D. Kinnaird, where I met Sheridan, Lord Erskine, Lord Alvanley, S. B. Davies, Major Armstrong, Brummell, and Colman.

BOOK.—I had a strong desire to see the latter, of whom I had heard much, which was not realised on this occasion. He was a lively little man, and talked like an author, saying that he was scribbling something for the *Edinburgh* against Walter Scott, and repeating some of the verses to Sheridan across the table. I thought them bad enough. Lord Erskine was inflamed by this example, and said, "Give me a pen, and I will write an epigram." He did; it was about the Corn Law Bill and the lawyers. I recollect only one line of it:

By losing assizes I lost all my bread,

1815. He wrote another epigram before dinner, and read it after dinner: it was damned by common consent. He had his green ribbon on, and he was detected slyly looking at it; and as the wine circulated, pushed his coat down to exhibit his honours. It was impossible to avoid laughing at his vanity, and all the party burst out into roars as he left the room. He returned unexpectedly, just as Sheridan was telling some story to exemplify the egregious folly of this consummate advocate.

Two years after this I passed several days in company with Lord Erskine at Sir Francis Burdett's, in Wiltshire. He was as playful as a child; danced at the servants' ball, pulled off his wig to show his magnificent head, repeated some verses which he had written, when in the army, against a Middlesex jury, and charmed us all by the gaiety and simplicity of his manners.

My Westminster school-fellow, Lord Alvanley, on this occasion, as on all others, was the most agreeable of the company. He did not talk much, but what he said was pointed and witty, without sarcasm or ill-nature, made a joke of his own indiscretions, asked if there was any chance of the ten tribes of Israel being recovered, as he had exhausted the other two, and had called out the conscription of next year. Brummell, the famous beau, then pretty much in the same condition as Alvanley, was very agreeable, and seemed, to me

at least, a well-read man—a good companion for the guests then at table. 1815.

Sheridan was not in spirits on that day, but he told us one or two amusing theatrical stories. Of Palmer the comedian he spoke as being the first talker in every company, very clever and sententious, with “a gravity would make you split,” and with moralities in his mouth little corresponding with his real character. He was, so Sheridan said, the original of Joseph Surface. “On one occasion Palmer applied to him for an advance of his salary, which was refused; and he was reminded of the broken promises that he had made only three months ago, when applying for the same favour: ‘What!’ said Palmer, ‘Mr. Sheridan and a retrospect! oh! oh!’” “I had never,” said Sheridan, “heard of that crime before; but thought it was something very horrid to be guilty of a retrospect.” This was the last time I was ever in company with Sheridan.

DIARY. *March 19.*—Brummell, the son of an army tailor, and for a long time the top of the male “ton,” the king of well-dressed dandies, is really an agreeable man and tolerably read. S. B. Davies tells me he is £40,000 worse than nothing. We had no very great things to-day, considering our expectations.

March 20.—I went to Lord Sidmouth at the Home Office. Whilst I waited, the Duke of York, Lord Uxbridge, and other generals came in.

1815. Lord Exmouth passed through, and told me the news of Ney having defeated Napoleon and taken 800 men was not true.

Lord Sidmouth told me that His Majesty's Government did not choose to risk or think themselves justified in risking the person of any English gentleman, so that I could not have despatches. He offered me a letter to our Foreign Minister; these I knew I could buy for two guineas, so I took my leave with thanks.

I met Lord Lowther, who despaired of events, and from this morning all the hope I had on Saturday was lost. I called at the Board. Cockburn and Taylor give up all. I got letters from the latter for Geneva to H. Addington and Fazakerley, for I now determined to go to Ostend and into Dutch Flanders. Afterwards I went to Long Acre looking at carriages.

I dined with poor Sastres, who is as deaf as a post, but still retains his spirit. He told us a good saying, attributing it to Voltaire.

A soldier, who was ordered to give no quarter, had a man down, who cried out: "*Ah, la vie, la vie,*" but returned for answer: "*Il n'y a pas moyen, demandez toute autre chose.*" He wrote three introductory letters for me.

March 21.—Still uncertain—news worse and worse. Saw at Kinnaird's bank a Mr. Empson, who left Paris on the 15th, and who said there was no doubt as to the event, but that Napoleon would take quiet, unbloody possession of the

throne. The English were in great odium, even with the Bourbonists, the report being that they had let loose Buonaparte to cause a civil war in France. 1815.

Mortier could do nothing with the troops at Lille—they had gone over to Napoleon. No battle had been fought. Buonaparte left Lyons on the 13th. He has travelled from fifty to sixty miles a day in a carriage, escorted by twenty dragoons, a league before his army.

Mr. Empson said the King had determined to abide the event in Paris, although some of the courtiers wished him to fly to La Vendée. The rallying point is now fixed for Melun, twenty-five miles from Paris; but he says the National Guards will not march from Paris, and there are doubts whether they will fight in it. All is quiet at Paris. No danger is apprehended for women and children, but the English *men* are running as fast as possible homewards. They are insulted on the road. Still, some of our papers hold out hopes, and the *Moniteurs* are crowded with addresses from regiments and towns, and all good news up to the 19th. Ney is marching in pursuit of Napoleon, who has only 6,000 dispirited, fatigued soldiers, 300 cavalry.

I rode down to Whitton.

It seems strange, but it is true, that Admiral Rowley told Mr. Cockburn that, when he commanded the squadron off Genoa, if he had met Napoleon with transports full of soldiers and the

1815. flag of invasion flying, he could have done nothing against him—he had no orders. The captain of the man-of-war before Elba says the same thing.

Colonel Campbell's brother is in London, and says the Colonel gave notice to the Government two months ago of the scheme. The Consul at Leghorn is said to have done the same. The plan was long organised. The King was to have been killed in the Tuileries, Le Febvre Desnouette was to have marched to Paris, and, in fact, a tumult and cry of "*Vive l'Empereur*" was raised in the Salle des Maréchaux and put down. Two or three were killed.

Soult has been turned out, it is reported, for working false telegraphs; but the King does not dare to punish him or thinks him innocent. Every one in London is sick at heart. Lord Lowther showed me a letter from Madame Moreau at Brighton. She talks of the "*cruel sort de sa malheureuse patrie.*"

Whilst talking with him in Parliament Street, Lord Cochrane went down to the House of Commons in a hackney coach, and took his seat on the Treasury Bench—this was before the House met—Jones, Keeper of the King's Bench, with others, entered and seized him, and, after a struggle, carried him off. He had a bag of snuff with him for the purpose of flinging in the eyes of those who should lay hold of him.

March 22.—Ride up to London. Buy a carriage

barouche of a man in Bond Street, for eighty-five guineas. Write to Tavistock and to Byron. Resolve to go on Sunday next, if possible, to Ostend. 1815.

I saw Cuthbert, who has left his wife at Paris, but talks as if it was certain that Napoleon would get to Paris. The bets here are that he arrives before twelve o'clock at night; not a shot has been fired against him. Drouot was led out to be shot at Lille, the bandage was over his eyes, but the soldiers, instead of firing, made him Governor of the fortress, and Mortier was sent to Paris.

Whitbread tells a story that a letter from Lady Bessborough at Marseilles mentions that a friend of hers travelling to see her met a carriage and four carrying a General, escorted by four dragoons. The General stopped the lady and in the most polite manner begged her to change horses, his being very tired. He made a thousand apologies, said he would not employ anything but entreaty; he was quite shocked, but perhaps it was more necessary that he should get on than that the lady should proceed with any great speed. When the horses were changed, the lady asked one of the dragoons who that was: "*Qui? . . . C'est l'Empereur.*" It was Napoleon—he invades France with 1,100 men, and traverses it in a carriage almost without escort.

The *Times* of to-day contains his proclamation and the account of his entering Grenoble and Lyons. He gave a ball at Lyons. He accuses

1815. Augereau and Marmont by name of the loss of Paris, and is violent against the emigrants. The Bourbons he does not declaim against much, but tells them to finish their reign in England, where they have passed nineteen years of it. He promises a general amnesty. He is at Auxerre, it is now said, but still some reports say that it is only a trap, and that he is to be crushed at Melun or under the walls of Paris.

It is reputed by Cavendish Bradshaw that King Louis is actually arrived at Calais, but Birch, M.P., says he is gone in an open carriage to fight it out at Melun.

March 23.—Reports of the King being at Calais, others of his being in Belgium; certainly he has fled from Paris, and according to all conjecture Napoleon must have entered Paris on Tuesday.¹ The army at Melun gave up like every other corps and melted away before the Conqueror. The news of Napoleon's landing at Cannes arrived in London on Thursday, March 9; in thirteen days we learn he is in Paris; in twenty days he traverses the whole extent of country, which would take a common traveller with ladies a longer time, waiting by the way three or four days to give balls, and reviews at Lyons. We do not know that a shot has been fired.

¹ Louis XVIII. fled from Paris on the night of March 19, intending to go direct to Lille, but, changing his mind, he went by Amiens to Abbeville. On the 21st another change of plan led him to Lille; whence, after a day or two of further hesitation, he fled across the frontier to Ghent.

The two Lallemands and those that were cut down in the Tuileries are the only heroes who have as yet lost their lives in this military revolution unparalleled in the history of the world. 1815.

England wears a melancholy air, all but Whitbread, and little Knight and my friend Bickersteth are at the height of contention. All is to be done over again; we have lived in vain for twenty-five years; we are bankrupt as it were of power, and must recommence our struggle for life. I foresee everything bad, and yet Castlereagh spoke for four hours as to his conduct at Congress, and made a speech, by common consent the weakest and most watery ever heard in Parliament. The first hour was all boast and profession, and saying what he *would* say. Of Poland, he said the Poles were to be left their *language*. Good God! What times!

Dined with Kinnaird, and met there Mr. Cuthbert, Mr. Empson, and Mr. Wrightson. Mr. Cuthbert left Paris on the 18th. He told us that for the first five days after the news arrived of Napoleon's landing, even those attached to him said he would be shot like a mad dog, and lamented such a man would meet with such—nay, it was reported he had been torn to pieces by the peasantry. The moment the news arrived of Grenoble being taken all was given over, and by the friends of the Court first. The Duke de Duras, second *gentilhomme de la chambre*, said to

1815. Cuthbert: "*Mon ami, tout est perdu.*" It is certainly true that the telegraph was falsified, for when the Princes were at Lyons the news from Paris was that it was in the hands of Buonaparte, and the Duke of Orleans was obliged to return to the capital solely for news. Such was the neglect of administration that the *maison du roi*, all composed of servants attached to the King, had not received even pistols when the news of Napoleon's landing arrived. Also were found unopened upon the Abbé de Montesquiou, Minister of the Interior's table two letters from Monsieur de Brettenville, prefect of Var, dated six weeks previously to the landing of the ex-Emperor, and giving an account of the intended attempt, yet the Abbé was given to the King by Talleyrand. It appears, said Cuthbert, that nothing was more unlucky or ill-contrived than the giving permission to Talleyrand to proceed to Vienna. Had he been in Paris the conspiracy of Napoleon must have been detected and have failed. Cuthbert told us that at Paris no tumult had taken place; he did not believe men had been killed, though *one* had been run through with a sword.

An old woman was stirring up chestnuts and cried: "*Vive le Roi,*" a man near her said, "*Vive l'Empereur.*" She basted him with the ladle. This was the only blow struck.

At Paris the following story was current. Napoleon advanced to Grenoble; the troops were going to fire upon him; he stepped forward and

laid hold of a grenadier by the moustache, “ *Et toi, 1815.
vieille moustache, je me souviens de toi, tu a été
avec nous à Austerlitz.*” The soldiers threw down
their arms and exclaimed, “ *Vive l’Empereur.*”

It is said, I see by the paper, that he waited at a post-house to give an English lady the preference of horses. This, I see, is Whitbread’s story.

The first intelligence Cuthbert received of the landing of Napoleon was through the secretary of the Russian Embassy, who, dining with him, retired early on account of the news. What news? Why, you know Napoleon is landed.

Sir Thomas Stepney told me the following Saturday, that the Duc de——, attached to the Court, told him that the landing of Napoleon was just the thing that they wished, now they had him.

March 24.—There appears in the *Morning Post* an account of the defection of the grand army at Melun which, being drawn up to oppose him, was conquered by his coming down in an open barouche bareheaded between Drouot and Bertrand, and crying out to them: “I am your Emperor,” an exclamation immediately followed by the general dissolution of the army and flight of all of them to their Emperor. It appears Napoleon entered Paris on the evening of the 20th, between eight and nine, it is said, with only sixty troops, their arms reversed.

It is singular that none of the papers of this

1815. day state on what day it was that the Emperor entered Paris. Some say Monday and some say Tuesday—a proof of the chance history has of being correct.

However, the fact is that he entered on Monday last between eight and nine, a part of his army being detached, 800 or 900 before him, who prepared the way, and that he entered followed by the army which had been sent out to oppose him, but in three carriages-and-four. The 20th is the anniversary of the birth of his son.

I rode down to Whitton and dined.

March 25.—I ride up to London, taking leave of Whitton and its inhabitants.

I find no letter from Byron, and thereupon am filled with chagrin. I walk about with Cullen and young Wilmot, Byron's cousin, who details to me a conversation which Fazakerley had with Napoleon. It is contained in a letter which has been shown in England. He (Napoleon) told Fazakerley to ask him questions, and the conversation was kept up for three hours.

I dined with S. B. Davies, Lord Sidmouth, and Norton at the Cocoa-Tree. Afterwards Sir T. Stepney and Kinnaird came in. I went to bed out of spirits from indeterminate, but chiefly low apprehensions about Byron.

March 26.—Last night the report was strong that the King of France was taken at Lille; to-day it appears he has gone to Tournay. Kinnaird came to the Cocoa-Tree and read to me in

bed a letter from Lord and a letter from Lady Kinnaird, now at Paris, dated 22nd. Louis left Paris one o'clock on the morning of Monday 20th. Napoleon entered between seven and nine the same evening. Lord Kinnaird says it is not a revolution, solely military.

Carnot is appointed a Count and Minister of the Interior—this secures all the republicans; Maret,¹ Minister for Foreign Affairs, Fouché of Police. His decree of the 13th, dated Lyons, has all the assumption of royalty. He confiscates the Bourbon property; appoints a time for the coronation of the Empress and King of Rome; annuls the orders St. Louis, St. Esprit, and St. Michael; dissolves the Chamber of Deputies and Peers, and defers the new constitution until May, when the Electoral Colleges are to settle it. All the emigrants returning since January 1814, are dismissed and given fourteen days to retire. *Moniteurs* of the 22nd are arrived in town, but the ports of France are said to be all shut in the Channel and in the possession of the tricoloured cockade.

A letter I received from Lord Sidmouth last night tells me facilities are not thought proper to be granted to travellers wishing to visit France at this period, under the present circumstances, but that Hamilton will forward my wishes if I go by any other route.

¹ Caulaincourt, *Duc de Vicence*, was appointed Minister of Foreign Affairs.

1815. I am still undecided what to do. I passed the morning talking revolutionary with Cullen, and in a foolish state of apprehension with respect to Byron, my friend Byron, whose silence annoys me beyond what I can express. I wish I had done something besides good, having nothing but right on my side, I cannot help looking on myself as a wretched individual whom it is not worth while to conciliate on the most advantageous terms. By the God that made me, I cannot guess at the grounds of this behaviour. He must be mad! He tells me in a letter that nothing short of insanity can make him alter his opinion of me. Well, even if we quarrel some good will arise: he is my friend, and I shall have the opportunity of showing the virtue of forbearance.

March 27.—In the morning papers appears the *Moniteur* of the 22nd, which begins with stating the departure of the King, and afterwards registers the decrees and records the extraordinary progress of that Conqueror, which is more like the voyage of a hero in romance. Ney went over to him at Lons-le-Saunier. It is said Louis XVIII. is at Tournay with Berthier, Marmont, and Macdonald; and a Colonel Ross from Calais says it is reported Napoleon was at Lille yesterday, and will be at Dunkirk to-day. The revolution has been brought about, as Napoleon says, without spilling a drop of blood.

I wrote several letters to Lady Jersey, Lord Lansdowne, Sir R. Wilson, Brougham, etc.

Walked about with Perry; doubts entertained 1815.
respecting war and peace.

Called on Bickersteth. He told me the soldiers, reckoning their rank and file in France, used to say, "*Quinze, seize, dix-sept, gros cochon, dix-neuf.*" Dined with Seton. Heard from Byron: all my suspicions groundless.

March 28.—In the Brussels papers appears the declaration of Congress against Napoleon, dated Vienna, March 13, putting him out of the pale of society. The same day brings accounts of Louis having fled to Ostend accompanied by Mr. de Blacas, Père Elisée, and two priests, Napoleon being at Lille!

I call at the Foreign Office, see Lord Sidmouth, who talks of acting with energy, whence I foresee war. He said we began better than the last war, though not with the iron-bound frontier.

Called on my father; took leave of him; find he had written to Kinnaird concerning me.

March 29.—Determined to go to-day, hearing Lord B. is arrived. Left London in my new barouchet; slept at Sittingbourne.

March 30.—Arrived at Dover. Found the packet had sailed yesterday. I was introduced to General Scott, who has been in France for twelve years. He told me that the debts of France to the English, of which Napoleon had voluntarily paid a third, and which, under Louis XVIII., were to have been liquidated by commissioners appointed by England and France,

1815. had never been settled. So much for the justice of Louis.

I thought of going to France; but all here, except Dalrymple, advise me not. The packets have ceased sailing there. A French boat would have taken me, but asked me twenty-five louis, which decided me against it.

Napoleon's governor is come to Calais, and the tricolour was hoisted last night. The Duke of Padua Arighi, Napoleon's uncle, told Dalrymple there was not the least danger for the English, nor, as yet, any apprehension of war. . . .

After all, the packet sailed to Ostend to-night, but too late for me to get my carriage on board. The emigrants who are returning look as dirty, but are as merry as ever, and make as much noise.

March 31.—General Scott told me a story of Louis's injustice, which touched him, for he had lost a hundred a year by it. He thinks it crime enough to justify his loss of Empire. He says the Parisian shopkeepers are for him, *i.e.* for peace, and that they received the Count D'Artois after his flight from Lyons better than when he came in with the King to Paris.

Dalrymple said they would have torn the Duc de Berri to pieces had they caught him. Amongst other things, he tore off a Colonel's epaulettes on parade. Napoleon himself could not do this. He once told an officer he was afraid, and the man put his hand to his sword.

April 1.—Preparing to go on board the *Duke of Wellington* to Ostend. Wrote to Kinnaird, to Byron, and Sir Benjamin. Before I left London on Wednesday I saw the second of these and his wife. He advises me “not to marry,” though he has the best of wives. 1815.

Set sail a little after 4 p.m., taking leave of General Scott on the wooden pier. The General told me his wife wrote to him that the only change she observed on the entry of Napoleon was that the newspapers and the pats of butter had no longer the lilies printed on them!

April 2.—Got up after nine, and found we were at anchor a mile from the harbour of Ostend, the tide being out, and the sandbank, which is daily encroaching, preventing us from coming in. However, we went in boats, I having no difficulty as to passports or Custom House. The harbour was full of English transports, and they were landing some horses of the 11th Dragoons. The town appeared in military occupation, swarming with red coats.

Put up at the Imperial Hotel, where I got a decent room. Walked about the town, and nearly round the fortifications, at which were two or three parties of our soldiers, and 54th and 44th regiments at work. There are several broad ditches flooded by the tide, and the works are extensive. It is said to be liable to a *coup de main*. Ostend stands on the top of a flat tongue of land, with a long narrow creek of a port. In walking round

1815. it in my tagged blue greatcoat, the English sentries took me for an officer, and asked me no questions, but I was stopped by the first soldier of the German legion, who made me walk down from the parapet. This may show the exactness of German discipline. Nothing is left to individual conjecture.

The women of Ostend of the middle classes are dressed in black-hooded long single cloaks, which gives them the air of religion. They are fresh-complexioned and lively-eyed, but blunt-featured, and do not carry themselves well. The men look much like Englishmen, and the lower classes dress much the same. Every person who has any connection with the posts, or the inns, or the police, and every better sort of man and woman, speaks French. The streets have French names.

In the place d'armes I saw the Forty-fourth march off, with the Colonel Commandant and the civil authorities dressed in black, some boots, some silk stockings, and all great cocked hats with orange cockade, and small Court swords by their sides. . . .

Louis XVIII., or, as the French now call him, the Count de Lille, left this place on Thursday morning. He owned the Belgians were more for the French than the Dutch.

Lord Waterford's carriages were putting on board a packet as mine were landing, when, whom should I see but Dicky Prime, and Lord Sligo, and a Mr. Coffin, who is reported drowned, and has had horses sold at Tattersall's therefore, by

his relations. They left Naples only three weeks ago — came through Switzerland; report great things of the armaments of the allies, and will have it the Emperor Napoleon must fall. I bet Prime twenty-five guineas he does *not* succumb. The King of Naples stands out for the best bidder. 1815.

Caroline, the Queen of Naples, asked Lord Sligo whether it was true the English had assisted the Emperor Napoleon in making his escape. Lord Sligo was a week in Elba, and could not obtain an interview with the Emperor, but he lived much with General and Madame Bertrand, and at that time evidently saw and said that some scheme was in preparation. Madame Bertrand said that *avec de l'argent il pourroit bien faire quelque chose*.

The Italian ladies are scandalised at our female manners, which they think too free in public. Lady Oxford walks about Naples with Byron's picture in her girdle in front. She comes in half an hour too late for the dinner of the King and Queen, puts her hand over the Queen's shoulder to shake hands, and gives her excuse that she had been attending the sick Lord Oxford, so loud, that all the company are grave and silent.

Lord Sligo is a great man at the Neapolitan Court. The King gave him his picture, so Prime warned me I must never call him Murat before Sligo. . . .

April 3.—I got my passports for Courtray and Tournay, expecting, according to information received from an officer of the regiment, to find

1815 the 69th, and my brother in one or the other. We went slowly to Turnhout, then discovered the swaying of the pole had broken the axle pole. A *maréchal* mended it clumsily, and grinned at my giving him what he asked, five francs, as did those about him. I arrived at Courtray by seven. Whilst I was drinking tea, the commissary of police, with an orange bow round his arm and a sword by his side, a civil man, came in and asked for my pass, which I showed him.

April 4.—Set off for Tournay. We were stopped by the advanced post a mile from Tournay. An officer of the German legion asked for my passports, and told me the 69th were parading to go off. An officer kindly offered to show me where Captain Hobhouse lived. He was ill, and did not expect to march in the regiment. I went to his billet, and found him gone to the Colonel, where the same officer showed me to, and there I found this amiable and gallant (not in the vulgar meaning) officer and brother of mine, who immediately got leave to stay one day behind with me, as accordingly he did.

We walked about Tournay, and he took me to the heights where they are repairing the mould works of the citadel, a miserable defence, just enough to prevent a *coup de main*, which is all to be said of the other preparations of this old fortification, which was blown up by the treaty of 1748.¹

¹ Tournay was restored to Austria by the Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle, in 1748, but the fortress was not dismantled till 1781.

The peasants and soldiers were working in great numbers. . . . From the citadel my brother showed me the site of the battle of Fontenoy, the wood and the windmill where the English Guards were stationed. 1815.

I observed, or rather my brother made me observe, that French is the language of this town and neighbourhood, which is so French that the Belgian troops are sent up into Holland at present. Two or three battalions of German legions are in the town. When the news came of Napoleon's advance they half-cried, "*Vive l'Empereur.*" My brother was at Menin when the French King, Louis, came from Lille. His regiment was there, but Colonel Morris, after consulting Ben, and being in great consternation, did not think fit to allow that portion of the cuirassiers, about two hundred, who came from Lille with the King, to pass the barrier. At this place the soldiery cuirassiers took leave of Louis, kissing his hand. An officer had advanced on full gallop to Menin to tell Colonel Morris that the King was coming immediately. Luckily the regiment was just ready for parade. The King was not allowed to bring any troops past the barrier, and he was told he should command an English garrison; but when Louis came into the town the regiment was drawn up, dropped its colours, played the proper points of war, and gave "*Vive le Roi,*" as a reception to the monarch just departed from his own dominions at half a mile

1815. distance. There were no post-horses ready, so that Louis was obliged to wait for some time in his carriage at the door. My brother, as the best Frenchman, was deputed to ask Louis whether he would like a guard of honour, and he said, yes, he should be obliged for some dragoons, as also for a despatch to be sent on to order thirty horses at the next post. The officer said he was crying; my brother said he could not see it.

The cuirassiers wished to follow him in, but only one drunken dragoon with a lame horse at last pushed through, against my brother's injunction, and toppled into Menin, crying, "*Tire le Roi.*" What an exit from his dominions, more sneaking than the entrance of him who had driven him out of them. The whole four thousand of the *Maison du Roi* insisted upon following Louis, but were sent to their homes by the Duc de Berri, except about two hundred, with a Major-General at their head, who after great difficulties have been allowed to pass into Dutch Flanders. The pretension of fighting on the part of the allies is the inclination of France to Louis, and yet they will not allow 4,000 men, because they are Frenchmen, to be enrolled in their force!

My brother was also employed to announce to a General Recard, who came with the King in the crowd without a passport, that he must have a guard of honour to conduct him to Courtray, to General Vandeleur, to whom, by the way, Morris had sent my brother on, full gallop, to know what

he should do with Louis XVIII. The Duc de Berri told Colonel Morris that Mortier had positive orders to arrest Louis at Lille, but sent to him to get away. The young men of the Bourgeoisie had positively sent a detachment to march to help the royal cause, they were *congediés* also by the Comte D'Artois. The Duc de Berri told Colonel Morris that if they could have got fifty men to fire, they had been saved, but the moment Napoleon appeared the soldiers rushed to him. The Duc added in the presence of Captain Barlow, who breakfasted with him and Morris and an aide-de-camp at Menin, that if they could have held Paris two days longer, the Royal cause would have been saved by the Northern volunteers, who are marching from Lille. 1815.

The Count D'Arcy told my brother that Madame Montmorency told him that the whole conspiracy was organised by a Senate, Cambacérès, Fouché, etc., who used to meet at Eugène Beauharnais's sister's, and that these meetings were known. Also "Monsieur" mentioned the story of the Abbé de Montesquiou not opening the letters sent by the prefect of Var, de Bouthillier,¹ relative to the landing of Napoleon. . . .

¹ The Count du Bouthillier sent the news to Masséna at Marseilles, and he at once transmitted them to Paris. The semaphore telegraph then only went as far as Lyons, and the tidings were forwarded thence by messenger to Paris. The dispatch was handed to Vitrolles, who received it on March 5, and gave it to the King, and he opened it at once and read it several times. In the ordinary course it should have been delivered to Soult; but the matter was so urgent that it was referred at once to Louis.—See Houssaye's "1815."

1815. Prime told me Napoleon said Douglas was the pleasantest Englishman he had seen, not Fazar-kerley, as we heard in England.

Here everything looks warlike. My brother thinks my plan of going to Paris not feasible. He looks very unwell, and has been so for months, of a sort of rheumatism in his side. He would not tell us at home of it. He showed me the grape-shot through and through his cap which he got at Berghen-op-Zoom. He has fought a duel since his being in the 69th, with a man who was killed at Berghen. He fired twice ; his antagonist's pistol missed the first time in the fire. My brother did not know this at the time, but when he did, he wished to give him another chance, and when the seconds said No, he, in order to give him one, fired again, his pistol being in both cases averted from his adversary. At Berghen this man was under sentence of Court-martial, but asked leave to be allowed to go into action. Morris told him he could not give him leave, he must take it. He did, and was killed.

My brother tells me Skerrett, who was killed at Berghen-op-Zoom, said to him an hour or so before he died, " Well, I think Graham has done for his troops at last."

I am in doubt just now whether to go to Brussels or Paris, or Geneva direct.

April 5.—Left Tournay for Leuz and Ath. We went close to the plain and wood of Fontenoy on our right, which is a preserve of one Count

Ch——. In this country there are game laws, and the game is let out and the partridges are in considerable quantities. 1815.

The country between Tournay and Ath is more open than up to the first town on my route, but equally well cultivated and no less populous. From Leuz to Ath we met a strong detachment of the green 95th on the road, going into country quarters.

The French papers speak pacifically, and announce that English have landed lately at Dieppe. We met Major-General Adams and an aide-de-camp on the road. Adams commands the light brigade.

We entered Ath.

The Duke of Wellington arrived at Brussels at five this morning.

April 6.—Arrived at Enghien. We walked to a neighbouring meadow, in which the grenadiers of a battalion of the guards stationed at Enghien were playing at football. My brother observed that soldiers of the line never amused themselves in this way.

Arrived at Brussels, which is as full as it can hold of strangers, so that at the Hôtels de Flandre and Bellevue there is no chance of accommodation. We dined with a friend of my brother's, an odd dog, and his crony an odder. The room seemed peopled with English parties.

April 7.—The Duke of Wellington talks of being in Paris, say they, in three months, and is to have

1815. 10,000 cavalry from England. His Grace is at Ghent, with Louis the Desired; but the troops, English and Hanoverian, altogether amount only to 22,000, and the former chiefly second battalions.

When Lord Hill came out he found the Prince of Orange as obstinate as a pig, and his little head quite overturned by his appointment as General, which gave him command even over his Lordship. He could do nothing with his rank, and was glad when the Duke of Wellington came to settle all his boyish pretensions.

This child sent the other day for young Charles Somerset, eldest son of Lord C. of that ilk, and said, "So, sir, I understand you said the other day Napoleon is a great man." "Yes, your Royal Highness, I did so, because I thought so, and think so still." "Well, sir, if you do it again I shall put you under arrest."

He also heard the youths in the guards' mess were in the habit of giving "*Vive Napoléon*," and sent to say they might say "*Vive la guerre*," but not "*Vive Napoléon*."

He ventured to take Sir A. Gordon, brother of Lord Aberdeen, and *aide de camp* for Lord Wellington, to task for telling bad news, when he had such a retort as silenced him at once. "I'd have your Royal Highness to know that I am perfectly aware of when to speak and when to hold my tongue, and that I think it is more serviceable to our good cause to tell the truth than to conceal and falsify facts, however unfavourable to us."

April 8.—My brother Benjamin bought a horse 1815.
for fifteen napoleons, and at one o'clock mounted him and parted from me under the arch of the Hôtel d'Angleterre. God speed him! as gallant and honourable a man as any living. He has lately read a good deal, and his conversation is bookish. No man is less of an egotist even in thought. He has a modest decision in his manner and character, as well as an easy, unassuming familiarity with his friends and acquaintances, which I envy him much. Although sensible of the advantages of pushing himself in his profession, he cannot bring himself to make a request to a soul, and this day I heard him mention to Colonel Barclay that Major Moorley was looking out for a staff situation, without hinting a word of his own desire. Every one asks him if he is and supposes him to be on the staff. Hillier asked Hill direct to be employed.

After we parted I went to my lodgings and wrote thrice over a letter to Lord Fitzroy Somerset on his behalf, and to Major-General Sir Hudson Lowe, Quartermaster-General here. I pray they may be of some avail, but I doubt.

Young Hillier told me last night that when the Duke of Wellington heard of the loss of young Pakenham in the Saldanha he said, "I don't know how it is, but I don't feel as I used to do at these things. Some years ago such a sad thing would have made me cry, but now I have no such inclination." This seems to me natural and noble.

1815. A little mind would not permit a man to make such an observation. I should like to know what he said on learning that Pakenham the General was killed at New Orleans, which he first saw in the papers after hearing that he had succeeded.

April 9.—Colonel Jones, commandant of Brussels, gave me a letter to General Dornberg at Mons and viséd my passport to go through France to Geneva, then coming back saw Fitzroy Somerset, who promised to do what he could for my brother, and talked of sending a letter by me to the Duc de Vicence, relative to the Duke of Wellington's baggage, now at Paris.

Walked to the Palace of Laeken. Lord Hill, Mackworth, and staff were looking about them, and I went in with them into the palace, also on a small scale, but neatly furnished by the Emperor Napoleon, who gallantly had given the best rooms to the Empress. Wisely, the Prince of Orange has changed nothing of the disposition of the furniture.

A gentleman who left Paris last Tuesday told me he had no difficulties. I determine to go.

April 10.—In the morning I called at Lord Fitzroy Somerset's. He told me he was just going to the Duke and had nothing for me, but I could come and see him. From this I foolishly excused myself, and took leave of him. He had told the Duke of Wellington of my intention. His Grace at once said, "By George! he had

better not go ”; and desired Lord Fitzroy to tell me this. 1815.

Finally, in spite of all advice, set off at half-past one from Brussels to Mons, first of all hoping there may be peace; secondly, that if there is no peace, there will be no war yet, and thirdly, that the Emperor Napoleon will not detain honourable individuals. I went to Halle, to Soignies, and to Mons. At Mons I called on the Commandant, got my pass viséd, and then on General Dornberg, who likewise viséd it, and said I should meet with no difficulties.

April 11.—Began my forbidden expedition into France. Went to Boissy. Passed the Belgic Douane and the picquets and vedettes, two dragoons patrolling on the road, and got invisibly into France.

At Condé, the first French town, I first saw the tricoloured cockade and a soldier or two. An Imperial flag was hanging from the church. My trunks, etc., were examined at the Custom House.

Went on to Valenciennes, and coming upon the town saw several French regiments drilling in a meadow. The Douane stopped me at the gate, and, untrussing me, discovered Lady Jersey's parcel to the Marquise Coigny, opening which, and finding it to be *percale* (cambric), they said I must be searched and detained at the Custom House in the town, and accordingly keeping me until the regiments had marched in before me, they sent me through the gates with a soldier. At the gate I

1815. showed my passport again, and was then ordered to the town Major accompanied by a soldier, bayonet fixed, who, however, in the course of our progress took off his offensive weapon.

We got into the market-place, which was crammed with troops just dismissed. The tri-coloured flag was flying from many windows; the air of everything was martial, as far as respected ourselves, a little threatening. However, the town Major was civil and kind, and blamed the ferocity of the Douane.

BOOK.—He asked me what could induce me to come to France when all my fellow-countrymen were running away from it as fast as they could procure the necessary passports. I had letters of recommendation to Denon, to Talma, and to one or two other distinguished men, on seeing which the General said, “The gentleman is, apparently, a savant?” I assured him that I was as little of a savant as a smuggler. “Why, then,” again asked the officer, “do you go to Paris just now?” “Solely to see your Emperor,” I replied. “*Allez donc quand vous voudrez* ;” and, saying this, he ordered my passport to be viséd for Paris.

DIARY.—When I came back I moved slowly to the Custom House, guarded by men unarmed. There everything was searched. The chief man was civil, but Madame Coigny’s *percale* was seized.

At the post-house an officer talked English.

He asked about peace or war. He said they had been sent in a hurry to Valenciennes, but that the Emperor's horses were come, as, indeed, they were to all points on the frontiers. 1815.

We went on to Cambray. The postmaster said he was happy to see me going towards Paris. He prayed for peace; the officer at Valenciennes did the same.

We reached St. Quentin at half-past seven. The commissary of police was a draper, and not at home. I could not get my pass viséd. I talked with the commissary's son and another, and was astonished at the freedom of speech. Heard a man who keeps livery stables in Paris talk still more freely. He said he would have put a stop to Napoleon's progress with 500 Marseillois before he got to Grenoble. He declaimed against his having banished the *maison du roi* to thirty leagues from Paris. Of this I heard a great deal afterwards, and of its unpopularity, done by the Emperor in contradiction of all his Ministers and promises; 6,000 are concerned in it, say they; say half, and it is too much. The King is called a *brave homme*; his family, except the Duke of Orleans, lost him his throne. I see no tricoloured bunting in this part.

April 12.—Travelled by Ham, Noyon, etc., to Compiègne. Visited the château . . . lately re-furnished by the Emperor Napoleon, and that in a princely, royal, imperial style; indeed, far surpassing anything I ever saw. The back

1815. façade of the palace looks upon the woods of the great chase. Fleurs de lys had been placed in some spots where N.'s had stood and will stand. In one apartment was his bust crowned with laurel of gold.

I looked at his library, entirely historical. The ball-room of golden pillars will be the most magnificent thing in the world. The Bourbon princes have lately been living there. The *concierge* told me Napoleon used to play billiards sometimes with his wife, Marie. The baths of the Empress are most voluptuous, and furnished round with mirrors.

We met a few diligences, but hardly any travellers, even as we approached Paris. At half-past seven we got into Paris in the rain. The effect of the lamps in the middle of the street is certainly fine, and I think going down the boulevards in the evening superior to anything we have in London.

We pottered about the Rue St. Honoré, looking for an hotel called the Prince Regent's Hotel, and at last put up at a villainous little tavern, attracted by "Great Britain Hotel" written up in large characters. Inquired if English were going from Paris; on the contrary they were arriving, said the commissary of police to the landlady.

April 13.—Heard peace is expected, chiefly from the message of the Prince Regent to Parliament, and the debates there in the papers of the 7th.

1815.

Walking along, saw all sorts of ridiculous caricatures against the Bourbons, and the tri-coloured flag floating on the column in the Place Vendôme ; this is the only change. In the *Journal de Paris* I read, *The liberty of the press permits us*, etc., which assures me there is none. The Duke of Angoulême has been arrested by the National Guards in the south. Napoleon has ordered that he shall be embarked at Cette, reserving only his moneys, until the crown jewels, fourteen millions, are restored by Louis.

Napoleon observes that the declaration of the allies from Vienna would justify his retaliation on the Bourbon family, but that he proceeds in other steps.

In this day's *Moniteur* is a translation of the declaration and minutes of a deliberation upon it by the Council of State, signed, St. Jean D'Angely, etc., and countersigned Maret. They affect to say the whole is a forgery of Talleyrand's ; but Madame de Souza, Monsieur de Flahaut's mother (aide-de-camp to the Emperor), owned to me that was only to put the attack in a polite shape. Yet a Monsieur Barray, a great friend of Fouché, either did not know, or pretended not to know, that the forgery was supposed not believed.

I called on Lady Kinnaird¹ ; her lord is gone. She told me some amusing anecdotes.

She owned the extreme folly of the Bourbons,

¹ Lady Olivia Letitia Catherine Fitzgerald, seventh daughter of William Robert, second Duke of Leinster. Married May 8, 1806.

1815. and their exclusive attention to the emigrant class—their neglect of the military. She was at Court on the Thursday that the news of Napoleon's arrival at Lyons was known, and after Marshal Ney had got seven millions from the King, and had promised to bring Napoleon alive to Paris. They were joking about his iron cage, and agreed to put him in the *jardin des plantes*.

The moment Ney's troops went over all was over. Ney went over before them. He is cut for his unnecessary treachery. The King and royal family were kept in perfect ignorance of Napoleon's approach. At night on Tuesday, March 19, Louis was called up out of bed and told that Napoleon was at Fontainebleau. He would not believe it, and when he did, could not be persuaded to stir. He talked of waiting in the Tuileries or of going to fight at Melun. He did neither; the National Guards lifted him into his carriage at two in the morning. The foreign Ministers knew nothing of his departure until seven in the morning, when by some accident they received another note, also inviting them to a Court on the following Tuesday. All the foreign Ministers waited quietly but Somerset, who was thrown into a fidget and fright, and kept his room three days. He wrote to Caulaincourt to ask passports to join the King. This King not being acknowledged, no answer was sent. Lord Kinnaird told Lord Fitzroy Somerset this was not the way; he must ask to go home.

He did, and got passes immediately. The other 1815.
Ministers had done the same before.

Lady Kinnaird was in the boulevards the day Napoleon entered. Several carriages came in, but no Emperor; then came his regiments crying, "*Vive l'Empereur*"—not a word from any one. They tried "*Vive Buonaparte*"; still silence. Then Lady Kinnaird says the dragoons galloped into the people, and, holding out their pistols, cried, "*Donc vive l'Empereur*"; yet not a word was said. The shops and windows were shut; not a genteel person showed herself—none but the *bas* people; no waving of handkerchiefs. However, when the Emperor on horseback, with three attendants, came to the Tuileries it is positively true he was carried on officers' shoulders into the palace, and that those who carried him were not on their legs.

Lady Kinnaird was at the review on last Sunday, and stood close to the Emperor. She heard him say, when he was looking at the noble old guard, to Bertrand, "*Et ils ne voudraient pas se servir de tels gens; quelles bêtes!*" He kissed the eagles, and seemed in great spirits. There was great enthusiasm. Lady Kinnaird says that before his coming the shopkeepers were very insolent to English. She told me that the Duchesse d'Angoulême talking to the officers at Bordeaux the other day who were proffering their services: "*Plus de vos belles paroles, messieurs, je veux du sang.*" She spoilt the

1815. cause. The Duc d'Angoulême was going on well in the south, when the Duchesse's letter to Spain for Spanish troops was discovered and broke up all the Bourbon army. It was said the Lyoneses were in arms for him. On the contrary, when they heard of his approach they tore up the flagstones to oppose him. The Duchess at Court used to cut all the new *noblesse*: Madame Moret and others.

Whilst we were talking in came a Mr. Barry, an oldish man, who talked vehemently in favour of Napoleon and against the Bourbons. He said the French people were determined to be free, and that nothing could prevent constitutional liberty but a foreign invasion, which would throw people, soldiery, and all into the hands of Napoleon.

It is true that the Duke of Orleans was offered the crown six months ago, and refused it. He was the object of the most decided jealousy to the King and royal family. When the King Louis XVI. was buried again at St. Denis, the preacher made a sermon against him personally. If Napoleon had not come there would have been a revolution in six months.

Lord Kinnaird, after many attempts to see Castlereagh when he passed through Paris, did at last—through Lady Castlereagh's prayers—secure a moment's hearing; and when he heard how things were going on in France, gave him (Kinnaird) one of his damned smiles and said,

"Oh no; everything was as it should be." 1815.
Thus are Empires lost.

The military were ill-treated everywhere. The brother of Labédoyère, who first went over to Napoleon, had his regiment taken away under pretence of giving another, which was never given.

De Flahaut, whose father was guillotined for serving Louis XVI., was cut at Court because he had been aide-de-camp to the Emperor. He and his family would have been content if a kind word had been said to him. The Emperor has made him his aide-de-camp again. Madame de Souza, his mother, confirmed this to me.

Talleyrand also sunk the army from 240,000 to 85,000, pocketing the pay of the rest, but, said Madame Souza to me, "though the Duke de Feltre has told this to your Prince, he will find himself mistaken if he thinks the whole army will not be found in all its force: we shall have our 300,000 men directly." I learn everybody is most anxious for peace, and that the Emperor talks most quietly.

He asked Madame Moret if there were many English here. She said, "No; they had run away." Ah, he said, "*ils se ressouvienent de ce que j'ai fait auparavant, mais ces temps sont passés.*" She told this to Lord Kinnaird.

Called on Mrs. Bailly Wallis. She informed me that a great friend and agent of Fouché's told her that a printed paper was flung into

1815. his window, stating that on March 16 the tocsin would sound, the cannon would be fired in Paris, and a Republic established on the ruins of the Monarchy. At this juncture Napoleon landed, and either prevented or matured the revolution. He told Fouché and others concerned that they had been too precipitate by three months. There are two versions. Some say they did know, others they did not know of his second coming. A change was certain—the King never could go on. The Duke of Orleans had a good chance, and even now some of the soldiers wear hyacinths, his symbol.

Mrs. B. Wallis told me that the alarm of the English to get away was more ridiculous than could be conceived. They said, “He is coming, he is coming,” not daring to name him. Delicate ladies mounted diligences; brave men took to their beds; Somerset’s fright was the worst.

Went to Madame Souza’s, and was there introduced to a small circle. De Flahaut asked me whether it was true that we in England knew nothing of public opinion in France. He told me that the Emperor had sent offers to England which had been returned. I told him to try again, at which he left me abruptly.

Madame de Souza confirmed all I heard of the revolutionary state of things, and the folly of our going to war against a whole nation. The women at Vesoul told young de Flahaut to tell the Emperor that if their husbands did not fight, they would.

Everybody was very civil to *ma petite personne*. A general alarm at war; therefore, this may be just the time to make it, or it may be not.

April 16.—Went to Madame Souza's. She was telling me the mistakes of the Bourbons, when in came a friend, Mr. Le Roy, to whom she said, "Now say no more, for you see his opinion by the colour of his hair."

Set off for the Tuileries, I with Latour Maubourg,¹ whom I told that I had come to France purposely to see Napoleon—true enough. We dismounted at a gate of the Tuileries gardens, and I took Madame de Souza under my arm. She entertained me with telling her son's merits, who, indeed, is a charming person—he has been wounded nine times, is twenty-nine years old. The Duc de Berri said to him, "What rank have you held?" "I was aide-de-camp to the Emperor Napoleon." "In what campaign did you serve?" "In all." The Duke turned up his nose and walked off.

Got at last into the apartments of the Queen Hortense of Holland on the ground floor looking into the Court of the Tuileries. One of the party we met was a beautiful, soft-eyed woman, to whom I was introduced by the Madame de Souza, and who proved to be the Duchess of Vicenza. She had some talk with me, and prayed for peace with England.

¹ Marie V. Marquis de Latour Maubourg (1756–1860), a general who served with distinction in the Egyptian, German, Spanish, and Russian campaigns. Was Minister for War in 1820.

1815. The square began to be filling with the National Guard, who filed in without number. Thirty thousand were to be reviewed; twelve legions, forty-eight battalions. The Duchess told me a hundred cannons were to be fired to-day for the reduction of Marseilles and the general peace of the Empire, and she mistook drums for guns. In other instances she showed her anxiety. She said she did not fear the military, but was frightened at the men in plain clothes standing near the entrance of the palace, where the Emperor was to mount. Latour Maubourg said, "I am under no alarm," to which she replied, "I own willingly that you are braver than I am." Indeed, this day has long been fixed as a day on which some great blow was to be struck by the Jacobins or others. Some said a woman was to do the deed.

The place continued filling with troops; several led horses, of which two or three were white, and were led under our windows. Suddenly we heard a shout of "*Vive l'Empereur*," and I ran through the rooms to the gate of entrance. Napoleon had mounted and was gone off the left of the line. In a short time, however, the cries of "*Vive l'Empereur*" came towards us again, and an officer galloped by waving his sword to the line. Shortly after followed Napoleon himself with his *cortège*, and distinguished from them all by being in a plain cocked hat, without tassels or feathers, but ornamented only with the small tricoloured cockade. His hat was placed square on his head;

his uniform was that of a Colonel of the National Guards, with one star and a small cross hanging from his button. He went past on a canter, and suddenly drew up. An old soldier near me said, "See there how he stops to read the petition of the meanest of his army." I could not help waving my hat and joining in the cry.

I caught repeated glances of the Emperor as he cantered down the lines. He seemed to stop at the end between each line, and his approach and progress were always announced by shouts of "*Vive.*"

Went to the gate again. The regiments moved nearer the palace, and the gates of the triumphal arch being opened the remainder of the Guards, the 24th, battalion came in from the Place de Carrousel. There was a crowd of officers about the gates of the palace, and I got amongst them. A space was made between the palace and the arch half-way, and a large body of the officers of the National Guard quitting their ranks came towards Napoleon, who with his staff drawn round him addressed them shortly in a speech, every now and then interrupted with shouts. I was close behind his generals but could not hear a word; the press was great, and the gendarmerie on horseback rude. We waited then in a throng some time, until movements took place in the troops, who prepared to march by in columns of companies, being pressed up under the windows of the palace.

I suddenly heard the *Vives*, and the Emperor

1815. passed close by me. He wheeled round, and, coming into an open space, just before the palace gates, put himself in front of his staff to review. He was on a lean-looking white horse. Two officers, who knew from Maubourg of my pilgrimage, pushed me forward, and I got within ten paces in front of his right hand. Scarcely a regiment had passed before he suddenly threw his foot out of the stirrup, and came with a sort of lumpish tread upon his feet, and put himself in front. His horse was led off, an aide-de-camp rushed forward to take hold of the stirrup, but was too late. Some of his staff dismounted, but a General with a red ribbon always stood on horse-back on his left. There was a press of officers and a very few men in plain clothes, and women on each side. Maubourg and myself were the only gentlemen in plain.

I had for some time a most complete opportunity of contemplating this extraordinary being. His face is the very counterpart of Sir James Craufurd the runaway, and when he speaks he has the same retraction of his lips as that worthy baronet. His face is of a deadly pale, his jaws overhanging, but not so much as I had heard. His hair is short, of a dark, dusky brown. The lady in the Tuileries told me the soldiers called him *notre petit tondu*. He generally stood with his hands knit behind him or folded before him, three or four times took snuff out of a plain brown box. Once looked at his watch, which, by the way, had a gold face,

and, I think, a brown hair chain, like an English one. His teeth seemed regular, but not clean. He very seldom spoke, but when he did, smiled in some sort agreeably. He looked about him, not knitting, but joining his eyebrows. He caught my eye, and soon withdrew his gaze, naturally enough the first, I having only him to look at, he having some thirty thousand. 1815.

As the front of each regiment passed he put up the first finger of his left hand quickly to his hat to salute, but did not move his head or hat. He had an air of sedate impatience. As the regiments came by they shouted, some loudly, some feebly, "*Vive l'Empereur*," and many ran out of their ranks with petitions, which were taken by the grenadier on the left. Once or twice the petitioner was nearly losing his opportunity, when Napoleon pointed to the grenadier to go and take his paper. A little child, in true French taste, tricked out, and marched before one of the regiments. A general laugh ensued. Napoleon contrived to talk to some one behind him that none of the ridicule might reach him. A second child, however, dressed out with a beard like a pioneer, marched in front of another regiment directly up to him, with a petition on a battle-axe, which he took and read very complacently. An ill-looking fellow ran from the crowd, I believe, towards him in an old regimental with a sword by his side. The grenadier and another stepped forward and collared him, but Napoleon, un-

1815. startled, motioned them to loose him, and the poor fellow talked close to him some time with eager gestures, and with his hand on his heart. I did not see Napoleon equally well at all times, but stood, during the whole review, close to him, gazing at him through hats and a musket or two on tip-toe.

I positively found my eyes moistened at the sight of the world's wonder—the same admiration of great actions which has often made me cry at a trait of Greek or Roman virtue caused this weakness; but I do not know that if Napoleon had not then stood before me as the man against whom all Europe was rising, and as the single individual to dethrone whom, or rather to destroy, a million of men were rising to arms from the banks of the Tanais to the Thames, that I should have felt such a sensation. No; there was something of pity, however unreasonable and unnecessary perhaps, which made me look upon him with such gratification and melancholy delight. Add besides the reflection of his recent exploit, the most wonderful of all his actions, and I am not astonished or ashamed at having experienced such feelings at the sight of the man who has played the most extraordinary, gigantic part of any human being in ancient and modern times.

The last regiment of the National Guard was followed up by the boys of the Imperial Lyceum, who came rushing by shouting, and many of them running out of their ranks with petitions. Then,

1815.

for the first time, Napoleon seemed delighted. He opened his mouth almost to a laugh, and turned round to his attendants right and left, with every expression of pleasure. I did not catch the sound of his voice. I should say that Flahaut brought Lady Kinnaird into the *cortège* behind him, which making some bustle, he turned round, and on Lady Kinnaird blushing and dropping several curtsies, made, I believe, an obeisance. The people by me said, “Ah, it is *la petite Anglaise*.”

After the boys went by he went into the palace. I followed with the crowd, and found him sitting on the steps speaking to some one. I pressed up within two paces of him; he passed quickly upstairs and received his Court, some of which shortly after came down.

Fanny Beauharnais was once a beauty. She was vastly civil to me, asked me how I liked the sight, and seemed pleased at my curiosity. She ended by saying, I believe, she hoped to see me again. She talked anxiously about peace. I always say what is true. I believe the people are for, the Ministers against it. Mrs. Damer tells me Lord Wellesley is gone to Vienna. I called on Mrs. Wallis, at whose house I met a Mr. G., who took me to task for being dazzled with the Emperor. He is a clever man and talks very well. I asked him how the Parisians and French in general showed such unconcern at such strange events. He said, “*Parmi nous, on compte la vie*

1815. pour rien, presque tous ont servis, et après qu'on a couru ce risque il n'y a plus à craindre, il n'y a que la vie qu'on peut perdre."

April 17.—Went to the Palais Royal, bought three numbers of *Le Vieux Républicain*, one an address to Napoleon.

I see pasted up the telegraphic despatch giving account of the voluntary reduction of Marseilles, by the Minister of War, Davout. The Government naturally attaches a great importance to this news. It appears a body of 2,000 men moved upon Gap, and that they were defeated by 300 and a company of artillery; 250 killed and wounded. The Duke of Angoulême has certainly been taken, but no one knows what has become of him. The Emperor, in his speech to the National Guards yesterday, dwelt on the reduction of the Marseillais, and mentioned that one hundred pieces of cannon would tell the news to their neighbours. He says the nations arm, but are not at war with France. France arms, and is also at peace.

Read *Le Vieux Républicain*, in which some strong things are said to Napoleon, who is told to make himself the King of the people.

April 18.—Called on Lady Kinnaird, who amongst other things told me of the follies of the Duke of Wellington's public addresses to Grassini, who lived in the same house with the Duchess; also of Madame de Staël's having a house a little way out of Paris and setting up a Kensington and a Lady Holland. Also that sixty priests

dined every day at the Tuileries, Madame sometimes presiding. This has been confirmed to me by several.

Dined with Lady Kinnaird; met there La Marquise de Coigny, her relatives Luttrell, Latour Maubourg, Mrs. Damer, Prince —— (something).

Madame de Coigny's relative, who is exiled as one of the *maison de roi*, told me that there were great troubles in Provence, and that the priests and nobles ran a chance of being massacred, and that Napoleon was obliged to encourage this spirit for the sake of making the war national.

He told me the *émigréd noblesse* were foolish enough on returning to demand the exclusive right of chase over all the new seigniories, so that the great change effected by the revolution, namely, so many peasants becoming absolute masters of national lands, was in danger, to all appearance, of being annulled. Napoleon has had recourse to Fouché and Carnot, and at last even to Benjamin Constant, who the day before his arrival wrote the most violent philippic against him.

All agree that France is at a crisis. Claims and questions which had long been laid asleep, were once more brought into play by the Bourbons. Every principle of dissension was revived, so that at this moment the shock of parties seems inevitable and the revolution of '89 instead of being concluded may be said to be just begun, as

1815. far as relates to any chance of final settlement and repose ; it would be folly to guess at what a month may produce.

All agree that the Bourbons would not have sat on the throne six months longer. The lame Prince even went so far as to tell me that the movement of Count d'Erlon and Desnouettes was independent of Buonaparte, and that Soult, with all his contrivances, so far from being engaged with Napoleon had a wish so to embroil the military and civilians as to create a disturbance and offer himself for the crown. Certainly it is only just now that the Emperor has seen him, although he has demanded audience before.

The lame Prince told me that Macdonald the marshal had told his brother that the Duc de Berri had put him on his staff, on which Macdonald respectfully told him that he would command a division or corps, but could not be on his R.H.'s staff, to which the Duke replied, "You would not have given such an answer to Buonaparte." "No," he said ; "certainly not, but your Royal Highness is not Buonaparte."

I went to the Princess Jablanowski's, and met there Count Sierakonski, another Pole, the Polish Colonel Jermanouski, who accompanied Napoleon to Elba and back, and General Kozciusko. In other times I should have looked much at this character, but things on so vast a scale are now performing ; and then the Colonel, who had just come from the dinner given by the National

Guards to the Imperial Guards, and brought some of the songs with him and toasts, was telling anecdotes of the great man, and his late triumphant invasion. 1815.

At this dinner there were twelve tables laid for sixty or seventy of all classes of soldiers, a mixture which gave the Princess and her Poles great delight.

The Colonel told us Campbell was too much of a politician, too little of a soldier. What a change a little place at Court can make in a man. No one was less diplomatic than Campbell, when I knew him in Germany.

Two men certainly came to Elba to assassinate Napoleon, one named Pompeii, from Corsica, and another who had even a gun on purpose. The attendants of Napoleon had contrived a little police among themselves. The Colonel commanded at Porto Longone, and had as a spy the physician of the English Consul. They knew beforehand of the man sent by Brulart from Corsica, and dismissed him, keeping his gun.

The Colonel had about four hundred men under him. He had no notion of the real intention of Napoleon. Six days before Napoleon had sent for him, and asked him how many vessels were in Porto Longone. He told him three or four. He was ordered to hire them and provision them, and stop all boats, etc., from leaving the port. This he did, when an Englishman who was detained came storming to him, and said his detention

1815. might bring on a war between Great Britain and the Emperor. The Colonel smiled and treated him civilly, but kept him.

The day before the embarkation, the Colonel disbursed thirteen or fourteen thousand franks to make a road. He was the next day arranging his little garden, when he received orders from Napoleon to embark all his men by six o'clock in the evening, and join the flotilla at a given place. It was so late that it was impossible to get them on board before half-past seven, after which, he, according to his orders, was rowed in a boat to the brig which contained the Emperor, who, when he came on board, said: "*Ah, comment ça va-t-il où est votre monde,*" and said no more. The Colonel knew not, and no one appeared to know where they were going.

The next morning, however, the wind was declared good for Italy. All thought they were going to Naples, but soon Napoleon told his plan, and began to dictate his proclamations, which were read aloud, and which he very frequently corrected. Everybody set to copy them, and about fifty copies of each to the army and French nation were got ready.

The next work was to make national cockades, and this was easily done by ripping off one round of the Elba cockade. Napoleon had first on coming to Elba instituted a cockade too like the national one, and, fearing this might give umbrage, altered it.

Whilst on board there was scarcely any sleeping. 1815.
The troops assembled round the Emperor, and familiarly asked him all sorts of questions and opinions relative to living characters: Kings, Marshals, and Ministers—many of them indiscreet, but all which he answered and discoursed with an easy, persuasive eloquence on a variety of topics, to the delight and instruction of all about him. He said in a case like this one must think slowly, but act promptly. I have long and maturely weighed this prospect, for military men who have so often faced death, the reverse which may await us is not terrifying.

At last they got to Cannes. A party was sent to Antibes, and fired upon. This was an unpleasant commencement, but they were not afraid of the garrison of Antibes, of about twelve thousand. There were 800 Imperial Guards, and three or four hundred others. Napoleon had often given rank in his army to poor fellows who came from all quarters to Elba, but whom he said he could only give fifty or perhaps even thirty franks a month. On landing, Napoleon told the Colonel that he had brought only four horses with him, which had disembarked a little farther off, so that the Colonel and others put their saddles on their backs and walked sometime to the horses. Napoleon mounted one, General Cambronne another, Molat a third, and the Colonel the fourth. Bertrand said, "No, I'll march on foot." The Colonel was given money by Napoleon to go into

1815. the country and buy horses to mount his troop. He did so, and bought fifteen in a hurry for treble their value. They sent a soldier to Digne, who was detained; this took as bad as Antibes. However, the great object was to get to Grenoble or rather the defile of Viselle, or some such name, before the alarm.

They marched might and main; the peasants of the villages said nothing, all stared. The first man who joined them was a soldier-grenadier who was in the middle of the road and was stopped by the Emperor. He was told by the Colonel he had better join them. He said he would, but he must go and tell his mother, who lived three leagues off. He would rejoin the Emperor, which he did, and tapped up the Colonel in the night to tell him he was come, desiring him to report it to the Emperor immediately. His name was Melon.

They arrived at Grasse, a town of ten thousand inhabitants perhaps, where Napoleon left his three pieces of cannon and his sister Pauline's carriage, as they could not get them through the mountains. The people stared and said nothing as they passed—would not believe it was the Emperor. However, when they had halted on a hill above the town, the inhabitants took a sudden turn and came up to them and supplied a good breakfast for 1,200 people. From that moment the people in all the villages and towns received him with transports. The road was blocked up to his

1815.

quarters ; it was difficult for him to march. He rode on horseback generally, but sometimes walked. However, no troops had joined him. They advanced upon the defile of Viselle, the Colonel was ordered forwards ; he saw regiments drawn up with white flags, and, as he tried to *parlementer*, an officer in a fierce tone cried out, riding forward : “ *Je n’ai point de communication avec vous ; éloignez-vous ; je fais tirer,*” on which the Colonel tried to pacify him, saying it was not with him he was to speak but the Emperor. The officer still talked big, when Napoleon came forward, his soldiers with arms reversed, and going up to the troops, told them if they pleased to fire upon and kill him. The soldiers, who were composed of the 7th and 12th of the line, and chosen on purpose, cried, “ *Vive l’Empereur,*” and joined him, the officers trying to make them fire. It was not till afterwards that a horseman rode up to the Colonel, and said, “ *Je vous salue de la part du Colonel Labédoyère,*” who presently came over with his regiment. Thus was Grenoble gained, and 3,000 men, which settled the whole. The Emperor when there was at an inn ; the people burst in, and there were at least fifty strangers all round him, without his having a single guard or man of his troops with him—he was alone. The Colonel and others got in and barricaded the doors, but they still pushed in. The same eagerness to see and congratulate Napoleon prevailed everywhere up to Paris, except

1815. at Mâcon, the only place where the Colonel was not directed to the Emperor's quarters by the crowd about the door. The people pressing about him at all other places prevented the possibility of guarding him, so he was often, as at Grenoble, alone.

The Colonel said that several English wanted to embark at Elba with Napoleon. He also had heard of the event expected on last Sunday from the National Guards.

From all I can make out it appears Napoleon came just in time to take advantage of the revolutionary spirit, and prevent the establishment of a Republic, which would have shut him out for ever. Who his informers were is not yet known; the whole, as the young lame Prince said to me, is wrapt in inextricable mystery.

April 19.—Walking this day in the Palais Royal and *parterres* I observed how quickly and entirely they had taken down all *royal* signs. Everything is Imperial: coffee-houses, du Roi de Rome; tailor, to their Imperial Majesties; Bibliothèque Impériale; pictures of the Imperial family. Walking into a shop, I saw all those of Monsieur and the royal family turned with their faces to the wall.

April 20.—I breakfasted with Bruce. He mentioned that the night the King ran away he walked by the Tuileries at half-past twelve, and saw the King's carriages drawn up, but not a soul but the coachman with them. The gentleman who handed

Louis XVIII. into his carriage assured Bruce the King was much affected, and expressed fears for his safety. How contradictory this to Lady Kinnaird's story! 1815.

Gouville always carries opium-pills with him to prevent another imprisonment. Humboldt is going to Thibet to visit the mountains chiefly.

I walked about the Tuileries, admired Napoleon's terrace. Drove to the Musée Napoléon, over the door of which the bronze laurel and crowned bust of the Emperor are placed again. Saw the workmen replacing the Imperial symbols, exactly in the same place as last year at this time, I saw them taking them down.

Went to Madame de Souza's, where was a stiff, formal party. The women of the new school, the beautiful Madame Caulaincourt, the beautiful daughter of Marshal Macdonald, and others.

April 21.—Saw Mrs. Wallis to-day, who dined in company with the Polish Colonel of Elba, who told her that the first night of the embarkation was occupied in repainting their brig from yellow-and-grey to black-and-white, so that by the next morning no one could know her. Also that at Castilian, between Cannes and Grasse, Napoleon tried to make the post-master drink "*Vive l'Empereur*," but he would only drink, "*Vive le Roi*." At last he was got to drink "*à votre santé*" to Napoleon, who was much pleased at his loyalty. He said that every Sunday at Elba Napoleon had several children to dine with him.

1815. I went to the Français, where Hector and Le Lys were acted, and where Napoleon came about the third scene.

The house was crammed full, and previously to the curtain rising the airs of "La Victoire," and the "Marseillaise" were called for and performed amidst thunders of applause.

A performer of the *Feydeau* said he would sing the Marseillaise from the balcony, which he did, and was joined at the chorus by all the house. The enthusiasm of the military was at the pitch. "*Vive l'Empereur*" was a thousand times repeated when Napoleon appeared.

I recollect the Princes going to the theatre this time last year. Certainly the Bourbon exultation was not half so great.

Napoleon's face appeared new to me, so difficult is it to fix it decidedly in your mind, as the painters have found. He was sitting down and his officers standing. Flahaut, I think, was behind his chair. He was very attentive, and whilst I saw him spoke to no one. The audience applied all the speeches both concerning Hector and Achilles to him: "*enfin il réparait*," and "*c'était lui, Achille*," drew down unnumbered "*Vives*." Talma was very great in Hector. Andromache gave us the translation of Homer, also in good style.

Napoleon's hair is very thin. He had long white shirt-wrists. He went away suddenly at the end of the play and had a short shout.

1815.

April 22.—Went to Bruce's and saw John Macnamara, who gave an account of an interview he had with Napoleon in Elba on the 13th or 14th of last January.¹

April 23.—I walked to the Place du Carrousel and saw a review. Napoleon walked on foot between most of the ranks; nothing can exceed the appearance of the Imperial Guard. The quick march at the *pas de charge* before the Emperor made the eyes of all about me glisten. The soldiers could not help crying "*Vive l'Empereur*," though it appears this exclamation was forbidden. . . .

April 24.—Napoleon is Emperor of the French by the grace of God, and without an interval, as Louis reigned nineteen years in England. This objection I foresaw, and it seems to have thrown all people into a conviction that their hopes of Napoleon's having changed are void of foundation. Those who spoke loudly in his praise before are now silent, those who were formerly silent are now violent in their detraction.

April 26.—A wonderful change has taken place since the publication of the Constitution; but yet I hear observing people say, *n'importe*, the French always talk—the thing will be forgot in twelve days.

April 29.—I called on Bruce, and found Mr. de Lascour. He said Napoleon had no sort of

¹ The substance of Mr. Macnamara's interview is transcribed in the middle of Chapter V, so that the narrative may not be interrupted.

1815. enthusiasm of head or heart, nothing seemed to affect him. He was with him at Fontainebleau at his abdication last year, and was standing near him when he was reviewing his troops, and Caulaincourt whispered to him his fall and formal dethronement. He just drew back and bit his lips, nothing else. He seemed a little quiet for twenty-four hours—no more; afterwards he had the same spirits and manners. He told Mr. de Lascour that it was not the armies nor the peoples that had dethroned him, not the sovereigns of Europe, nor the vast efforts of England, but the march of liberal ideas, and, if he had listened to them four or five years ago, his power would have been confirmed for ever. “However,” said he gaily, “I did not, and it is come to this.”

Mr. de Lascour was the person who prevented Paris from being blown up according to Napoleon’s orders.

Lascour said people now talk, formerly no one spoke of politics in society; if he did he had a visit from the police, who warned him a repetition of his remarks would send him from Paris. They never talked of the killed and wounded in their battles, which he said he understood made an effect in England.

He said the abdication at Fontainebleau was a perfect drama, and a melancholy one. He could not help pitying a great captain reduced to the necessity of resigning his sword and his crown, and deserted by his soldiers and servants. When

they got up each morning and inquired for such 1815.
and such marshal or general, he was gone, gone
to Paris—they dropped off one by one. Napoleon
bore it unmoved.

April 30.—Macnamara having procured tickets
from Marshal Bertrand, he and I went at eleven
to the Imperial chapel in the Tuileries. The
Imperial Guard, who were regulating the aisle,
gave a sort of signal with their guns, presented
arms, and in came Napoleon, and with him his
brother, the King of Spain, in a broad red ribbon.
Napoleon was, as usual, simple, in green.

He was towards me all the time, and I, being
opposite below, enjoyed the sight of him during
the whole mass. I looked at nothing else—the
fine music in the gallery opposite occupied me not,
the priests and ceremony I thought nothing of,
though warned by the clash of the muskets,
which it seems was the signal for praying or some
part of the mass; the presenting of arms was the
reverence to the host.

Napoleon was perpetually swaying about, not
still for an instant. He took up the mass-book
once, opened it, and put it down on its face, then
took it up, turned over the leaves without looking
and put it down again. He fixed his eye on
myself, I stared him out as before. He was
perpetually restless.

Another clash of muskets gave the signal of
the Emperor's departure and the end of the mass,
which lasted about fifteen minutes. This perhaps

1815. is the last sight I shall ever have of Napoleon the Great.

May 20.—Letter from Kinnaird. He tells me he and Byron are managers of Drury Lane. He wants me to send him farces, etc., from France.

May 22.—Saw the Emperor go by in his carriage towards the Elysée palace. He had but a trifling guard with him, and none beside his carriage windows, out of which he looked as he passed my window. I saw him very distinctly, and agree I never saw anybody with such a face—the lower part is not ever *imitable* scarcely, except in Mrs. Damer's picture.

May 28.—Went to the Review. Napoleon stood sometimes nearly under my window looking at some regiments of the line on foot, and absolutely mixed with the troops. He marched in time by the side of a column filing, absolutely confounded with them. I saw him go up to a grenadier presenting arms to him as he was walking down the line, and after talking to him for two minutes pull him by the nose. I also saw him, when a middle-aged Colonel of the line ran up to him and began to talk, interrupt him by giving him a sound box on the left ear, at which the Colonel seemed delighted, and went away smiling and showing his ear, which was red with the blow. I, who had never seen such things, was almost alarmed when I saw Napoleon raise himself—for the man was tall—and strike, apparently with all his heart, but a man near me in general's uniform

told me that a soldier once crying out as Napoleon was passing, "*Vive l'Empereur*" alone, Napoleon stopped, went up to him, and asked him how many campaigns he had served, and if he had ever been promoted. The man told him and added, "*On m'a fait la queue trois fois pour la croix.*" "*Ah bien,*" said Napoleon, "*je te donne la queue,*" and gave him a slap in the face. He got the cross immediately—*faire la queue* is to take in—hence a caricature representing Napoleon tying Louis' pigtail.

June 1.—Went with Bruce to the Champ de Mai.

Extract from "LAST REIGN."—Napoleon seems to have taken a last leave of the people of Paris, in the *fête* of Sunday, the 4th. . . . Not a melancholy nor an angry face was to be seen throughout the vast concourse thus celebrating, as it were, the eve of a day which must make widows and orphans of half the officiating crowd. But the life of this people is liveliness, which is their mode of existence. . . .

In the evening of this day there was an illumination at the Tuileries, and a public concert performed in a temporary structure in front of the centre balcony of the palace. There was an immense but orderly crowd opposite to this part of the palace, and stretching far down the centre walk, towards the Champs Elysées. The palace and gardens were lighted up by nine o'clock, and in three quarters of an hour the pavilion, in the

1815. midst of the orchestra, had some tapers placed in it. The musicians arrived, and were ranged on each side, in the open air. Soon afterwards Napoleon, in his Spanish hat and feather, and in his crimson tunic, appeared at the window, with the princes of his family and the Princess Hortense. He stepped forwards into his pavilion, saluted the people quickly three or four times and sat down. The orchestra performed an overture, and then sung the *Lyonnaise*, which was received with raptures: other music performed, which did not, however, last long, and was ended by the *Vivat in æternum*. It was a romantic sight, and such as those only who have seen the Tuileries illuminated can conceive. The presence of the Emperor and his Court, with the music in the open air, and the unnumbered crowd seen, as at noonday, in the lustre of glittering palaces and groves, added to the fairy sprightliness of the scene; and a spectator might have thought himself anywhere but in France, had he not known that in no other country could he witness such a sight. . . . The day terminated without a single accident, although the shouts of "*Vive l'Empereur*" were prolonged by the parties of feasted federates to a late hour of the night. . . .

Napoleon had passed the whole morning of this day, until seven o'clock, in receiving the electoral colleges and the military and naval deputations. He first saw them on his throne in the Tuileries, and afterwards passed them in review in the

gallery of the Museum, down the whole length of which the departments, with their eagles, were ranged to the right, and the land and sea armies, with their eagles, to the left; the saloon at the extremity being filled with deputations of the Imperial Guards, of the invalids, and of the veterans. The Emperor spoke to many of the ten thousand who were present, and with his accustomed ease and variety of conversation; replying to intelligence by no means agreeable with a frankness most unroyal. He spoke, amongst others, to a friend of mine, a colonel in the army, a notorious royalist, and an elector for the Marseillais. "How many electors met in your department, colonel?" "Thirteen, sire." "Ah, comment! How many deputies did you choose?" "Six." "What! six deputies for thirteen electors? *l'esprit doit être bien mauvais là; il faut le ranimer.*" Napoleon said this with a face half serious, half smiling, as if he knew how happy my Colonel was to tell such news, for he was well acquainted with him; and when he added "*Oui, sire,*" made a sort of grimace, and walked on.

DIARY. *June 12.*—Napoleon is gone. He said in his speech of yesterday to the deputies, "I go off to-night."

I call on the police—get my passport viséd *pour le départ.*

From "LAST REIGN."—Regarding Napoleon and his warriors as the partisans of the cause of peoples

1815. against the conspiracy of kings, whatever may be my regret that that cause has not fallen into hands so pure as to command unqualified support, I cannot help wishing that the French may meet with as much success as will not compromise the military character of my own countrymen. But, as an Englishman, I will not be witness to their triumphs ; as a lover of liberty, I would not be a spectator of their reverses. I leave Paris to-morrow. The police and Minister for Foreign Affairs signed my passport for Geneva at the first demand ; and, as I learn, no difficulty has hitherto been put in the way of any one wishing to quit the capital or the country.

DIARY. *June 13.*—Left Paris with Bruce.

June 16.—When at St. Pan, an Englishman, who had settled down as a victualler of the French armies, good-humouredly came to look after us, and returning, walked about with us. He said that when Ney came through Dole from Lons-le-Saunier to oppose Napoleon, he talked very big for the Bourbons.

Jerome came through some time after, and was as much fêted as the Count d'Artois had been in the last year's progress he made, for the expenses of which the "communes" have not yet been paid.

June 17.—At Morez we were asked for our passports, and soon had them returned with the information that the General would not suffer us to proceed.

We went to the General, who told us General Lecourbe had been to the advanced posts the day before—had stopped every sort of communication with Switzerland, and had let the diligence go for the last time to Gex because there was an elector from the Champ de Mai in it. It was in vain we reasoned with him, and showed him a letter which Bruce carried from Count Mollien, Minister of the Treasury to Maréchal Suchet.

June 18.—The General remained inflexible, and signed our passports to go back to Paris.

June 19.—We retraced our steps and proceeded to Bourg, the capital of the department of the Ain, where we were shown a telegraphic despatch from Prince Joseph to the Commander-in-Chief of the Army of the Alps, Suchet stating the Sambre to have been forced, Charleroi taken, and the Emperor to have gained *a complete victory* over the Duke of Wellington and Blücher on the 16th.

From “LAST REIGN.”—*Moniteurs* up to the 20th have arrived regularly, and you may easily conceive the eagerness with which they are pursued. That of the 14th contains no other intelligence than that Napoleon was at Soissons at ten in the morning of the 12th, and at Laon at four in the afternoon, where he visited the works before he continued his journey.

The paper of the 18th gives at last the official detail of this first action, and also the Emperor’s address to the army, dated Avesnes, June 14,

1815. conceived in his usual terms, telling his soldiers that he addresses them on the anniversary of Marengo and Friedland. A despatch mentions the affair of Montmellian by Marshal Suchet. The Emperor, in a letter of the 16th, has written with his own hand "Letort is better."

The same *Moniteur* contains, in six lines, the following intelligence, strangely squeezed into a corner of a column:

"Behind LIÉGEY, June 16.

"Half-past eight in the evening.

"The Emperor has just obtained a complete victory over the Prussian and English armies united, under the orders of Lord Wellington and Marshal Blücher. The army debouches at this instant by the village of Ligny, in front of Fleurus, to pursue the enemy."

I must inform you, that from Fontainebleau to the frontiers, through all the country through which we have traversed, there appears but one sentiment, that of defending the national cause to the last. In the Jura and long line of frontier we have pursued, the whole population is in arms. Posts and beacons are established at every turn of the road, and guarded by peasants of all ages with pikes and fowling-pieces. In Franche-Comté the school-children have enrolled themselves.

I do not say that the Emperor, in these countries, is the object of unqualified regard, but I do assert that the Bourbons are much less so; and that scarcely any innkeeper or post-master fails to tell some tale to their disadvantage, with

which these princes furnished them in their unpaid progresses through the provinces. The usual character given of Napoleon here is, that he is a great man, fit for France and Frenchmen, but too fond of war. The predominant wish, I may say passion, of the people and soldiers, in every part of the country I have seen, is *peace*, which the ignorant, sanguinary statesmen of Congress will not see or allow, because they are in want of war themselves. Nothing but the general recognition of the necessity of defending their independence could have prompted the noble exertions, which, whatever may be their issue, must give them claim to an admiration that no belligerents, since the struggles of the Swiss and Dutch republics, can extort from an unprejudiced observer.

DIARY. *June 25.*—Bourg. The prefect sent us our passports viséd for our return to Paris, and the Duc d'Albufera's letter with a certificate of his own underneath it, so we left Bourg.

At St. Albin, as we were going off, a man came to our carriage side and asked us if we heard the news. What news? Why, bad news—the *Emperor returned to Paris—has abdicated*. . . . At Sennecey we agreed to stop ten minutes, and here we did see a paper—the *Journal de Campagnes*, which gave an extract from a supplement to the *Moniteur* of June 21.

Napoleon had gained victories over the Prussians on the 16th and 17th, attacked the English on the 18th, and beat them up to half-past eight, when

1815. a desperate charge being made on some English batteries by four battalions of the middle guard, and these battalions being thrown into confusion by a charge of British cavalry, a rout took place. The French army thought the old guard had been repulsed. "*La vieille garde est repoussée*" was the cry, which was followed up by shouts, supposed treacherous, of "*Sauve qui peut.*" The whole army began to run. In vain the old guard tried to stop it; it was carried away by the mass of fugitives, even the squadrons of the bodyguard round the Emperor were borne backwards. All rushed to the point of communication, and a complete defeat ensued. Cannons, carriages, all the park of artillery, and the material of the army were left and taken on the field of battle. The Emperor returned to Paris.

The people at the post-house would not believe this news we told them. However, the post-master said, "It is all true; *il a été complètement battu.*" It was the impatience of the middle guard. Certainly there could be but little doubt now; and yet we did not entirely believe.

June 26.— . . . These events overwhelm the imagination. He was beaten by the perseverance of the English, and, it appears, his own obstinacy in making an effort at so late an hour, when his troops were exhausted.

I see the colours of the 69th regiment are said to have been taken in the battle of the 17th. My cares divided by my brother and Napoleon.

1815.

June 27.—At Sens the landlady told us that a regiment of 1,500 had passed by yesterday crying “*Vive l’Empereur, à bas les royalistes.*” Going on to Pont-sur-Yonne, Villeneuve-la-Guiard, and Fossard, we began to meet soldiers coming from the beaten army, mostly wounded in the hand, it should seem.

At Montereau, where we showed our passports, we heard that Napoleon was either gone or going to England. Went by L’Ecluse to Melun; dined there. Read in the *Journal de l’Empire* Napoleon Buonaparte is gone provisionally to Malmaison, so it is come to this at last. There have been great disturbances in the two Chambers. Ney has declared there cannot be collected 25,000 men. Members have received letters telling them to beware of another thirteen Vendemiaire and eighteen Brumaire.

The National Guard is doubled over the Assembly and Paris put under their care. Plenipotentiaries La Fayette, Sebastiani, d’Argenson and Laprest, with B. Constant, redactors, sent to the allied sovereigns. Otto gone to England. After some debate Napoleon II. proclaimed, or rather named Emperor. Napoleon, in his answer to the addresses of the two Chambers consequent to his abdication, took care to tell them he resigned in favour of his son. Poor fellow, his expression in his abdication, “*Ma vie politique est terminée,*” cut me to the heart.

Proceeded to Paris. No disturbances of any kind. Went into the Palais Royal. Bought

1815. *Moniteurs* of the last week, and read them partly at home. That of to-day contains Wellington's despatch—it is certain he did not know the extent of his victory.

From "LAST REIGN."—The day was lost because the patient intrepidity of the British infantry was not to be overcome by the desperate effort made, late in the evening, with tired troops, when the battle was a drawn one, and when the English would have been happy to be left in possession of their ground. . . . Some of the personal staff of Napoleon were struck with what they thought the obstinacy of the last attack upon the strong position of the English; and General Haxo was beginning to remonstrate — "*Mais, sire,*" when the Emperor gave him a flip with his glove in the face: "*Taisez-vous, mon ami, voilà Grouchy, qui vient de nous donner de ses nouvelles.*" They were Bulow's cannons which he mistook for Grouchy's, and which he announced as such to Ney, by Labédoyère. The Marshal fought with his accustomed bravery, and having had three horses killed under him, was seen in advance of the line, with his sword drawn, and on foot, attended by a single corporal, who at last bore him away, exhausted and covered with contusions, from the scene of carnage. How dreadful must have been the rout may be collected from the confession of the Marshal [Ney], who tells us that he, *the second in command*, arrived *alone*, totally ignorant of what had become of the Emperor or the army, at *Mar-*

chiennes-sur-Pont, at four o'clock in the morning. 1815. .
He says that he concluded the Emperor to be either taken or killed. The last sight the Marshal had of him was when he was conducting the four regiments of the middle guard, in person, to the attack.

Lieutenant-Colonel —— of the Guards informed me that he saw Napoleon about musket-shot in front of the English line. An authority on which I have not the same entire reliance, but which is backed by common rumour, assured me, at Paris, that Napoleon made several efforts to plunge forward into the enemies' ranks, but was stopped by his staff, who held his horse by the reins. I see now that all this is said to be a concerted scene between Bertrand and Drouot and their Emperor. What pleasure or profit can be derived from the support of the paradox that a man who has commanded in fifty pitched battles is a coward? It may be no contradiction to say that Napoleon, although as brave a man as ever lived, is yet attached to a life, which his facility of temper and flexibility of mind, joined to a certain philosophical indifference, enable him to render very tolerable, even in the most sudden and dreadful reverses.

DIARY. *June 27.*—The *arrêts du gouvernement* are to be in the *nom du peuple français*. How does this correspond with Napoleon II.? The general expectation is that Louis XVIII. is to return; the allies are known to be at St. Quentin, and

1815. said to be only twelve leagues from Paris. The National Guard are on strict duty. On Friday night last they were all out on the discovery of a plot by the *Fédérés* to seize the different dépôts of arms. One gun was fired. Fouché, President of the Provisional Government, very active, and seized the ringleaders. The French Habeas Corpus Act is to be suspended for three months, but there are debates thereupon, not a little violent, and one member in the Peers said that he should ask for a passport to Constantinople if every prefect had the right of imprisonment.

June 28.—Bruce tells me he saw Mollien last night and is shocked at the manner in which the Government has suffered Napoleon to retreat with not above 40,000 or 50,000 pounds for himself, his family, and all his dependants. They ordered him off from the *Elysée Bourbon*.

Fouché is suspected of making his own bargain; the deputies begin to shake, yet Napoleon is still recognised by the people and soldiers. I see his pictures and busts everywhere. The Houses of Parliament are objects of contempt; there is no mention made of Napoleon II.

Bruce and I went to the Minister of the Police and thence to the prefecture, where they were very civil, seemed quite changed, quite in spirits, and said, "*C'est décidé*, Wellington will be here in a day or two, you are come to see your countrymen." I saw some of their schedules, in which *Roi* and *Royaume* were introduced.

Thence we went to Perregaux's, where we met Lord Kinnaird, who told us he had been arrested on the day after Napoleon's return as a spy of the Duke of Orleans and kept in Real's office seven hours. He was told to give his word of honour he would leave France at a minute's warning; he said he could not without speaking to Fouché. He was allowed to leave for two hours. He saw Fouché, who said: "*Fouché vous de ça, vous verrez aujourd'hui,*" in effect. 1815.

Napoleon's abdication was read to the Chamber that day and Kinnaird liberated. Both Kinnaird and Mollien say that Napoleon is quite tranquil but quite lost. The latter saw him for an hour on last Saturday, and now he and his friend pretend that he has not been the man he was since he went to Elba. He had no intention of abdicating when he came back, but his Ministers and some of the Chamber of Deputies forced him. Every one blames him leaving the army; every one blames his attack at night. He was completely beaten, beyond doubt.¹

¹ NOTE FROM "LAST REIGN."

The authentic news of the fatal battle had reached Paris about two hours before Napoleon came back; and immediately on its arrival a meeting assembled at the house of M. de Constant. Resolutions were taken to force the Emperor to abdicate, when, in the midst of their debate, some one entered the Chamber, and announced that Napoleon was in Paris. In an instant M. de C—— was left alone: the deliberators had shot off on every side like bubbles on the water or frogs dispersed by the sudden falling of a stone amongst them. When, however, that gentleman went to a house of representatives, he found that the work meditated by his friends was then in the hands of others.

1815. Drouot has read a most interesting account of the battle to the House of Peers. Carnot appeared at first to wish to wink at the defeat, but Ney told him it was *fausse de toute fausseté*; the business was all up. This got Ney into disgrace.

FROM "LAST REIGN."—There is only one opinion here as to his quitting the army, and his return to Paris—a plan which I know he was implored with tears not to follow, and which alone has been the immediate cause of his fall. It may appear presumptuous to state his real motive for such a fatal proceeding; but the one assigned by his friends is, that he wished to be himself the messenger of the ill news, and to prevent, by his presence, any strong measures which the Chambers might feel inclined to take against his crown. He is known to have said, after the disasters of the Russian campaign, that he would confound the Parisians by his presence, and fall amongst them like a thunderbolt. But alas, the times are changed: there are things which succeed only because they have never been done before, and for that reason can never be done again. However, the effect of this fifth retreat from his armies, although an act in itself of but little importance, is an entire abandonment of him and his cause by all those who could have forgiven him a misfortune, but required that he should be the first to recover from the blow. Even in the army he has lost his best partisans; and

although his name may be the rallying word of some future discontent, he cannot be pardoned by the brave men who have seen themselves deserted by him at their first disaster. It cannot be concealed, there is in the flight of Napoleon a precipitancy which nothing can excuse; and we must sigh, as Montesquieu did over the suicide of Brutus, to see the cause of liberty so easily abandoned. Had the Chambers dethroned him upon receiving the news of his defeat, the despair would have been theirs, and their decree might not have been ratified by the nation in arms; but by his return he has saved them from that disgrace and danger, and has preserved their characters, whatever injury he may have done to his own. It was not to be expected that any future sacrifices should be made in the behalf of one whose conduct in this decisive instance has shown him unwilling to appreciate the value of their exertions. I am not, therefore, surprised to be informed of that which does not appear exactly on the face of the transactions—that Napoleon was compelled to abdicate by what may be called force, that force which enabled the Chamberlain Mons to depose Christiern, by telling him that he must resign his crown. 1815.

It appears that Napoleon, both before and some time after he had signed his abdication, hung by the hope of retaining the crown in his family. His answer to the messages of the two Chambers

1815. showed his anxiety for his son, perhaps more prominently than became him; for he must have known that the fact of his reminding them that he abdicated only for his son, would not add one figure to the chance of Napoleon the Second; indeed, it has hitherto only given occasion for the intemperate and officious zeal of M. Labédoyère. When he said, in his address to the French, "I proclaim my son Napoleon the Second Emperor of the French," he erred both in form and substance: a constitutional monarch, stepping from his throne, proclaims not his successor: the Constitution awards the crown, and in virtue of that Constitution is the sovereign proclaimed. If the son should not succeed, this proclamation of the father will be considered as the last impotent effort of expiring usurpation.

DIARY.—At Perregaux's I read the list of killed and wounded: thank God, my brother Ben not there. Lady E. Forbes told me that there had been great rejoicings for the victory of the 16th and 17th, 101 guns fired, etc., but no news, no bulletin, on the Sunday or Monday. On the latter evening it was said the Empress had arrived at the Tuileries: all was joy. Lady E. Forbes saw General Ornano, asked him if he had heard the good news, alas! bad enough; he held up a note. The Emperor is come back; all is over. Lady E. Forbes tells me that Madame Walewska breakfasted with Napoleon yesterday at Mal-

maison;¹ found him quite calm. He was kind to her little Alexander. He talked about going to England; said it was the only place in which he could be safe and well treated. 1815.

Lady E. Forbes added that seven members of the deputies, amongst whom was Sebastiani, held knives and pistols to Napoleon's throat and made him sign his abdication. She said Madame Walewska told her Malmaison is besieged by persons asking for money. Poor Mollien has been threatened to be hauled over the coals for suspicion of having given him some of the public treasure, but he did not, though he says he should have been glad to have done it.

Napoleon lost all his money and treasure—twelve millions in gold were taken by the Prussians. He was determined to change the system of war and pay for everything. His end was to get to Brussels. As Drouot says, if he had succeeded everybody would have admired him. Posterity will judge whether he was right to try.

¹ NOTE FROM "LAST REIGN."

The account of Malmaison being neglected must apply only to the first reign, for, during the last, Napoleon frequently visited that country-house, and took great delight in looking at the trees which he himself had planted. I must here mention that, although the relation given of the last days at Malmaison was communicated to me by a person who had just quitted the spot, yet I have received from another eye-witness a different story. He told me that in his last visit there were no chamberlains, no courtiers attendant upon Napoleon, and only Count Labédoyère and another aide-de-camp were habitual visitants. The number of impatient creditors was diminished, by the same authority, to two generals.

1815. From "LAST REIGN."—An extreme carelessness and generosity in pecuniary matters is one of the characteristics of Napoleon; he is incapable of refusing an application for money. He will carry from Malmaison only fifteen thousand louis d'or. It seems mean and ridiculous to couple these considerations with the name of such a man; but during his varied career he has been in situations in which such considerations have been suggested even to himself. In those private letters, in his own hand, written to his first wife, when he was commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, which I have before mentioned as having read, he gives an account of the small fortune left him by his father (I think either eight or twelve thousand francs), and enters, besides, once or twice into some details relative to this patrimony, and the state of his purse; and, what is perfectly conformable to his character, gently reproaches Josephine for having made no demands upon him. The excess of affection and esteem with which he talks of his brothers in those letters, and which some think has degenerated into a failing with him, adds another trait—a fit companion to his generosity. Even since he has been Emperor, although he has never been in an English prison, like Theodore, nor in English pay, like Maximilian, he has known what it is to suffer from scantiness of revenue, for, in the latter days of his abode at Elba, the grand master of his little palace retrenched the expenses of his table, by

1815.

changing his favourite Chambertin for the wine of the country—an economy to which he consented readily and with a smile. Officers of all nations who had belonged to his armies resorted to his rock, and begged to serve him with such earnestness that, although he stated to them frankly the smallness of his means, some accepted twenty-five and thirty francs a month, rather as a pledge of his regard than as a remuneration of their offices. He will now be obliged to exert whatever philosophy nature or experience may have enabled him to lay up in store for a reverse. Already he has recovered his wonted calm, even in the midst of the embarrassments of Malmaison, and in the uncertainties of his fate. . . . A fondness for children is another of his peculiarities; he was accustomed at Elba to invite Madame Bertrand's young family to dine with him almost every Sunday, and seldom suffered them to depart without a small present of money or sweetmeats, which he put in his pocket for the occasion. I do not think these feelings incompatible with the appearance of the utmost unconcern, and all the demonstrations of the coldest heart, when his situation is such as to make indifference not only justifiable, but to give it an air of heroism. Napoleon was exceedingly affected when he took leave of his mother and sister on quitting Elba, so much so, indeed, as to say, "I must go now, or I shall never go." But the same man, when the beautiful Duchess of Vicenza took leave of him for the last

1815. time, after his abdication, and burst into tears at bidding him adieu, looked at her unmoved, and saw her depart without a single expression of sorrow or regard. He received the intimation of the faithful Bertrand, that he would never quit him, but follow him into exile or to death, with the same unthankful silence; thinking, perhaps, the acknowledgments of gratitude have neither value nor dignity in the day of distress. His friends here say now, what was said last year in England, he ought not to have survived his defeat. Those who think their own characters somewhat implicated in the conduct of their hero would fain have seen him close his career in a manner worthy of their champion and their king, and which should not belie their admiration of his person and their allegiance to his cause. Finding that he has been deserted both by victory and by death, they think that he should renew his search for the only one of the two blessings now within his reach; they see in his captivity or flight a compromise of their own characters; and though they must consent to survive his glory, would lament to be the sharers of his shame. It is impossible but that the thought of exerting that convenient privilege of ancient heroism must have suggested itself to his mind. In fact, it has, for he said to his aide-de-camp, Count —, “*Quelque chose qui arrive, je n'avancerai pas la destinée d'une heure.*”

Measures have been taken to provide, according

to his own desire, for his retreat to the United States; and, for this purpose, orders were sent down to Rochefort, on the 25th, to procure two frigates for his conveyance across the Atlantic. 1815.

DIARY. *June 28.*—I called on Madame Souza, found her half crazed; she bid me good-night, meaning to tell me to come to her at night. I went away, thence walked to Verey's, and dined with Bruce at the next table to General Marescot and a republican party, who were very merry and violent, and, as Bruce thought, very anti-English. This General was the man alluded to in the papers who made Buonaparte abdicate, and told him he would not leave the room until he had done it.

After dinner I went to the Princess Jablanowski's, who is in a great fright. News arrives that the allies are near St. Denis. Cannonading has been heard all the morning. Mrs. Wallis sends to her to say Madame Bonpland is just come from Malmaison, and hints that Napoleon moves and puts himself at the head of his army to-morrow morning to march into Paris. It is said he was at Montmartre this morning.

I went to Madame Souza; she told me that Napoleon had been *indignement traité*, and Flahaut had performed *des prodiges de valeur*. Also that the officer who was sent to tell Grouchy to co-operate upon the right of the

1815. army to keep off the Prussians, went four hours out of the way. The Emperor thought the Prussians coming up were Grouchy's corps, and, indeed, sent Labédoyère to tell Ney so.

June 30.—Napoleon is gone; he went at four o'clock yesterday. The Duke of Wellington has refused him passports as a safeguard to the coast. It is said he goes to America. There was a message to the Chambers yesterday relative to him. The Duke Décazes, Minister of the Marine, gave an account of his communications with Napoleon, who, it appears, at first refused to go, and has done it at last very much against his will; and no wonder.

From "LAST REIGN."—The Princess Hortense, his step-daughter, saw Napoleon half an hour before he got into his carriage; he was then calm, she reports, and in good spirits; but I learn that at the moment of his departure he was exceedingly affected, and when he took leave of the last of his two faithful aides-de-camp, embraced him four times before he could prevail upon himself to bid him a final adieu.

DIARY. *June 30.*—I called on Lady Elizabeth Forbes and saw "La belle Polonaise," sister of Napoleon's Madame Walewska, who told me that Napoleon once called Maria Louisa a *ganache*, which she, not understanding, applied to the arch-chancellor, telling him he was *le plus grand ganache de l'Empire*.

1815.

I saw the Princess Hortense leaning over her garden wall with some ladies, and absolutely smiling, nay, laughing. Now this is philosophy or insensibility which I do not understand.

Called on Bruce. He tells me that Marshal Ney said to him yesterday night that if Napoleon had assisted him on the 16th, the English were lost, but that as to the 18th, the affair was desperate from beginning to end. The English soldiers, he said, fought like heroes.

This evening it seems pretty clear that no capitulation is to take place immediately. On the contrary, Wellington has made a movement and crossed the Seine.

July 1.—An armistice concluded between Marshal Suchet and General Bubna on June 28, after two battles. The allied sovereigns at Nancy, forty posts from Paris—200 miles.

In the Chamber to-day, Barbieri, ex-bibliothécaire of Napoleon, demanded, upon Napoleon's request, the library of Trianon, consisting of about 2,200 volumes; in which request particular mention is made of the great description of Egypt and the "Iconographic Grecque" of Visconti. The letter was referred to the commission established for taking care of the Napoleon family. The petition has since been granted, and the work on Egypt included, which was commenced under Napoleon's patronage. The magnanimous Chamber ordered that even the third part should be granted to him when finished.

1815.

From "LAST REIGN." *July 3.*—It was known early this morning that there had been partial actions yesterday at Nanterre, at Sèvres, and upon different points on the right bank of the Seine, between Neuilly and Argenteuil; that Versailles had been retaken, and the bridge of Choisy occupied by the Prussians. The Prussians and English passed the night in entrenching themselves in the wood of Meudon and Versières, and advanced early this morning to the villages of Vanvres and Issy, as in preparation for a general attack of the combined armies on the capital. At eight o'clock the two armies were in face of each other; the French in the plain of Grenelle, and the allies in the plain beneath Meudon. Firing had been heard and seen the whole night from the heights of Chaillot, which were crowded by people with telescopes. A portion of the cavalry of the guard, which was stationed in the Champ de Mars, rode off at eleven o'clock along the left bank of the Seine, and were the last to take up their positions, which, at twelve o'clock, seemed concluded, and left the two armies in line of battle.

Some corps of infantry, amongst which were two battalions from higher Marne, joined the army to-day. The corps of Generals Lamarque and Travot are on the march to the capital. It was commonly reported early in the afternoon that a general action was on the point of being fought. The throng and the silence, and the eager looks of the multitudes in the gardens and

1815.
boulevards, the groups collected round, and trailing after two or three straggling dragoons leading their wounded horses, or carrying orders to the headquarters of the square Vendôme; the dead, unsocial solemnity of the heavy patrols parading the streets without music; the doors of the houses and courts all shut; the upper windows opened every now and then, and occupied by female faces, as the clattering horse of a gendarme announced the expectation of intelligence—every appearance of anxiety and apprehension, unusual even since the commencement of the siege, was to be recognised at the first glance for an hour or two after it was known that the two armies were in presence. More than once crowds rushed towards the elevated spots of the gardens and squares at the exclamation of individuals who announced the opening cannonade.

At four o'clock the battle had not begun. I called on your friend, Madame ——, and found her in tears. I was thunderstruck with the news. Her son, the Lieutenant-General, had just left the army; all was lost—Paris had surrendered, with a devoted army of eighty thousand soldiers before her walls. He was determined to denounce the treason and the traitors that night in the House of Peers. Leaving the house, I soon heard the intelligence confirmed, both relating to the capitulation and the expected denunciation. Indeed, the artillery and some of the troops are now filing through Paris in their retreat.

1815. In the proclamation of the Government there is a phrase which might have been spared, and which has occasioned many comments. Napoleon is designated as a prince "abandoned by fortune and the national will." The first news of this prince since his departure was given this day in the *Moniteur*; he was at Tours at eleven o'clock on June 30, and had a short conversation with the prefect on the state of the National Guards in the department of the Indre and Loire. Two days ago there was a current rumour of his still being in Paris, and at the camp; a circumstance now accounted for from the extraordinary resemblance said to exist between Napoleon and two officers of the French army.

DIARY. *July 6.*—I went at eleven o'clock to the *Barrière de l'Étoile* to be witness to the extraordinary fact of English troops taking possession of the gates of Paris.

I waited with a crowd a long time, and was just going away when I saw Fouché in the Government green liveries, with six gendarmes attending him, go out of the barrier, to dine, as it turned out, with the Duke of Wellington. At last, at half-past four, after several English officers had been prowling about and had been refused entrance at the barriers, arrived one in splendid aide-de-camp majorial uniform, and after some talking with the Captain of the National Guard, which was formed in line, rode back, and presently

returned with a picket of ragamuffins of the German Legion, who presently took post, the guard marching away. The gates, before shut, were opened; a great crowd pressed in. I recognised Churchill in this officer. He was acting the General for that day, and was so denominated by the French. He was desired to stop carts from going through, this being a *barrière de luxe*, but he did not understand the distinction, and ordered another gate to be opened. Presently arrived Sir H. Clinton and his staff. 1815.

In the Chamber to-day they began at ten. The colours and the statue of Napoleon had been taken away from the Chamber—a member moved that the national flag should be placed on the pedestal. It was done on the spot. A measure was adopted by which the commissaries to the army were ordered to communicate with the Commission of Government, and provide for the pay of the troops.

By the journals I see Napoleon passed through Niort on the 2nd. Nobody talks of him now, but his pictures are up everywhere in Paris, the shops most of them being reopened. No one knows what is about to happen. Many entertain hopes from the firmness and noble conduct of the Chambers, seeing also that the King, who is close to St. Denis, does not dare yet to enter, and that, though the white flag is flying in all the neighbouring villages, nothing but the tricolour is to be seen at Paris.

July 7.—I hired a horse to ride out to inquire

1815. concerning a point which occupied my whole soul, but on which, to say the truth, having read the list of killed and wounded, and having a feeling of good fortune, I had little apprehension. I shall spare myself the recital here of the manner in which I learnt how sadly I was mistaken, and what a wound was to be made in my heart by the loss of the most affectionate, the bravest, and the most honourable of men—the flower certainly of our unfortunate family—unfortunate, I may say, since it has to regret his fall.

The whole loss of the British army in that fatal victory is in my mind reduced to one soldier. Had he lived he would have made his family happy and proud, but I fear his advancement would not have been sufficiently rapid to keep pace with his wishes to be serviceable, and to be distinguished, nor with his just sense of his own superiority. I could do nothing for him in the present state of domestic politics, and his father did not know the way.

Had he been on the staff it is probable that service less exposed than regimental duty would have given us a chance of his days being prolonged, but it is useless and painful to think so.

I do not think he was very happy, nor do I know, indeed, any man who thinks as much as he did, that is. His health was much impaired by his duty in Spain. In this manner do I attempt to reconcile myself to that which admits of alleviation but not cure.

This is the second great blow I have received, 1815.
the second of my social comforts that has dropped away; one or two more such avulsions and I shall have no part of me left—life would be intolerable. I never did anything in my life for my poor brother, nor do I know that I could, but I might and ought to have tried. I was not unkind; that is all I can say for myself, either with respect to him or any of my family. I envy him as I do every one who has lived honourably and ceased to live.

BOOK.—My brother was killed at Quatre Bras. When I last saw him he was mounting his horse at Brussels, and I remarked to him that he had a bullet-hole in his cap. “Yes,” he said, “I got that at Berghen-op-Zoom: it will be lower down next time”; and so indeed it happened. He was on horseback, acting as orderly to General Halkett, and was in front of the line when the French skirmishers advanced. By one of these he fell. He was shot in the neck, and was killed instantly.

My brother had served with the 57th Regiment through the Peninsular campaigns, and was at the battle of Albuera when that regiment lost between five and six hundred men. Lord Hardinge told me that he had ridden along the line just after the hundred and sixty survivors had been led off the field by a lieutenant, and that he beheld those who had fallen lying in two long lines, as he said, like a pack of cards. On that occasion the

1815. 57th Regiment got the name of the "Die-hards." My brother was attached to Lord Hill's staff during part of the Spanish campaigns, and was sent by him on detached service. He got his company, and joined the 69th Regiment in Flanders, where he was wounded and taken prisoner in the unfortunate affair at Berghen-op-Zoom.

My father sent the letter containing an account of his son's death at Quatre Bras to a very eminent member of Parliament, and he showed me the letter containing an acknowledgment of the receipt of it. The letter ended with these words : " Oh, how I envy your son." Only a few days afterwards my father's correspondent destroyed himself.

DIARY. *July 7.*—On this morning I met some of our officers, and amongst others Digby Mackworth, aide-de-camp to General Lord Hill, who got off his horse, walked with me and breakfasted at Tortoni's. Some of the Prussian cavalry passed along the boulevards, other corps of the Prussian army passed over the bridges.

Mackworth told me Blücher had asked the Duke of Wellington to have a public entry, and that Wellington said he might do as he liked. At one time the Duke intended to have one, but now he thinks not.

The light division are in the Champs Elysées, and other corps of the army are expected to come

in soon. All the barracks were prepared for them yesterday. 1815.

Mackworth told me nothing was like the battle—the grape-shot blinded them with dirt; all the staff lost horses, Wellington two. Wellington put himself frequently into hollow squares—the only place. The form of battle was squares of battalions. These the French cannonaded, and attacked with cavalry. The English laughed at this. They wondered the infantry did not advance upon them.

The French cavalry cuirassiers particularly behaved nobly. Two regiments lost every man.

Wellington, I hear, was in a blue cloak, which was not touched. He rode along all the lines repeatedly and was in the thickest fire. A young man in the staff corps told me this gained the battle.

The great use of the staff, he added, was to prevent our regiments from charging friends instead of enemies.

Mackworth told me that the battle of the 18th was gained entirely by the English, that it never was upon the point of being lost that day, but that Wellington was taken by surprise on the 16th, and that the Prussians were beaten—lost 15,000 men. Blücher had his horse killed and was ridden over by a regiment of French cuirassiers.

Mackworth was employed by Lord Hill to ride forward and speak to the Mayors of the French

1815. towns. These asked him what colours they were to hoist. He said, which they pleased; but if they did not wish to be plundered by King Louis XVIII.'s followers, they had better put up the white—some did, not all. He said the army did not care about the Bourbons. The Duke of Wellington never committed himself on that head.

Leaving Mackworth, I met Bruce, who put me in spirits for the good cause—told me the 9th were behaving well. He dined with the Duke of Vicenza yesterday, who told him I am tranquil, but to-day I may be denounced, to-morrow in prison, the next day lose my head.

He told me that Vicenza told him the *conciierge* of the Tuileries had received orders from the Count d'Artois to prepare his apartments, and had sent to Government to know what to do. The Commission told him to lock up all the rooms and put a double guard and shut up even the gardens of the palace. They were shut to-day for the first time. The tricolour floats everywhere. I hear no *Five le Roi*. Napoleon's pictures and busts remain. Old Viosménil was taken up yesterday for wearing the white cockade.

General Fay told Bruce that a council of fifty general officers was assembled to decide whether Paris was to be defended or not; forty-eight said No, two Yes.

Mackworth told me the English had no notion there was any chance of the battle, though they

wished it to annihilate the French armies, for 1815. they had nearly 200,000 men, besides Wrede and his 40,000 who were making their junction. It was calculated that in three weeks the allies would be 600,000.

I rode out to Clichy and other villages, which seemed in complete possession of our troops, Germans and others; thence towards Bois de Boulogne. On my road I was recognised by an English officer who had a white cockade, and told me he was in the service of Louis XVIII.; that they were determined to force the King down the throat of the French people, but that he did not wear his white cockade in the town for fear of displeasing the Duke of Wellington. He said many National Guards had come to St. Denis; that he was employed in getting arms conveyed to them.

I went to the Bois de Boulogne, which is full of our troops in tents. The scene is fixed for ever in my mind by the intelligence I there received. I returned to Paris. I remarked nothing in the streets, but going to the Barrière de Clichy I met Lord Castlereagh and another in an open berlin attended by eight dragoons.

July 8.—I sat in all the morning writing a letter to Lord Castlereagh, putting my little shoulder to the wheel to prevent him from naming Louis XVIII. King of France, when I heard a shouting, and, running out with my pen in my hand, saw a troop of National Guards with music,

1815. carrying white flags, handkerchiefs, and cockades, and crying, "*Vive le Roi.*" I asked what was the matter, why the National Guards were crying, "*Vive le Roi.*" The King comes in at three or four o'clock. I went in and shut up my letter. About four o'clock saw handkerchiefs floating from the windows; the street lined with National Guards in white cockades—not a tricoloured cockade to be seen; the white flag and *fleur-de-lys* on the pillar of victory; a vast crowd in the Rue Napoléon, and a *haie* of National Guards; the windows full of women and white handkerchiefs. It was a scene of perfect enchantment. I almost rubbed my eyes. However, I went into the little newspaper cabinet in the rue, and, taking up a *Moniteur*, one half-sheet, saw "*Le Moniteur est le seul journal officiel*"; and two proclamations of the King Louis of France and Navarre, the twenty-first year of his reign by the grace of God, also a proclamation by the Commission of Government, dissolving itself and the Chambers of Parliament. The *Journal des Débats*, the *Journal de l'Empire*, gives an account of what it calls the last act of the ridiculous farce at the two Chambers, which, so far from being ridiculous, I find truly noble, and worthy of the best ages of liberty. The Government sent in the evening a message to them, shortly stating that the Allied Sovereigns, who seemed to differ as to their choice of a King for France at first, are now, as they learnt from the President's conference with the Allied

1815.

Generals, determined to place Louis on the throne, who would enter to-morrow. That as an armed force of foreigners occupied the seat of Government (Prussians bivouacked in the court of the Tuileries) their deliberations were no longer free, therefore they yielded to force; in consequence the Chambers with them were separated and dissolved. In the Chamber of Deputies, where they were debating the question of the Constitution on the article of the hereditary quality of the peerage, at first a dead silence prevailed, but the members recovered themselves. M. Manuel made a noble speech, proposing, in the words of Mirabeau, that they should sit until expelled by the bayonet. Calm was re-established, the discussion was continued, the peerage was voted to be hereditary, and Lanjuinais adjourned the sitting until eight the next morning.¹

England, who made the exception to the eighth article of the treaty of March 25 in favour of the rights of the French nation to choose their own monarch, now decides that France is to be treated as a conquered nation. The Duke of Wellington behaves with the utmost moderation, the friends of freedom cherish every hope. Lord Castlereagh arrives; the curtain rises at once, and the royal personages appear unmasked. Muffling is made

¹ Lanjuinais, J. Denis (1753-1827), a barrister of Rennes, and a deputy to the États Généraux in 1789, but an opponent of the Extremists there, as later in the Convention in 1792. He was imprisoned, but escaped and remained in hiding eighteen months. He was a Senator in 1800; and was created a Count of the Empire.

1815. Governor of Paris by Blücher and Wellington, and tells the capital so in a proclamation couched in terms of unrelenting severity. By the side of this appear the addresses of the returning tyrant to his people, denouncing vengeance and restoring at one stroke of the pen the corrupt authorities which vanished on March 20. Not a word as yet of the Chambers; they are gone and forgotten, as is Napoleon, whose portraits and busts have made way for the foolish faces of Lord Castlereagh's king and his family.

I waited in the Place Vendôme to see the King pass. He came into Paris in a shut coach, so full and so guarded that his person was discernible only by repeated scrutiny; and, as there were three or four carriages exactly resembling his Majesty's, it was difficult to know precisely when the monarch passed, and at which moment to applaud. He was preceded by a battalion or two of National Guards of the northern departments, some of the line, dressed in uniforms of English cloth and make, a detachment of Swiss Guards, bodyguards, foot, and horse, royal volunteers, old coaches, diligences, military waggons, and a few cannon; and he was followed by a mass of troops of all nations, apparently composed of officers, the line being closed with a second train of carriages, tax-carts, cabriolets, and Parisian hackney-coaches, full of women of every description, the whole entry having the air of a returning colony, or the breaking up of a camp-fair.

BOOK.—The change was managed with great skill and secrecy. The tricoloured flag was floating on the dome of the Tuileries at twelve o'clock. Before the evening all was altered; the gardens and palaces were in possession of the Prussians and General Muffling was Governor of Paris. 1815.

This second, and final, as was then supposed, destruction of the tricoloured party was hailed with somewhat intemperate glee by the partisans of the white cockade.

DIARY.—Thinking people give him a six months' reign.

July 9.—Dined with Bruce. He told me that by letters from Rochefort it appears Napoleon is very low; never has been so depressed. The Duchess of Vicenza, however, mentioned that he was of a very sanguine temper, and that any good news would restore him to his wonted spirits.

The English are as much liked as the Prussians are hated. Blücher does not recognise Maison, appointed Governor of Paris by the King of France. He says he is King, not Louis, and Muffling Governor. Wellington does not interfere in all this. The Prussians think they are the conquerors, and Blücher says Wellington may ask for what sum he likes; he shall have what he wants.

July 11.—I called on Lady Kinnaird and saw both him and her. They were full of the Duke

1815. of Wellington's praises. The Duke says they were quite right in staying if they were amused at Paris. The Duke says that Ney's story, *à quelque exagération près*, is very true. He was at a ball at the Duke of Richmond's when the intelligence was brought him that the French were advancing. He turned to his aide-de-camp and said: "Those who want to get any rest to-night had better go to bed early; we shall be busy to-morrow." The bands of the regiment, which were in the room, were sent away. The army marched at daylight.

When the list of the killed and wounded was brought to the Duke of Wellington he burst into tears. In my eyes this does him no less honour than his victory. He told Kinnaird yesterday: "Well, I think I have saved the bridges. I sent a sentinel to each: they did not dare to blow my men up." He is much vexed at the Prussian excesses, but, says he, "What can I do? Would you have me fight him; must I go to war with him?"

The Kinnairds tell me that Whitbread has killed himself—has cut his throat, doubtless the weak will attribute this to political disappointment. I hope to God it is not commercial derangement.

July 12.—There is a report that Napoleon is taken. Went on to the Bois de Boulogne, where a Frenchman rode with me, who said he wished and expected France to be a colony of England!

Bruce calls and tells me that the Princess Hortense is ordered from Paris, and she will not

be suffered to go to Switzerland, because the garden of her house there is in France. 1815.

July 15.—Hillier called. He told me news of the battle of Waterloo. At half-past six it was a drawn battle, except that the English kept their ground. The officers were glad to think that they were off for that, when at half-past seven the last attack was made. The light brigade, 52nd, 71st, 95th, now in the Elysian fields, made an attack on the flanks by Adams's order. Hillier was ordered by Hill to command this attack, and saw it had been done. Hill then ordered up another attack to support the light brigade. This settled the day, for the Guards then attacked the Imperial Guard, who stood at first and then ran. It was a very near thing indeed. It is true that the French cavalry had turned all the positions, and were in the rear of our squares; but they were not supported by the French infantry, to the astonishment of everybody. This Napoleon owns to be a fault.

Wellington told Lord Hill that the sentinel whom he placed on the bridge of Jena was ordered off by those who were going to explode the mine, but answered *he could not go until relieved by the corporal.*

The army have sent in their unconditional submission, it is said in the *Moniteur*.

Passed part of the evening with Lady Kinnaird, who told me the Duke of Wellington told her he believed he was protected by Providence, for the

1815. balls turned from him and killed those to his right and left. He had no horse killed under him that day, and rode Copenhagen the whole twelve hours.

July 16.—They cry about the streets, in the *Journal de Soir*, the “*départ de Napoléon Bonaparte de Rochefort*,” but no one knows where he is exactly.

The King had an audience with the Duke of Wellington this morning, and thanked him for his kindness to *his poor people*.

Made up my mind to go home to England.

July 17.—Went to Mrs. Wallis’s. Found a party and heard Clermont, the ex-representative, say he had heard from Rochefort dated 11th, and Napoleon was there and well received. The Court are frightened.

July 18.—Got my passports. The final news in the *Moniteur* of to-day is that Napoleon took refuge on board the *Bellerophon* off Rochefort, being pursued there by two prefects in a boat. The observations in the *Moniteur*, which is now under the control of M. de Vitrolles, upon this are denunciatory and very singular.

I took my leave of Lascour, whom, with every Frenchman, I sincerely pity. They are not French. They say “*les Français*” as if they were another nation.

July 19.—Went to Colonel Barnard’s Hôtel Bureau and got my passport, viséd in Paris by an English commandant.

Came home and went with Nonsazerwki, the fair Pole to another Pole, Count Bastowitz, or some such name, who showed me most curious letters from Napoleon Buonaparte to Josephine—one a note when she was Mme. Beauharnais, most passionate and fond as all were, but in a natural, original style, full of heat and truth like Rousseau. He writes from Italy when commander-in-chief, and the heads of the letters are in print: “*Buonaparte, Commandant-en-chef de l’armée d’Italie à Joséphine.*” Yet with all his fondness his opinion of women breaks out. He tells her to get as many lovers as she likes, and to let the world know it. He says: “I do not pretend that you should prefer me to your *marchande tailleuse*, to your spectacles, and a dinner with Barras. He is in some cases a little too warm. . . .”

He says in one letter: I am more content with Beaulieu than his predecessor. We are trying who shall the soonest deceive each other. I shall beat him. He talks of his formerly braving all dangers with pleasure, but since his love for Josephine, he is not so bold. He fears to leave her behind; says little of the army. He recommends his brother Lucien to her in the fondest terms. The love of his brother has always been a fault with him. These letters should be published. They show Napoleon in an extraordinary light. . . .

Count Lobau told Colonel Stanhope that

1815. Napoleon, after the Old Guard had failed in the attack on the English line, said, striking his forehead, "*L'infanterie anglaise est invincible.*" All other actions, Stanhope said, were skirmishes to this battle.

Dined at Verey's with Bruce, who told me that Andrassy, after his first meeting with Wellington, wrote to Latour Maubourg that they must take the King—there was no help for them.

BOOK.¹—I have mentioned some occasions on which I saw the Emperor Napoleon and the impression he made upon me. Nothing that has passed since these long-gone-by days has altered the opinions I then formed, except that I did not think him capable of the criminal error of leaving a sum of money to the villain who attempted to assassinate the Duke of Wellington. The excuse which at St. Helena he gave for that cowardly design is no excuse at all, and gives proof, besides, of a selfish malignity unworthy of a great man and a great soldier. He probably never knew that the Duke refused to assist in his capture, and wrote to Blücher a letter on the subject, which the historian of the "Consulate and the Empire" declares will be one of his chief claims to the admiration of posterity.²

¹ The book was not printed till 1865, which accounts for the expression "Long-gone-by days."

² "On lui avait rapporté que Blücher voulait s'emparer de la personne de Napoléon, et, comme on le disait alors, tâcher d'en débarrasser le monde. Le Duc de Wellington lui adressa sur-le-

It may seem surprising that Thiers, who could 1815.
speak truth with so much effect, should condescend to interlard his "History" with such fictions as are contained in his account of the Waterloo campaign. And all for what? To maintain the soldier who loses a great battle upon the same level with the hero of a hundred victories. It is strange that M. Thiers does not see that depressing the military genius of the conqueror does not raise the estimation of the vanquished, but just the contrary. . . .

During this residence in Paris I formed an acquaintance with some very celebrated men—Talma, Denon, Bonpland, Humboldt the great traveller, Coray, Sismondi; also with two or three of Napoleon's generals and public functionaries. Of these, several settled in England after the second restoration, and I had an opportunity of becoming exceedingly intimate with more than one of them.

There was naturally a good deal of alarm when the allied armies approached the capital. A lady of my acquaintance, very nearly allied to a British General of great notoriety, fixed a large placard on the outside of her door, with the words *Dame anglaise* in large characters written upon

champ une lettre qui sera dans la postérité l'un de ses principaux titres de gloire. 'La personne de Napoléon,' lui écrivit-il en substance, 'n'appartient ni à vous ni à moi, mais à nos Souverains qui en disposeront au nom de l'Europe. Si par hasard il leur fallait un bourreau, je les prierais de choisir un autre que moi, et je vous conseille, pour votre renommée, de suivre mon exemple.'—Tom. xx., liv., lxi., p. 456.

1815. it. I had some trouble in convincing her that, if, as she apprehended, the city was taken by assault, and an indiscriminate sack was the consequence, neither the English nor the Prussian soldiers would understand her designation; and if, as she also thought not improbable, the Federalists rose and overpowered the civic authorities, her placard would not save, but endanger her. She listened to me, and removed the placard.

From what I heard at the time, and have read subsequently, I can say that there was a visible difference in the conduct of the two armies, both officers and soldiers. And no wonder: the English had no defeats to avenge, no plunder to recover, no humiliating records to obliterate.

Amongst the few English at Paris during the Hundred Days was Mrs. Damer. I called on that lady on May 2, and she gave me an account of an interview she had had the day before with Napoleon. It seems that three years ago she had sent a bust of Mr. Fox to Paris for presentation to the Emperor. The person who brought it, owing to some accident, was unable to deliver it. Mrs. Damer found it unchanged, except that the inscription to the Emperor and King was scratched out. She contrived to get it presented through Denon, and received an invitation to attend at the Elysée at ten o'clock in the forenoon. She went at the appointed time, and, after waiting two hours, was shown into a room in which she found Napoleon standing at a table, on which was

placed the bust of Mr. Fox. Napoleon said that 1815.
the bust showed not only the face but the mind
of the original, adding, that if Mr. Fox had lived
much bloodshed would have been saved. He
talked of his own portraits. Mrs. Damer remarked
that she had seen none like him. He asked her if
she had seen Canova's naked statue.¹ She answered,
"Yes; but I do not think it is a good likeness,
nor a good work of art." "You are right," said
Napoleon. He then asked her opinion of David.
Napoleon next inquired to what family she be-
longed. She replied that the chiefs of her father's
and mother's family were the Dukes of Argyle
and Somerset. Napoleon asked her when she had
arrived in Paris. She answered, "About the same
time as your Majesty." Napoleon smiled and
said, "*N'avez-vous pas eu peur de moi ?*" She
replied, "*Non, sire ; les grands hommes n'effrayent
pas.*" The Princess Hortense was in the room
during the conversation, but did not speak. Mrs.
Damer learnt afterwards that Napoleon in the
first instance had supposed her to be an artist
wishing to sell her bust; and she conjectured that
when he found his mistake he wished to please
her by asking after her family.

Sismondi also had interviews with Napoleon,
and from him I heard some of Napoleon's sayings,
which appeared to me worth noticing. For ex-
ample, he remarked that the English were exactly
the contrary to continental politicians. They had

¹ Now in Apsley House.

1815. opposed him without flinching a moment in the days of his success and glory. It was only after his reverses that they behaved courteously and kindly to him. Not so the victorious monarchs and statesmen of the Continent. "To be sure," he added, "*je les ai un peu mystifiés.*" When Sismondi complimented him upon his last exploit—the return from Elba, the sagacity and the combination of his plans—Napoleon said, "*Je n'ai aucune autre mérite que d'avoir bien deviné la situation de la France.*" Again Napoleon said, "I am a child of the Revolution, and a friend of all liberal ideas. I confess I wandered from them sometimes when at the height of my power; but I wandered from them without losing my respect for them. The French will wait for nothing; they must always be in motion; you can teach them anything but patience and perseverance. Not so the English."

DIARY. *July 20.*—At half-past nine I left Paris for the last time now. Passing the Champs Elysées saw the Light Brigade drawn up to be reviewed.

July 21.—Went by Gaillon, Vaudreuil, Port St. Ouen to Rouen; from Rouen to Abbeville. Put up at the Hôtel d'Angleterre, which is much improved since last year. The allies are not so far down as Abbeville. The joy here for the King's return seems great. Crowns of green boughs and lilies the order of the day.

July 22.—Travelled the usual road, and arrived at Calais by the evening. 1815.

July 23.—Went over in a packet, the *Princess Augusta*, and had a bad passage from six to half-past nine, when I put foot on English ground again.

July 25.—Set off for Whitton, where I arrived and had a scene which I will not describe with my dear father and family, whom I found all well, with a small party.

July 26.—Find Buonaparte's surrender to the *Bellerophon* has made ten times the sensation here it has in Paris. They say he will be sent to St. Helena. They said at Calais he was in London. Lord Camden, whom I met on the road near Boulogne, would not believe it when told by Ures, the messenger to him. They know nothing in England, but talk of strong measures.

BOOK.—Early in 1816 I published an account of the Hundred Days and the Second Restoration of the Bourbons, called the “Last Reign of the Emperor Napoleon.” In preparing that work for the press I was assisted by a very celebrated writer, who was much concerned in the transactions of those perilous times—I mean Benjamin Constant, with whom I afterwards formed an intimacy that lasted during the remainder of his life. I also consulted another eminent personage much in the confidence of Napoleon. But the help afforded by both these gentlemen was confined to reading the printed work before it

1815. appeared, and informing me of any mistakes which might be corrected, either by changes or by the insertion of additional matter.

I believe this work to have given a fair representation of facts, although I confess that subsequent consideration would induce me to modify some of the opinions which it contains. I am not, however, nor ever was, inclined to alter any of the general conclusions deduced from the narrative. On the contrary, if at that time I thought the return of the Bourbons a public calamity, not only to France, but to all Europe, I have in the long interval since those days seen abundant cause to maintain that opinion. Neither the virtues, such as they were, nor the vices of those princes suited the French people. The mistakes of the elder branch have been recorded by the most able of contemporary writers, and the events which led to the downfall of the Orleans family have not left a favourable impression of their capacity for government, certainly not for the government of Frenchmen.

My work received honourable mention from Constant in his volume on the "Hundred Days," published in 1820 and 1822; but he was pleased to object to some inaccuracies which he said he had discovered in my volumes. He did not state what these inaccuracies were, and he was prudent in refraining from so doing; for if he had specified the errors, I should have asked him how it happened that he had not pointed out the errors

to me when he looked over the volumes at my request, previously to publication. I might have remarked on the criticism of Constant at the time, but did not for obvious reasons. My friend was then in Paris, and might have got into trouble if it had been known that he had assisted me in the production of my volumes: for the author of the French translation of them had been prosecuted by the Bourbon Government, and punished with fine and imprisonment. 1815.

I may as well mention here that I sent a copy of "The Last Reign of the Emperor Napoleon" to Napoleon at St. Helena, requesting, at the same time, Sir Hudson Lowe to forward it to him. Sir Hudson thought proper not to deliver the book to Napoleon, on account of the inscription on the back of it, which gave to Napoleon the title of Emperor. Napoleon, however, procured a French translation of the book, and sent me, through Las Casas, an acknowledgment of it. I heard from Count Montholon that Napoleon had dictated to him some sheets of comment on my volumes, besides some marginal notes written on the volume itself. Both of these documents she desired Montholon to deliver to me, and the Count promised me to do so; but he did not send them.¹

I heard the same story from Count Bertrand. With him I had some conversation at Holland

¹ I also sent a copy to the Princess Hortense, and received an acknowledgment from her.

1815. House, and heard him reply to the question how he could be reconciled to Sir Hudson Lowe after Sir Hudson's treatment of Napoleon, "*Que voulez-vous? Napoléon était mort, l'autre vivait, et quelquefois je me trouvais à sa table.*"

DIARY. *July 27*, London.—Saw Lord and Lady Byron, and Kinnaird. I am not in the collection, but care not. Newstead is to be sold, if possible to-morrow.

July 28.—Rode up to London again, went with Byron to Garraway's, where Newstead was bought in at £95,000. Called on Lady Noel, who wants Byron to sell hugely.

Before I came out of London, heard the *Gazette Officielle* from France to-day contains what I dreaded, a list of proscribed: nineteen for their lives, others banished. Napoleon is to go to St. Helena, and that island to be bought by the King from the East India Company. The Ministerial papers are angry at the distinction paid him, and because people stand with their hats off in his presence.

His letter to the Prince Regent is very good. He still acts *en prince* on board the *Bellerophon* at Plymouth. The curiosity to see him here is unabated.

July 31.—Byron confesses he sometimes thinks that nothing is left for it but to follow Whitbread's example. Byron is not more happy than before marriage. D. Kinnaird is also melancholy. This is the state of man.

August 4.—Dine at Burdett's. Present Bickersteth, Lord Byron, Miss B., and Mr. B. Lord Byron tells me he and she have begun a little snubbing on money matters. Marry not, says he.

August 5.—Napoleon has sailed for St. Helena. He is to be transferred to the *Northumberland*. They say he was cheered getting under weigh. There are various stories of the manner in which he received the news of his place of destination. Some say he talked of dying.

August 8.—Dined with Kinnaird, Burdett, Byron, and Knight. No great things this—all grumbled at life.

August 9.—Napoleon is transferred to the *Northumberland*, and is gone to St. Helena, with four friends and twelve servants. So ends the greatest man of modern times, overwhelmed by a monstrous coalition, but owing his final overthrow to a single step of imprudence—his return to Paris after the loss of the battle of Waterloo.

August 16.—Dined with Ellice. Met a large party: S. R. Spencer, Lord Jersey, Perry, Hat Vaughan. Perry mentioned that Admiral Cockburn's brother had heard from the *Northumberland*, that the first day Napoleon was sick and requested the Admiral's cabin. "Tell the General," said Cockburn to Bertrand, "that it is against the rules of the service to give up an Admiral's cabin to any one, much less a prisoner of war." The next day the dinner-bell rang at three o'clock. Bertrand brought a message saying

1815. that the Emperor was sick and wished it put off.
“Tell the General that my orders are precise to make no alterations in my ship on his account.”
Savage rascal!

Hear from Ellice that Douglas Kinnaird is the efficient manager of Drury Lane.

August 21.—See Lord Kinnaird, who tells me he will revise my pamphlet and review it.

November 25.—Called on Byron. In that quarter things do not go well. Strong advice against marriage. Talking of going abroad.

December 13.—Called on Flahaut, 32, Thayer Street. He is gone to Woburn. B. Constant is writing about Napoleon's last reign.

Saw that Ney has been shot and behaved gallantly. Lavallette not shot. There is one General Bowmont who talks of the conspiracy having existed for three months before Napoleon landed. Ney gave him the lie in court before the Peers. A sort of amnesty has been projected by the King. Saw neither Kinnaird nor Byron.

December 22.—Called on Lady Noel, who seems very ill. Called on Byron—saw his child, Augusta Ada. The latter a name of some one who married into his family in the reign of King John.

Rode to Holland House. Saw Lady Holland, who told me she positively knew that Fouché was in correspondence with Louis at Ghent, and that Napoleon knew it and spoke to him about it.

She asked me to stay and dine. I stated boots

as objection. Says she, "There will be nobody here but me and Caroline." I knew not who Caroline was, but said nothing. Lord Holland at last came in, and seemed pleased to see me. Address praised by both. Jekyll says it is good. I found Hatsel had cut it out of the paper. She asked me for a copy of the epilogue. 1815.

I consented to dine. Lord Holland handed me into a room, where I sat and wrote to Hillier a little.

Lady Caroline Lamb came in and cooed a good deal, very good-humouredly. She told me the Duke of Wellington told her that nothing could exceed the meanness of Louis XVIII. in his dealings with the English in regard to the pictures of the Louvre.

At dinner we had Hookham Frere the anti-Jacobin, Whishaw, W. Lamb, Rose, Parthenopex, Flahaut, and an Italian, with Dr. Allen. I was between the first two at Frere's deaf ear. We had very good talk.

Lady Caroline Lamb defined truth to be what one thinks at the moment. Lord Holland said that Fox said Swift could not have been an ill-natured man, he wrote such good nonsense.

A saying of Dudley North's on Lord Erskine's acceptance of the green ribbon was taken by Sheridan as his own in this way. They say of Erskine :

And when great lawyers go astray,
Their stars are more in fault than they.

1815. We did not know at first whether this was Paulo. Frere said Purgetti. Lord Holland quoted it wrong, as he did two or three things of Pope.

Byron told me a saying of Sheridan's. Monk Lewis was offering to bet him all he owed for the Castle Spectre. "I'll make a large bet," said Monk Lewis. "No," said Sheridan, "I never bet large bets, but I'll bet you a little bet. All it is worth."

Whishaw told of Serjeant Hargrave that his wife said to him when he was going to dine with the Prince of Wales, "Now, Mr. Hargrave, recollect not to contradict his Royal Highness, not to start a new subject, and not to tell long stories." It was either Serjeant Hargrave or Serjeant Hill who said to Lady Holland, "And your Ladyship knows the mind of woman does not reason."

Some stories were told of Plumer's¹ pleading on the bench, asking himself questions, etc. A lawyer said, "Am I expected to answer all these questions?" "No, no, brother, you know this is but a form of speech."

Lord Erskine, when at Minorca, wrote an epigram against a Middlesex trial by jury!

When we came into tea, Frere repeated epigrams in French and his own English, a very good one of a happy, dull couple. However, he

¹ Sir Thomas Plumer (1753-1824), one of Warren Hastings's counsel in his trial, became Master of the Rolls 1818. At this time he was Vice-Chancellor of England.

had translated *esprit doux*, a spice of spirit, which 1815.
is evidently a meek spirit. Also one of a pig
eating chestnuts in the Maubry style. I left the
party whilst Flahaut was repeating an epigram :

Le mari dort, le chien dort,

which was approved by every one but Caroline
Lamb.

Lord Holland told that such was the aversion
formerly to foreigners that old Meynell said one
day, after the American peace was made, "I
wish we were all safe and at war again." Lady
Holland mentioned she remembers when it used
to be said in the invitation cards : "No foreigners
dine with us."

Flahaut could not shine so much, but was
agreeable. He said he wished that he and
Sebastiani could see my book on France before it
came out.

Walter Scott has published or is to publish a
thing called "Paul's Letters to his Kinsfolk,"
which Lady Holland called, "Paul to his Kings-
folk." Frere owned to having dined in former
days with a Jacobin calico-printer, and Gilbert
Wakefield.

December 27.—Went to Manchester Buildings.
Walked to printers', who promised all should be
ready by Saturday. Called on Murray. He de-
clines publishing and is to write to Ridgway for
me. Dined with Kinnaid; met Flahaut and
Lord Erskine with his star on.

1815. His Lordship bored Flahaut sensibly about Napoleon, but was good when he began to talk of himself. He repeated his epigram made at Minorca, when he was a lieutenant of foot, against the Middlesex jury who cast General Mostyn in £3,000 for striking a Minorcan. It is very good. The turn is that the Middlesex jury could not try their peers, for the devil himself was their only peer. He repeated also a farewell to the muse and army when he took to the law—very good indeed. One line was :

Great Homer never lived till he was dead.

He told us that it was he who advised Lady Huntingdon to turn her preacher—who was going to be prosecuted for setting up a *church chapel*, under pretence of being Lady Huntingdon's chaplain—into a licensed dissenting preacher. At that time there were only four Methodist chapels in England, and thus, said Erskine, "by following my advice Lady Huntingdon began the greatest moral revolution that ever occurred in any country."

Erskine told us that the morning he gained Stockdale's cause, he got £10,000 damages in a criminal court, and walked home quietly to his house by six o'clock. The Stockdale cause came on very unexpectedly. He was sick in bed. Macdonald, afterwards Chief Baron, Erskine's friend, told him he could plead the cause no longer. Erskine came down and made his oration.

He told us his published speeches only made 1815.
nine days of a life of twenty-eight years at the bar, and that not the most brilliant. He told me his plan was never to think of himself when he spoke, but only to think how he should convince those before him, jury or judge.

He gave us an account of his receiving the thanks of the convention, introduced by Barnave and others, after drawing up their system of jurisprudence; part of which prevails at this day. He gave us an account of his interview with Buonaparte as first consul, who had sent to say he wished to speak to him.

Erskine was introduced as Chancellor of the Prince of Wales by Merry, and Napoleon knew him not, but afterwards he stayed at Josephine's evening party, and Buonaparte blamed Merry, saying he ought to have known that your name was a greater distinction than your title.

He talked of the code which Erskine had drawn up, and could not be brought to think that the jury was useful in civil courts. Flahaut told us that he heard Napoleon say the same thing to the Council of State, adding, in Persia every passenger is used as a physician, in civilised countries medicine is a study, and none but practitioners prescribe. Why will you take twelve ignorant men to decide a law question instead of a lawyer?

December 28.—Dined at Royal Society, where heard that the recoil of guns is owing to the air

1815. rushing into the vacuum created by the ignition of the powder, and not the reaction of the powder. Barrow said that the origin of the discovery was the trials made at Woolwich upon hearing of the slung guns at Matagorda, which carried a ball two miles and three quarters. All were disbelievers of this except a Captain Tuckey of the navy.

Barrow mentioned that one of the best accounts of China ever published was written by a man who had never been out of Italy.

Banks told us that 200 miles over the hills behind the settlement at Botany Bay savages had been seen; one of them on being approached ran up a tree and howled violently.

December 29.—At seven, General Sebastiani, General Flahaut, Byron, and Kinnaird dined with me at Wattier's. We had a pleasant day on the whole. Sebastiani and Flahaut disputed about Rousseau; Sebastiani very eloquent in his defence. When Flahaut and Kinnaird went away, Sebastiani, Byron, and I talked Italian, and Sebastiani was vastly entertaining. He mentioned that Chateaubriand confessed to him at Constantinople that his book was previously written, and he only wanted to give a local colouring to it. He talked to us of Sultan Selim, with whom he was most intimate, and mentioned a speech made by Cheliti Effendi in council, when the English fleet first appeared. "We at Constantinople lose a tenth of our population by the plague, and a fourth by fires, one

year with another, yet we murmur not. Shall we then be alarmed because the English may kill a few of our women and children? Never shall it be said that force has frightened the Mussulmen to yield to either English or French, or any Christian nation." It was then determined to resist, but General Sebastiani told them to negotiate and gain time. He had the utmost difficulty to prevent the janissaries from crowding into the fleets to fight the English. The Captain Pasha told him he should be cut to pieces if he attempted to stop them. He received a letter in Selim's handwriting telling him he must fly. He confirmed everything I have asserted in my "Travels." He told me that Napoleon said to him during his last reign: "My dear Sebastiani, it is very well talking of the English Constitution, but I had rather not reign at all than reign as King of England." I don't know what to think of this story. Sebastiani is a rogue.

1815.

December 31.—Determined to learn a little poetry every night; began with Johnson's "Death of Levett."

February 9.—Byron's "Siege of Corinth" and "Parisina" I bought to-day. It is to be published on Tuesday. He showed me that the first was dedicated to John Hobhouse, Esq. The poem is inscribed by his *friend*. He thought this sublime. I should have liked it better if he had not dedicated "Parisina" to S. B. Davies. I told him this.

1816.

1816. *February 13.*—I made out the last word in Ali Pasha's letter which Lord Holland asked me to translate. Enclosed it to Lord Holland. This is an exploit such as I have not long performed.

At evening read aloud my dear friend's "Siege of Corinth," the greater part of which is noble in the extreme.

March 1.—I dined at 20, Saville Row—a large party: Tierney, Horner, Mackintosh (an inmate), Whishaw, Flahaut, Perry, Lauderdale, W. Russell. They crowded and crushed my lady, who was highly indignant. The party in great spirits at the Wednesday last debate; think the Income Tax will not be carried. I was much complimented on my book by all, particularly Mackintosh, Whishaw, and Horner.

Tierney told a story of Lord Aberdeen's butler, who lost an eye by winking at his master, which was a good bottle of wine.

Perry mentioned to me that the Duke of Northumberland had written a letter ordering his members to vote against the Income Tax.

March 4.—Dined at the Piazza with Scrope. Went to Drury Lane. Joined Mrs. and Miss Cuthbert, etc., in Byron's box. Saw Sir Giles Overreach. It is a heavy play; but Kean is wonderful, in the last scene particularly.

March 9.—Lord Byron called in his carriage and took us to Drury Lane; there, after some time, I heard my prologue murdered by Mrs. Batley, who *misrhymed*, etc. It was applauded, however.

Then we saw the Duke of Milan. Kean was wonderful in parts ; but the play was to me rather heavy, though full of incidents and co . . . up to the last scene. 1816.

April 3.—Rode up to London and settled at Lord Byron's, No. 13, Piccadilly Terrace. S. B. Davies and L. Hunt of the *Examiner* dined with us.

L. Hunt told us a new story of Johnson. A friend or partner of Thrale wanted to make an impression on him. He met him on a bench in Thrale's garden ; sat next to him and said, " I think the *Spectator*, sir, is the finest book in the language." " Perhaps not, sir," said Johnson, and walked away. Finding criticism would not do, my man determined to assail him with a fact, and at dinner told him that there was to be seen at Birmingham a pair of scissors that would cut pig-iron. Johnson laughed, and asked him for some cauliflower. Some time after the party went to Birmingham, and the aspirant showed Thrale the scissors. Johnson was not present ; but the gentleman anticipated his triumph at dinner, knowing Thrale had told Johnson of the fact. He was all condescension and complacency, determined to use his victory mildly, when Johnson thus accosted him : " Well, sir, my friend Mr. Thrale says he has seen these scissors that will cut pig-iron, *and he is a man of veracity.*"

April 8.—Dined at Mr. Sastres's with my father. Sastres told a story of an Englishman who stayed

1816. a fortnight in Voltaire's house without seeing him, and when he went away wrote a note, telling Voltaire he was like "*le bon Dieu, on boit, on mange ses viandes, et on ne le voit jamais.*"

Voltaire read the note, "*Ah, qu'on me le rappelle,*" said he, "*cet aimable impie,*" and dispatched a courier after his chaise.

April 22.—Rogers came to take leave of Byron; Hanson came in the morning, and told us he had just left Lady Byron, who looked well, but was "*torn here,*" putting his hand to his breast-bone for the place of his heart. He was prepared to object to the presence of Mrs. Clermont had she been in the room, but, however, she was not there. Dined at home. Everything prepared for Byron's departure. All his papers put into my hands. He received a visit from Mr. and Mrs. Kinnaird at night, who brought him a cake and two bottles of champagne. Dr. Polidori did not go to bed; I did.

April 23.—Up at six; breakfasted, but not off till half-past nine. Polidori and I went in Scrope Davies's chaise; Byron and Davies in Byron's new Napoleonic carriage built by Baxter for £500. There was a crowd about the door. When we got some way I looked back and, not seeing Byron's carriage, conjured up all sorts of accidents in my fancy. At last, however, it came along with Fletcher and Bob Rushton. Arrived at Dover by half-past eight; dined at the Ship.

In to-day's *Chronicle* appeared a very sensible

paragraph, by Perry, I suppose, about Lord Byron, and announcing his departure from the country. Byron said he should be discussed at the British Forum next to Captain Hannover and Mrs. Gibley. (He has been, as I saw after my return.) 1816.

April 24.—This morning Fletcher told me the bailiffs had got into No. 13 and had seized everything. I was in alarm respecting their descent to Dover and the carriage, therefore had it put on board as soon as possible. Wind contrary, from eastwards, and strong.

Dined at five; walked in the evening to the church to see Churchill's tomb. The old sexton took us to an open spot or churchyard without a church, and showed us a green sod with a common head-stone. Byron lay down on the grave and gave the man a crown to fresh turf it.

Polidori was very strange to-night. His attachment to reputation and his three *tragedies* is most singular and ridiculous. Byron said I shall have the reputation of having made a sober, commonplace fellow quite mad!

April 25.—Up at eight, breakfasted; all on board except the company. The Captain said he could not wait, and Byron could not get up a moment sooner. Even the serenity of Scrope was disturbed. However, after some bustle out came Byron, and, taking my arm, walked down to the quay. By the way he said, as he had often done, "Do you think there will be any necessity for *publishing*? Perhaps we had better, at any rate,

1816. be ready for them." He got on board a little after nine : the bustle kept Byron in spirits, but he looked affected when the packet glided off. I ran to the end of the wooden pier, and as the vessel tossed by us through a rough sea and contrary wind, I saw him again ; the dear fellow pulled off his cap and waved it to me. I gazed until I could not distinguish him any longer. God bless him for a gallant spirit and a kind one.

I shall, fate allowing, join him in two or three months. He sometimes talked of returning in a year or so, at others of being longer away, but told me he felt a presentiment that his absence would be long. Again God bless him.

Scrope Davies and I got into the chaise and went to London, where we arrived by eight o'clock. We went to Kinnaird to tell him we were coming to dine with him, when, lo and behold ! we were told there was a row expected at the theatre, Douglas K. having received fifteen anonymous letters stating that Mrs. Mardyn would be hissed on Byron's account. We dressed, dined with Kinnaird ; no disturbance at Drury Lane ; the fifteen letters two or three.

Kinnaird indignant at Brougham, who attacked Byron at Brooks's for his *deformity*. Curse him.

Find that Parsons was but just in time to save the papers. The bailiffs came in ten minutes after Byron set out on Tuesday, and declared they would have seized his carriage. Even the birds and squirrel are detained.

April 26.—Dined at Perry's. He was angry with me for not having read the *Champion* and for not having sent him word when the deed was signed; I have done with him—a good lesson. Brougham has been with him, telling him that Byron cheated the Duchess of Devonshire of £500 (for rent of his house). I said it was a lie out loud, and desired any one present to tell Brougham so for me. Kinnaird, S. Davies, and I all thought something should be done to stop this horrible insolence of Brougham's, who in appealing to Perry did the very same thing to which he objected in Byron's friends. 1816.

April 27.—Called on Kinnaird, who told me he had seen Lord Holland, who dissuaded an attack on Brougham; said that Byron must rise, that in Paris everybody condemned Lady Byron, that the fact of there being nothing stated against Byron must be in his favour. Kinnaird therefore recommended silence. Called on Lady Melbourne. She told me what Kinnaird mentioned about the *letters*, mentioned that Miss Doyle had said "she should burst, and that if she might speak she could tell such a story."

This is very different indeed from the behaviour of Lord Byron's friends. Whilst we were talking, in came Lady Caroline Lamb. She was ready to sink. I said in her hearing that I trusted that Lord Byron's enemies would condescend at last to perch upon a fact. After this visit I left the verses to Mrs. Leigh with Lady Jersey, and

1816. then rode home to Whitton, and thus finished, for the present, this feverish business.

April 29.—I read the Abbé de Pradt's "Ambassade de Pologne," on the way to Dover. It is a very singular work, and puts Napoleon's character in the same light as Constant represented it to me—not a cruel man, but one who did everything by system, and looked on man as a mere machine.

April 30.—A letter from Byron dated Ostend, April 27, where he arrived at midnight, apparently in good spirits.

May 3.—Began copying and writing "Byroniana."

May 8.—This day desired Ridgway to tell me what he would give for my copyright of second or other editions. He boggled, and next day sent to say 180 copies were left of old edition, and that he would share profits.

May 10.—Murray's shop crowded for "Bertram."¹ Yesterday Lady Caroline Lamb published a novel, "Glenarvon." The hero is a monster, and meant for B.; the Princess of Madagascar, Lady Holland. The new Atlantis over again.

I called on her, and was asked if any harm had been done by her book. Henry Webster was in the room attacking her for her abuse of his mother.

¹ *Bertram, or the Castle of St. Aldbrand*, by Charles Maturin (1782—1824). Owing to Lord Byron's influence it was put on the stage at Drury Lane, and Kean acted in it.

May 11.—Desired Cullen to make Longman a proposal to buy my copyright. Began “Byroniana” again. 1816.

May 25.—Finished “Byroniana”—seventy-two sheets of letter paper. Write to Mrs. Leigh frequently, and hear from her.

Dined at Holland House: Mackintosh, Lord and Lady Cowper, F. Kemble, Mr. and Mrs. Whishaw, etc.; Mackintosh far the best. F. Kemble talked of plays, but said not much. Lord Holland told that M. Taylor read the Riot Act to his own servants, and then said, “Now, I’ll commit you all.”

In the evening Lady Holland showed me the letter to Lady Caroline Lamb that had caused the commotion. She had said something to allay the rumour about the page.¹ Lady Caroline wrote a foolish letter to thank her. Lady Holland returned a sensible note, begging her to think of her family and friends, and not expose them to similar trials for the future. *This she said she never would forgive.*

Lady H. is much hurt, and she told me that the Greys, and Lansdownes, and Jerseys would cut her, and that she was now two pegs lower with the Argylls and others.

Sir James Mackintosh, Lord Holland, and Whishaw, all advised me not to answer the *Quarterly Review* of January 1816. Mackintosh said, “Never defend; attack, if you please.”

¹ Lady Caroline Lamb had appeared in a page’s dress,

1816. Sebastiani said, “ *Il faut attendre et se venger.*”

May 27.—Read Park’s second volume of Travels.¹ His last letter to Lord Camden, dated Lansanding, before he set off down the Niger, is quite overpowering. He says he will die on the Niger, even if he be the only white man left. Out of forty-four, only four were left at Lansanding, all the rest *dead*; amongst them his brother-in-law, Anderson, whose death, he says, left him a second time alone in the wilderness.

It does appear that the opinions in favour of the Congo being the mouth of the Niger are the best founded of any as to the outlet of that mighty river, the uncertainty of whose course and termination gives to it, as Whishaw observes, a certain sublimity. It is the fountain of a river which is usually unknown, and not its mouth. . . .

May 28.—I wrote five sheets of Preface to “Byroniana,” and completed that work.²

May 31.—Went to the play to see Mrs. Siddons as Queen Catherine. I shall never forget her saying to the messenger, “At least you are a saucy fellow”; nor the air with which, when he begged pardon on his knee for his intrusion, she

¹ Mungo Park’s Travels, published in 1799.

² From January 17, 1816, Hobhouse’s time was much occupied with Lord Byron’s affairs and his impending separation from Lady Byron. In order not to break the sequence of the Diaries during the London season of 1816, the Editor deferred alluding to the history of the separation till the *detailed* account was *completed* by Hobhouse, May 28, under the title of “Byroniana.” This full and accurate account is published for the first time in separate form as Chapter XV., Volume II.

said, "But never let me see that *fellow* more." 1816.
I (and we) expected he would be forgiven, but was much struck with the persevering anger of majesty.

Unforgiveness is a royal virtue, and partakes of high-mindedness. I never *felt* this before, but I am now sure of it, by the admiration excited by Queen Catherine in this instance.

Kemble is quite gone—no voice at all; he is nothing.

June 5.—Rode up to London. Ordered clothes for travelling. Called on Lady Melbourne, who showed me two letters, one from Lady Caroline Lamb, whose husband takes her part, notwithstanding George Lamb has written to beg him to part with her, and Lord Melbourne has declared he will not live in the same house with her. She talks big of the rights of English women, and swears she will not go. She will be *sent* away.

She attributes George Lamb's and Lady M.'s indignation about "Glenarvon" to their taking part against the pure Lady B. From this lady is the other letter, which gives an opinion about "Glenarvon"—and such an opinion—almost favourable; but so involved and talking of disclosures, as if it would lead to them, or had originated from them. I cannot understand which. She then talks about the "Antiquary," all so coolly—says the child is the finest she ever saw. I hear she is handing about an exculpatory letter

1816. about unforgivingness, but not from Lady M.; this comes from Mrs. Leigh.

Dined at the Eumelian, where was Stoddart of the *Times*, an agreeable man; and Shee, the artist, an *agreeabler*; also Jimmy Boswell, who is going to give a Life of Malone. . . . Charles Grant was there.

Saw Murray to-day, who tells me "Glenarvon" has done Byron no harm, but the contrary. Heard from Byron this morning. He is at Geneva, expecting to see me or to hear from me.

June 6.—Dined at Harry Drury's, where I was miserable until the ladies went, when Heber, Hallam, and Lord Stanley, and myself kept up the ball. We had decent talk and much laughing.

Heber made me much advance. He said he did not believe Gifford wrote the review of me in the *Quarterly*.¹ His style was known. He told us a story of Coleridge, who repeated his war, fire, and famine, to Sir Walter Scott, and said it was written good-humouredly against Pitt. There was a little playful incident relative to the "houseless dog" which proved it.

Hallam told us that a plain man who was dining with Sotheby when Coleridge was present and had been declaiming long, at last put down his knife and fork and said: "Somehow or the other, sir, it is odd one hears of no poets in these times." Coleridge said, "Pardon me, sir; I take

¹ It was written by Croker.

it we have more poetry than has been known since the days of Milton. My friend, Mr. Wordsworth, for example." He then repeated some rhapsody of Wordsworth. 1816.

June 9.—Benjamin Constant came to-day. At night he entertained us mightily with a story of Mme. Krudner,¹ the Livonian, the Saint of the Holy League, before whom the Emperor of Russia has knelt for hours, and who used to have hundreds kneeling before her.

She believes and teaches that death is but a trifle in a man's life. She advised Constant to live in some village in Alsace, where there was but a small living population, but where, said she, there is very good dead company.

June 17.—Occupied chiefly with my brother Henry, who arrived from Hounslow and India yesterday. He left Napoleon at St. Helena, occupied in drawing up a memorial against Sir George Cockburn. He has a regiment encamped around Longwood, and never rides beyond this encampment, except with an officer or two dragoons. He once rode away from his officer, and an alarm was given all over the island. He came back quietly, asking what was the matter.

¹ Julie de Wittinghoff (1764-1824), born at Riga, married, at the age of fourteen, Baron de Krudner, Russian Ambassador at Berlin. After a somewhat dissipated life she became a sort of revivalist mystic, and exercised a great influence in Europe, especially over the Czar Alexander. She was said to have predicted the escape of Napoleon from Elba. The latter part of her life was devoted to religion and good works.

1816. He was lately amusing himself going out in an open carriage and shooting little birds.

He says, "Why confine me if I am in an island?" He says he would have sooner died a thousand times than have put himself into the hands of the English, had he known the event. He might easily have escaped by land, he says.

He has quarrelled with Madame Bertrand for praising the English, and only the day before Henry left St. Helena, sent her his permission to dine with him. . . .

Napoleon one day was looking over a little boy at Mr. Balcombe's at St. Helena, who had a map before him. He desired the boy to point out Moscow, and then asked him who burnt it. The boy said, "You did." "No, no," replied he, "you are wrong; never say that again, it was not I, it was Rostopchin, the Russian. You must always tell the true story."

Napoleon now will not frequent any of the houses in St. Helena on account of his treatment. He says if they use him well he will live with them, but not whilst he is treated so scurvily.

Henry tells me that they discovered in the Tuileries, in 1814, the whole plan for the invasion of India, admirably laid, all the ports and passes marked, and, according to the best military authorities on the spot, as well contrived as possible.

Henry thinks the sepoy would have beat the

French. Lord Moira had these plans sent to him, and, when the danger was over, made a mighty fuss about it. The Nepaulese have beat the English, so much so, that many natives have refused to pay tribute to John Company any longer, saying their reign is over, like that of the Mosques and the Mahomedans. The Nepaulese must now have the tribute. 1816.

Henry mentioned some curious instances of valour and dexterity on the part of the Nepaulese, who fight with matchlocks, a sabre, and a knife. One of them cut off the heads of two sergeants of an English regiment, and was killed by a third. They have a general equal to any European.

Warren Hastings is loved in India. Lord Wellesley is called the Great Governor. He would have taken all the country between the Indus and Ganges.

June 18.—Called on Lady Bessborough, who told me Byron would be pleased with “Glenarvon”; that the letter, “I am no longer your lover” was his; and when Lady Caroline Lamb received it she cut herself with a razor, and would have done more had not Lady Bessborough laid hold of it, and defied her to draw it through her hand.

She took her daughter's part with B., but said she would sooner she had died than published her novel. She said men were all alike—the torment of women being their passion and end. . . .

Lady B. told me she would do her best with

1816. Caroline, who, she said, was frightened. She is partially cut. She said I praised her novel at first. I told my mind to Lady B., and said I would give her no quarter. She said she was not to be menaced. Lady B. and I parted friends.

June 22.—Lady Caroline Lamb has a second edition of “Glenarvon,” and in her Preface talks of it being written in affliction!

We went to Covent Garden and saw Mrs. Siddons as Lady Macbeth, she was as wonderful as ever. Young, a bad Macbeth.

June 27.—My birthday. 30—thirty—*thirty*. Looking back I see an eventful year that is morally eventful. Alas! alas! I have done nothing but write my Letters from Paris and lose my time in expectations concerning that which will never be realised. I have read nothing and done nothing. Lord Byron’s business has occupied an unreasonable portion of my time, and all to no good. My bit of comedy, melodrama, prologues, have kept me occupied about nothing.

I took no advantage of the little run which took place in my favour for a short time, and here I am, as ill-placed in this world as ever. I get more idle, and more shy, and more luxurious. I think my hearing is a little better. I would not go to London to-day to see Miss O’Neil.

July 10.— . . Violent letter from Lady Caroline Lamb.

July 12.—Setting off for London to get or go 1816.
about passports. Met a man on the road asking
me to come to Sheridan's funeral.

BOOK. *July 13.*—I attended, by desire of the
executors, the funeral of this extraordinary man.
His remains were removed to the house of Mr.
Peter Moore, 7, Great George Street, and the
attendants walked, two and two, to Westminster
Abbey. The procession was headed by the Bishop
of London, who had prayed with Sheridan in his
last moments, administered the sacrament to him,
and spoke of his fervent devotion whilst receiving
the sacred elements. The long list of princes,
dukes, earls, cabinet ministers, and other person-
ages who followed the coffin to the Abbey is given
in Moore's "Life of Sheridan." The Burial Service
was ill-performed by Dr. Fynes, Prebendary of the
Cathedral, and no one seemed much affected as
the coffin was lowered into the grave, except Mr.
Charles Sheridan and Mr. Linley. The whole
ceremony was far less imposing than that which I
had witnessed ten years previously when Charles
Fox was buried in the Abbey. But, generally
speaking, public funerals are not affecting; and
often they are very much otherwise—tiresome
and scrambling; the beautiful psalms, and even
the music, are lost in the length and fatigue of
the ceremony.

DIARY.—There has been a very good article on

1816. Sheridan in the *Times*. He had not inspired respect or love. Lord Eldon said of Sheridan : "Every man has his element : Sheridan's is hot water." He is the last of the luminaries, at all events.

I called on Mrs. Leigh. Poor thing, she did not know what to say. Lady B. corresponds with her again, in good terms, but not so affectionately as before. Went to Foreign Office and got a passport.

July 18.—The day the world was to be at an end.

July 27.—Saw all my chattels properly packed up, Byron's three boxes marked, my own MS. properly disposed of ; and then at four o'clock took leave, as if to return next day, of my sisters and my brother Henry.

So ends the season of 1816.

END OF VOL. I

